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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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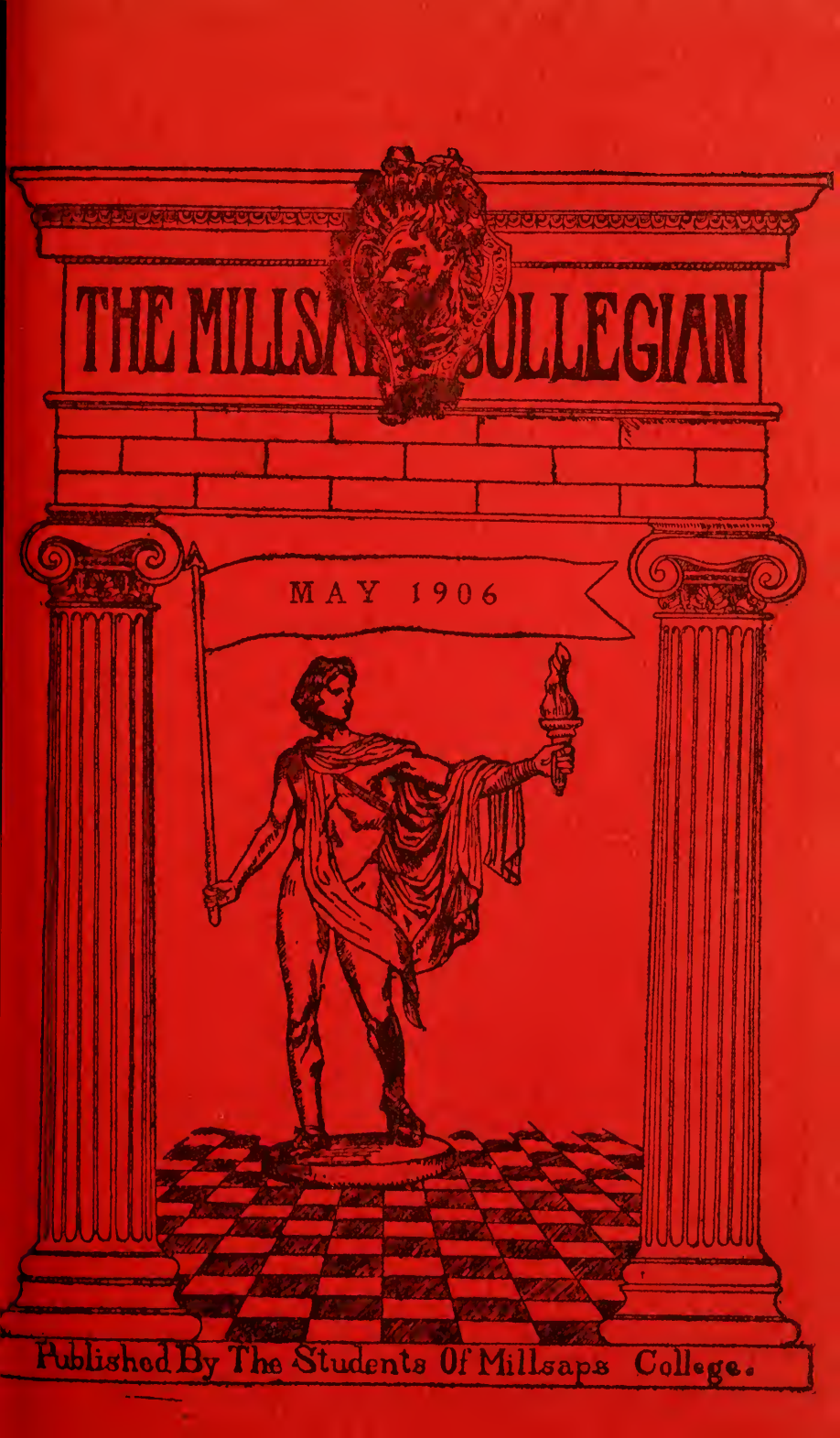

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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

Vol. 8. Jackson, Miss., November, 1905. No. 1.

## THE ANGLO-SAXON AND WHY.

(Speech delivered by M. S. Pittman in the Mississippi Oratorical Contest, Brookhaven, Miss., May, 1905.)

This is a day of progress and prophecy. Almost every author and statesman, politician and priest, has his theory as to the final solution of all future problems, and with faultless language and infallible logic suggests an ideal method for the adjustment of all succeeding exigencies. As for me, I care not to unveil the mystic future and prophesy the destiny of all; I prefer to cast a backward glance over the path trodden for a few centuries by the Anglo-Saxon race, to note the steps by which it gained its supremacy, and try to find the real secret of its great success.

Every nation has a time that it acknowledges as its birthhour and a man that it confesses as its father; France and Germany had their Charlemagne, and Russia her Peter the Great; even so, England, her Alfred, the West Saxon. It was he who sounded the bugle blast that called together the men of his own blood, inspired by a common patriotism, and repulsed a heathen invasion. That conflict was not only a conflict between Danes and Saxons; it was a death grapple between Thor and the "White Christ." It was a rude challenge which came from the warrior god, disputing the empire of the Prince of Peace. Right prevailed, Christianity conquered and England became a nation.

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It is provided in the Constitution of the Mississippi State Oratorical Association, that the representatives of the colleges shall have their speeches published in their respective college journals, at some time during the year succeeding the contest.

To every nation, as to every individual, must come "times that try men's souls," times when men must grapple in a life and death struggle for all that life holds dear. Such a time was it when the chivalric Howard and the "hoary sea dogs of the Spanish main" led the yoemen of England to combat with the proud aristocracy of haughty Spain; when they crushed the ponderous Armada, the last resource of mediaeval despotism in its struggle against the rising tide of Anglo-Saxon liberty. When the morning sun shone on the rocky shores of England, strewn with the bodies of thousands of Spain's bravest soldiers, and disclosed to view every crest of the waves covered with the wreck of Spanish galleons, his beams fell on an England which was henceforth to be not only the mistress of the seas, but the mother of mighty nations of kindred blood in parts of the world then unknown.

Another day dawned for Anglo-Saxon blood and civilization, when on the rugged Plains of Abraham, two of nations' noblemen battled for the supremacy of the New World. It was not the fate of Quebec which was the issue between Montcalm and Wolfe—those two men who incarnated the highest ideals of chivalrous manhood, and whom history delights to paint as equally grand in life and glorious in death—not the possession of the New World, but the success of the policy planned by Pitt in England, and executed by Clive in India, by Frederic the Great in Europe, by Rodney on the sea, by Wolfe in America. Well could Wolfe say, "I die in peace," for his work was done. Three continents acknowledged the sway of the Anglo-Saxon, and he had won the dominion "o'er palm and pine."

Once again "the tumult and the shouting dies," the smoke of battle lifts, and from under the heavy clouds of a June day, the sun shines on the wreck of the Old Guard. That sun which had been seen to rise at Austerlitz was now setting at Waterloo, and once again the fate of future ages was fixed by Anglo-Saxon arms. The "Man of Destiny," who had dominated European thought and action for fifteen years, who had

threatened to crush the last remnant of self-government, was at last overthrown, and glad huzzas went up from the liberated nations of Europe, and it was realized that the leadership of the world was entrusted to Anglo-Saxon hands and hearts.

To the casual and unthinking student of history, these great battles seem to have caused the change in the history of nations. They were, indeed, but results of causes more fundamental and far-reaching.

The first cause that I would assign for this world-supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon is his ability as a colonizer. Wherever he goes he makes his resting place a home, not a camping ground; a local habitation upon which he bases his affection and in which he places his confidence, not a place held through political greed, financial avarice, or military pride. The Pilgrim Fathers with axe and plow, spelling book and Bible, and a thirst for freedom, landed upon the barren shores of New England and ere the decline of many suns a thriving colony was founded; DeSoto, with a strong Spanish army, royally regaled, with martial music and abundance of supplies disembarked upon the fertile and friendly shores of Florida, and at the end of two years he and all of his splendid army had perished in the wilderness without building a single hut or clearing a single field. Dupleix, France's greatest genius in a foreign land, saw a vision of India as a vast military possession of France, but had not the colonizing power to perfect his empire dream; Clive, with personal initiative, strength of character, practical ideas, and Anglo-Saxon ability, appropriated every advantage, overcame every obstacle, conquered two hundred and fifty millions of people, and permanently established in the Asiatic domain an English stronghold. Spain, for three centuries the sole possessor of the Pearl of the Antilles, contented herself with holding official position and governing the political and military policies of the island; the United States in eighteen months surrendered those privileges to the natives and actively entered agriculture, commerce, and industry. The steadfastness and final success of Anglo-Saxon colonies depends not upon the crushing of

existing creeds, but upon the elevation of racial principles; not upon with-holding from the people the truths of life, but upon freeing the mind and unfettering the soul by giving to them the benefits of the printing-press, the school-room, and the open Bible.

Freedom and independence are the watch-words of the Anglo-Saxon race. "It is liberty under law that the English-speaking people desire; it is liberty, not license; civilization, not barbarism; it is liberty clad in the celestial robe of law, because law is the only authoritative expression of the will of the people." The Anglo-Saxon race was the first race to win a Magna Charta from a tyrannical king, to free a nation from the rashness of an absolute democracy by establishing a representative government. It was the first to establish trial by jury and habeas corpus, and the first to abolish the practice of slavery, to grant liberty of speech, freedom of the press, and independence of thought.

This ability to adapt himself to circumstances and to use every difficulty as a cornerstone upon which to build his colony, and this high appreciation of individual rights and of personal responsibilities is greatly the result of the Anglo-Saxon's education. Every nation has its characteristic education, and its method of education mirrors the ideal held by the race; Sparta developed the physical being of her men, and ruled her provinces by sheer brute force; Athens educated her poets and statesmen, and left to following ages a lasting literature; modern France trains the memory of her men, and leaves them prepared only for tame, automatic officials; Germany forces education upon her people, and demands a term of military service; but the Anglo-Saxon nations inspire personal desires, hopes, and ambitions; arouse independent action, thought, and purpose; and above all teach self-confidence and individual initiative.

The reason for the phenomenal success of the Anglo-Saxon over all other races of men in colonizing, the cause of his appreciation of justice, and the element which characterizes his educational methods, is the granite strength and liquid

transparency of his character. Character, with the heroic courage of a Clive, the religious fervor of a Washington, and the untiring energy and individual action of a Franklin, is the cause of Anglo-Saxon superiority.

Do you ask me where is the fountain from which flows the purest, crystal character? Do you seek for the foundry which moulds the noblest and strongest type of manhood? Would you know the real secret of the perpetuity of English principles and the spread and success of English ideas? If so, I point you to the world's greatest institution, the Anglo-Saxon home.

It is there that the race has its strength; it is there that the nation must look for safety. Obedience to law and respect for its natural officers are first learned in the home. The principles of liberty, protection for all, partiality to none, are first taught around the fireside. The family hearth-stone is the nursery of honor and honesty, and the school of courage and patriotism. Alfred was daily taught by a Christian mother, and became the founder of the world's greatest race; Pitt was reared in a pious English home, and ere his death planned this history and shaped the destiny of continents; Washington as a child nightly lisped the name of God at the knee of a widowed mother, and in manhood became America's greatest soldier and statesman, and the father of a vast republic; and Rhodes breathed the reverent atmosphere of an English rectory and waked to civilization and thrust into action the sleeping nations of the Southern hemisphere.

In our own country, pessimists and politicians point with prophetic finger to the passing of the republic. They cry out against the usurpation of powers by the President and the reckless legislation of Congress, and see in every governmental change immediate and irrevocable ruin. But to me these are not causes for national uneasiness. National destruction comes not from a single act of legislation or presidential tyranny. It rests not upon the political chicanery of Tammany Hall or the financial speculation of Wall Street, but upon the social and moral condition of the home. So long as the Anglo-Saxon

home keeps its purity, it will retain its power; and so long as the home perpetuates its power, the race will increase, its possessions will multiply, and its principles will spread till they shall dominate the world.

Do you ask what it is that makes the Anglo-Saxon home such a mighty bulwark? Can you not see that it is the great, silent, and never-ceasing influence of wife and mother? The strength of every nation is in direct proportion to the strength of its homes, and the strength of its homes depends directly upon the position of its women. France has no homes, therefore her citizens are moral weaklings. The ancients discredited their women and their nations soon decayed. The Anglo-Saxon recognizes woman as the highest ideal of virtue and Christian gentleness, and he continues to prosper above all others in the march of civilization.

The imperative duty of our race is obvious. Let it make a home of every house where mortal man finds shelter. Let it free the mind and unshackle the soul of every creature in the image of God. Let it insure the privlieges of Christian education to every child of earth, and free its people from the curse of ignorance and the bane of superstition. Character must be instilled, home-life must be preserved, and the honor and virtue of woman must be sacredly protected. For if there is to be that ideal time of which racial optimists and poets tell us, when there shall be a cessation of the war-drum, a "parliament of man and a federation of the world," the Anglo-Saxon must be the agent, character must be the involved principle, the home must be the fountain-head, and womanly gentleness and Christian virtue, the inspiration.

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## ELEANOR WHARTON.

Robert Nelson had just returned from the Philippines on account of his health. He had decided to spend his vacation with his cousin, who was the manager of the mines at Silver Creek. He had been disappointed, to find that his cousin was not in Trinity to meet him; instead, there had been a

telegram saying that there was a strike on at the mines and that the men were in an ugly mood; that he had better wait in Trinity for a day or two, to see how things would turn out. He was sitting that evening on one of the rustic settees on the porch of the small hotel. On one side was a corn field; on the other, an orchard, and in front, a dusty grass plot. His glance wandered to the strip of bottow-land, to the cedar-covered railway embankment, and the bare, ugly little station.

Suddenly, a small girl dashed out of the house, and she soon came back and with her a tall girl dressed in a pink cotton frock; there was a dainty grace and the indescribable stamp of good breeding about her slender figure. As she passed through the door, Nelson noted that she had a clear, pale skin and soft black hair. The small girl, in what she believed to be a whisper, said, "There's a traveller come." "Another patent-medicine drummer," came the answer in cool, contemptuous tones.

Just then the speaker raised her eyes—very pretty grey eyes, Nelson thought as they looked into his; her look of astonishment after a moment changed to a broad smile, and, with a haughty little jerk of the head, she swept past Nelson into the house.

When Nelson entered the dining-room promptly upon the ringing of the supper bell, he found no one there but Mrs. Allen, the land lady. She was a tall, gaunt woman, with false teeth, and a knot of hair the size of a walnut at the back of her head. Presently the tall girl entered following a nervous, middle-aged woman and a man whose kindly face attracted Nelson at once. They were introduced by Mrs. Allen, as Mr. and Mrs. Wharton and Miss Eleanor. Mr. Wharton was in Trinity on State affairs.

Miss Nelson and Wharton were thrown much together, and she evidently believed in accepting the gifts that fell to her. At first he was impressed and rather flattered by her disposition to converse. After awhile he realized that any one would serve for an audience in the town of Trinity.

Her moods were numerous and varied; Nelson felt that there was something uncertain, something shifting about her,

that he could not place reliance upon her sympathy or even her attention. But there were other times when he found her simply charming; when they sat on the river bank, from which could be heard the monotonous click of the mill, and the swash of the mowing at the farm just across the river, he liked her best. They talked of everything, from the mountain woman to the way the American officers danced. It seemed that she and her mother had lived much abroad; indeed she had been studying ten years. "Music," she said briefly in answer to Nelson's lazy "What, if I may ask?" She added, in response to his look of surprise at her brevity, and the fact was that there was nothing they had not touched upon. "I am a little tired of it, I want to get away from it for awhile."

Nelson determined to solve it as he would one of the puzzles that had always fascinated him.

To his surprise, Miss Wharton understood this and took the greatest pleasure in spreading her mind before him. She said suddenly, after a lazy pause, "You like me intellectually. You are not quite sure whether I appeal to you in any other way or not."

She smiled at him audaciously. "I could love if I would," she added, half sadly, "but I must not."

Soon after, Nelson went to Silver Creek for a few days. On his return he found Trinity unusually excited over the prospect of an entertainment. Miss Wharton was to play on her violin.

After supper, Miss Wharton appeared with a battered violin case, which she refused to let out of her hand for a moment. Nelson was to accompany her to the entertainment. Miss Wharton walked along with a tripping step and chatter of a small girl expecting a treat.

The entertainment was to be in an old store. There was a large crowd awaiting her. She advanced to the front of the platform with an easy confidence, and while the first bars of the accompaniment were being played, stood with her violin loosely held in front of her. Her slender figure in the clinging white frock was outlined against the back-ground of palms, with here and there a touch of yellow gleaming through. Her

dark hair waved softly back from her face, her eyes shone, her lips and the coral around her throat were vivid touches of color.

She tucked her violin under her chin with professional ease and swung into the "Polish Dance." She played with dash, vigor and sureness of touch, but Nelson lost sight of that in the indefinable and indescribable artist charm and it came to him with a little shock that she was an artist, by training and temperament; it revealed her to him, made him understand her, and yet he felt that it removed her from him.

When she came down from the platform, she said to him, "Let's go;" and when they reached the door, they turned almost unconsciously toward the old place on the river bank.

Miss Wharton walked silently along for a few minutes, then touched Nelson's hand with her finger tips; they were icy cold. "It always makes me like that," she said.

A vague jealousy kept Nelson from responding. Miss Wharton did not notice his silence. They had reached the river and seated themselves on the bank. Miss Wharton leaned against the tree; her eyes gleamed in the dusky light, her lips parted in a happy smile. He watched her silently. He wanted her more than ever he had any other woman, but in his feeling there was something of the desire for mastery. After a moment he said, "You have not told me what my fate is to be."

Their eyes met and were locked in a long glance. "You cannot stay here."

"Why?" Nelson asked fiercely.

"My art is my life."

"And what of love?" he asked.

"It is not necessary," she answered. "You will go away and you will forget. You do not love me so very much. You see, I know—other men have loved me. Love is not for me, at least, not yet awhile."

They walked silently back to the house, and stood for a moment at the gate.

"I love you," Nelson said.

She looked up at him, her lips quivered a little. "I cannot escape my fate," she answered.

He held out his hands. "I shall not see you again," she said, and with one sad look she left him.

L. R. O'B.

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## AN EXCITING WEEK IN ODEN.

In the hustling little town of Oden, in southern Alabama, I began my career as book-keeper. I had engaged myself to the firm of James & Co., and for several months had been kept very busy, owing to the immense amount of business the firm transacted.

Among my few acquaintances in the town was a young lawyer, Harry Hardy, who for two years had been practicing law in Oden. But the six years before taking up the profession of law, Hardy had been in the employ of the U. S. Government, as a detective. Resigning this position, he had entered into the profession for which he seemed best suited, and the one which he had always desired to follow.

Hardy was a man of large stature. He possessed a mild disposition and was very attractive and handsome as well as brilliant. In the short time he had been in the town he had won for himself many friends as well as built up an extensive law practice. It seemed that everything to which he turned his hand proved a success. For he had not only succeeded in building himself up in his profession, and in the hearts of the people in general, but had been succeessful in winning the love of one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies in Oden. He was soon to be married to Miss Hattie Phillips, the daughter of the Mayor.

Often "Harry"—as I had learned to call him—would come into my office and talk for hours with me about his affairs. One day just as I had finished posting my books, and was seated for a little rest, Harry came into my office. I greeted him as usual and offered him a chair, but noticed that he looked different from what he had before. I commented on the cool-

ness of the weather, but Harry answered nothing,as he sat there puffing from his mouth the fumes of a cigar. He looked excited. The expression on his face told me that something serious had come into his life. Always before he was cheerful and had some pleasant word to speak to me. But now it was different. He scarcely spoke as he entered. No smile was on his face, and his whole body seemed to be undergoing a great strain. I expected every moment that he would say something, but not a word did he utter, as he gazed excitedly at the red-hot stove in front of him.

On inquiring as to the cause of all this, he told me how that he had been painfully insulted, and refused entrance into the mayor's house; that being falsely accused of murder the entire town had lifted a hand of opposition against him.

The facts in the case were, that on the night before Harry came into my office he called, as was his custom, to see Hattie. On entering the house he had been met by a painful sight. Hattie, with eyes filled to overflowing with tears, rushed out and plead with him not to enter the house, telling him that her father had threatened his life if again he should enter his door. It was an awful scene to Harry—the girl who had always received him kindly, now begging him to leave the house, and the home that had ever thrown its doors open to him, now closing them in his face. Harry was perplexed. His whole mind was in a whirl. His inquiries as to the cause of trouble were only answered by the faint sobs of his once cheerful sweetheart, and his demands that he should be allowed entrance until he should know the trouble were only met by earnest pleadings that he go away. The painfulness of the scene was only heightened by the appearance of the Mayor himself. Hattie no longer plead with her lover, but in an instant had her father wrapped in her arms and his ears filled with pleadings that Harry would soon go away and that he should not treat him with such contempt. But all to no avail, for Harry was urged from the house at the point of a pistol.

Harry Hardy, a detective, four years previous,had killed a laborer in a milling camp in the edge of town, and it was

attested by a number of the laborers, that this was the same "Harry Hardy." These laborers had reported the matter to the Mayor and Harry was arrested on the following day. He was thrust in the city jail to await his trial which was to take place on the next Wednesday.

Harry's downfall seemed certain. He who only a week before was enjoying life, was now spending his time in the cell of a jail. His career as a lawyer once so prosperous, was now at an end. Those who a few days before were his friends were now his enemies. Few were left to sympathize. Although public sentiment was against him, I could not help but have faith in those earnest denials which came from his lips. Among his few sympathizers was Hattie, who had never faltered in her devotion to him; often she had said to me that she could never be made to believe that Harry was a criminal. But the fates were against us; we were powerless in the hands of our many opposers.

The trial day was fast approaching, but still we could get no proof that Harry was innoccent. His father had come to his rescue, and was making every effort to disclose the matter, but thus far had nothing except Harry's statement that he was in the West at the time of the murder of which he was accused, and the more we worked to clear up the matter the more opposition we met with. There seemed no way to arrest the rumors which were floating from one to another. Since the laborers had made the accusation a number of the citizens of the town were now ready to swear that they remembered this same man to have been in the town at the time of the murder. The condition was a critical one for Harry.

Just one week from the time that Harry came into my office to relate the sad story, his father and myself were seated there discussing plans for the defense. No progress had been made. As our last resort, we had decided to have the trial continued, until further evidence could be secured.

Amid these meditations, a tap was heard on the door, and a very poorly clad old man entered the office. He looked excited, and seemed to be very nervous. But despite all this

the very expression on his face told us good news. We were filled with hope when he told us that he had come to disclose the matter of Harry's imprisonment and if possible to bring the prosecution to an end. And it was with eager ears that we listened to his story: How, that Harry Hardy, the murderer, and Harry Hardy, the lawyer, were different men; that the prosecution thus far had been conducted on false accusations; that the whole matter was a plot, and had been traced to John Griffin, a young physician at the milling camp.

The facts were, that this John Griffin was a rival of Harry's and in his suit for Hattie, had met defeat at the hands of Harry Hardy. Griffin had learned of the murder of the laborer and seeing the close relation of Hardy, the murderer, and Hardy, the lawyer, had set upon this plan to secure the downfall of Harry. He had employed these laborers to make the accusations against Harry, but when they were brought to realize the condition of affairs, they sent this old man to us to correct the fault.

We had no trial. Harry again resumed his law practice, and immediately regained his place in the hearts of the people. But best of all, Harry was made to know truly that, through all his afflictions, Hattie's devotion to him had never faltered, and that now he was restored to all his former relations.

C. Lamar Neill, '07.

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## THE MUTINY OF THE "BETTY LEE."

"Maria, I don't see why you don't let me take up that there bet of Hiram Jones. This old craft needs a new sail," said Ben Williams, slowly shifting the helm of the "Betty Lee."

"No, Ben, there ain't a bit o' sense in yer tryin' to race with sech old riggin' as this. You know you can't beat Hiram, and I ain't goin' to risk my neck on here with you. So jest hush," answered the **real** captain of the little schooner.

The crew of the "Betty," Ben and his wife, were well known all along the coast, Maria being a born commander, Ben the commanded. Ben was a man of few words, Maria,

a woman of many. For thirty years she had been giving orders, he obeying without question. For thirty years Ben had not rebelled against his petticoat government, but today this long subjection was brought to a climax when old Hiram Jones, skipper of the "Jersey" had laughed tantalizingly at the "Betty," and added to the insult by challenging Ben to a race to the bay for a new set of sails.

"I've got to get dinner now. You won't need these tomorrow till you go ashore anyways, so there ain't no hurry 'bout patchin' 'em. Don't git no crazy notion while I'm gone, but sail easy and don't strain that 'er jib," ordered "Captain" Maria as she disappeared down the narrow stairway. "I'll be keel-handed," muttered Ben, taking a fresh quid of tobacco, "but I'd jest like to show old 'Jersey' the way into the bay, and that the 'Betty' ain't so old and worn-out ez she looks." He was thinking of the time when the "Betty" broke the records in all the races, and how he would like to have her redeem the thirty years of slurs against her "lazy sailin," and his subordination. "Why shouldn't I?" he exclaimed, throwing back his head rebelliously. "Mutiny? Well! Yes, the 'Betty Lee' must have new sails! Think of taking the conceit out of old Hiram Jones, too!"

The more he thought of it the more convinced he became that the sails should be won. A clatter of tinware came to his ears from below, and as he suddenly let out the sails the cabin door swung to with a bang. The padlock snapped into place and then "Captain" was locked in! Chance had done more for the race than Ben would have dared.

A volley of questions and demands came up from below, but it was all Ben could do to manage the schooner with her sudden increase of speed in the stiff gale. He well knew all hopes were lost if he unfastened that door, and, besides, he could explain to Maria better afterwards.

Ben's attention was fixed on the "Jersey" just ahead, whose skipper was making a desperate effort to hold his own since he had observed that the wager must have been accepted. The "Jersey's" lead was slowly slipping from her, for the old

weather-beaten "Betty" was plunging recklessly ahead, her dingy black sails creaking in the wind. As he caught up with the other boat Ben shouted excitedly, "Hi, thar! We wants that set o' new sails for the first one in the bay."

Hiram nodded, grinned, and called in reply, "Yes, and I'll be blowed if I don't throw in a coat o' paint, too. The 'Betty' sure needs one."

Ben glanced up at the old patched-up sails and hoped that they could stand the strain, and he also noted the strong ones of the "Jersey." So pleased was Ben with his success thus far, and so well was the "Betty" bearing herself, that he fastened the tiller and slipped down to the cabin door and called out, "Say, Maria, what ye' doin'?"

"What under the sun air ye a doin' with this boat?" was the retort.

"I'm goin' to win that bet, Maria, and you'll be glad I—"

"Just open this door, Ben Williams, an' let me out o' here an' I'll put a stop to this here foolishness pretty quick now, I tell ye. D'ye hear me?" shouted the deposed captain.

"You couldn't stand on deck fer the rockin," Maria, so what's the use o' comin' up? I'm goin' to have new sails and paint fer the old 'Betty' or know the reason why."

The old schooner lunged, and Ben flew back to the helm to steady her and urge her forward. It was dusk, and as Ben peered out he could see the "Jersey" lagging behind, and just ahead the lights in the bay.

Five days later the "Betty Lee" sailed back into the home port in a coat of dazzling white paint, and with a set of snowy sails above. Clearly the mutiny was forgiven, for Ben stood at the helm serenely puffing his pipe while Maria sat beside him busily engaged in sewing a great patch in "Captain Williams" shore trousers.

A. Junior.

# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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## EDITORIALS.

**Welcome!** With what feelings of pleasure and hope do we begin a new scholastic year! The familiar faces of the old students awaken pleasant memories of the past session. In some we see our hopes realized, in others we are disappointed, yet for all have we a pleasant word and greeting. To the new students, our greeting is no less sincere.

On us all rests a great responsibility, a responsibility that will materially affect our future life. We are here in search of knowledge —that "sesame" which opens unto you and reveals the hidden secrets of the past. What is it that the past does not conceal? The future is no less uncertain to us than the present was to the past. All of life is an uncertainty. We live today and know not what tomorrow may have in store for us. Our optimistic minds may lead us to dream of a

golden future, to build our hopes and aspirations and to instruct our lives according to its whim. The pessimist dreams of a past glory that cannot be ours—so he thinks—and pictures the future as dark and distrustful. Yet in both of these beliefs, or views, there are dangers to be reckoned with; in the one, excessive faith and trust will lead one to discredit evil influences and cause him to plan his future in accordance with his hopes; in the other, disbelief and distrust robs life of faith and contentment, making it a hermitage.

Thus, all of these are uncertainties; the past is the only certainty in so far as we may know its secrets, that we are enabled to rightly judge. The present holds nothing in its grasp. Each second finds its grip relax on the past and tighten on the future, it is the parting of the two. If the past is full of instruction, is it not the heritage of us all? Why, then, do you not take advantage of present opportunities to come in closer touch with what was, what is, what is to be? Knowledge is but the expression of facts grouped together. It is not subject to the changes of fashions and customs, it is a constant quantity. We can have no knowledge of future events and workings; they are only hopes and beliefs based upon knowledge of past attainments. The inventor may have every faith in his work and know almost to a certainty the perfect workings of the structure before he constructs it. Yet his knowledge of its utility is based upon established laws and principles which he has followed in its construction.

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**College Honor.**

It is always an advantage to begin work honestly and with a determination to succeed. But some of us are less fortunate in that we will let ourselves be influenced to do things that will detract greatly from our moral character. "Cheating," "jacking," or by whatever name it may be known, is the greatest evil that confronts the college man. It saps him of all moral courage and manhood. By stealth and deception he grasps honor that rightly belongs to another. He is a stranger to honesty and fairness, his mind and body alike are slaves to

this disgraceful practice. Encouraging laziness and indifference by its misplaced conception of right and wrong, the evil influence is not easily estimated. The mile stones along the college highway, have on each a history written. Some are memorials of temporary success through dishonesty, ending in disgrace; while there are others, though they may have failed at times, their life was successful, since it was honest and sincere. It is not the millionaire nor capitalist that makes life a success, it is the man with a clear conscience and honest dealings that makes true success.

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**The Collegian.**

According to an unwritten custom in vogue at this institution, the COLLEGIAN passes from tried hands to an inexperienced staff. With what success the former staff met is well known, its able management and publication won worthy praise at our commencement. With this as an incentive to our lack of experience, we hope, with the hearty co-operation of the student body to make this the most successful year in the history of our college organ. How much depends upon the students is readily recognized when the purpose of the magazine is understood. It is not published with an idea of pecuniary reward, but to voice the sentiments of the student body. Your pride of college, and college life, causes you to feel an interest in the magazine, but does it interest you enough for you to try by your own efforts to make it a success? If not, your interest amounts to nothing and is only misleading.

In the interest of the COLLEGIAN and to encourage story-writing, Prof. Kern, of the Chair of English, has generously offered a prize of ten dollars to the one contributing the best story to the COLLEGIAN during the year. But aside from this, if you do not win the prize—and only one can—the benefits derived from such an undertaking will more than compensate you for the time and efforts expended.

The following are the rules and regulations governing the contest:

1. All contestants must have at least two contributions in the current volume of the COLLEGIAN.

2. A contestant who has won a prize shall not be eligible to the same prize a second time.

3. The contest is open to none but **bona fide** students of Millsaps College.

4. The contributions in the May number of the COLLEGIAN are not eligible to the prize.

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We are glad to note that our professors were not idle during the summer, but have kept apace with the times. Professor James Elliott Walmsley, of the Chair of History and Economics, has been engaged in connection with the Mississippi Historical Society. A reprint from their publication discloses some very interesting letters relating to the imprisonment and release of Jefferson Davis, by Prof. Walmsley. M. W. Swartz, Professor of Latin and Greek, has written a "Topical Analysis of the Latin Verb." This book is of great value to the Latin students, as it is a classification of Latin Syntax. It is now in use as a text book and gives perfect satisfaction. Both publications are of interest to the public; the one as a historical fact, the other, as a help to students.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

R. B. CARR.

After a delay of six weeks, caused by the presence of yellow fever in the state, Millsaps began its Fourteenth Session on November 2. The prospects are for an increase over last year.

Among the prominent visitors present at the opening exercises were Bishop Chas. B. Galloway, Maj. R. W. Millsaps, Rev. Dr. LaPrade, Rev. H. M. Ellis and Mr. J. C. Cavett, of Jackson; Rev. W. S. Lagrone, of Durant; Hon. W. A. Belk, of Holly Springs; and Dr. John B. Howell, of Canton. Dr. La Prade led devotional exercises.

Read the ads this month! Boys, you should trade with our advertisers. They will save you money.

Prof. Walmsley, J. A. Baker and D. B. Huddleston were elected as the Executive Committee of the Tennis Association. The Co-eds were elected as honorary members of the Association.

Miss M. H. Robertson has been appointed assistant librarian for the year '05-'06.

Dr. T. B. Holloman, of Vicksburg, led the devotional exercises on the morning of Nov. 2nd. We are always glad to have the Doctor with us.

D. C. Enochs, of Brandon, visited club mates on the campus this month.

On Friday night, Nov. 3, the Young Men's Christian Association entertained the entire student body in their parlors at the main building. Delightful refreshments were served and much credit is due the reception committee, Messrs. L. E. Price, W. F. Murrah, and C. C. Applewhite.

Millsaps has more Co-eds this year than usual. There are five in the Freshman class. Of course this is what makes the class so attractive.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Athletic Association held Nov. 8, Mr. Gieger was appointed manager of the Basket Ball team.

On Nov. 1, Dr. E. H. Galloway, an honored alumnus of our College, was married to Miss Mable Johnson, of this city, Bishop Chas. B. Galloway officiating. After the wedding a reception was tendered them at the residence of the bride's father, Mr.J. S. Johnson. Dr. and Mrs. Galloway left immediately for their bridal tour, visiting several nothern points.

Among the old students present at the opening of school were: Rev. W. W. Holmes, '00, who also received his B. D. at Vanderbilt in 1903, and is now stationed at New Orleans;

Rev. W. A. Terry, '04, who is pastor of a large and flourishing church at Vicksburg; M. S. Pittman, '05, Professor of Science and Mathematics in Monroe High School, Monroe, La.; Rev. J. W. McGee, '05, now a resident of the city of Jackson; L.F. Barrier, '05, a promising merchant of Rolling Fork; Rev. J. S. Purcell, '05, pastor of the Methodist church at Thomasville.

Subscribe for the COLLEGIAN!

"Port" Mohler, after spending the summer writing life insurance, is back at College, telling yarns as big as ever. He should do well as an insurance agent—he is so gifted.

Prof. Morrison of Belhaven and Dr. Swartz of Millsaps have arranged for a joint lyceum course for the two colleges. The course arranged for the year '05-06 is as follws: Chas. Lane, Thos. McCleary, Humorists; Geo. R. Wendling, DeWitt Miller, Lecturers; and the Odeon Male Quartette. This is a new undertaking for Millsaps, but we are confident that it will be a scucess. Boys, you should buy a season ticket now, as they are much cheaper than if you should buy them separately.

The Kappa Sigma Fraternity was the host at a very enjoyable smoker at their chapter house on the evening of the 11th.

Be sure that you join one of the Literary Sosieties.

The members of the faculty enjoyed their summer at various places. Dr. Kern, at Pt. Comfort and Shawnee Springs, Va., the latter part of the summer he spent in special work at Vanderbilt; Prof. O. H. Moore, at Carrollton, Mo.; Dr. Sullivan, at Sardis, Miss.; Prof. Walmsley, at Bedford City, Va.; Prof. Huddleston, at Harpersville, Miss.; Dr. Murrah, Dr. J. A. Moore, Prof. Ricketts and Dr. Swartz remained in Jackson.

At the first business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. about 40 new members were received.

The Athletic Association held its first meeting on Nov. 3d.

The principal business of the meeting was to decide whether Millsaps would accept the offer to play a series of foot ball games with Jackson. The first of these games will be played during the Industrial Exposition. Mr. J. L. Neill was elected manager of the Varsity Eleven. The class teams will begin practice at once, so that the Varsity team may be selected from them as soon as polssibe. Dr. A. A. Kern will act as coach. Millsaps won the game from Jackson last year by a score of 10-0, and there is no reason why she should not win this also.

The first regular meeting of the Galloway Literary Society was held last Friday night. The following officers were elected: J. L. Neill, President; O. Backstrom, Vice-President; J. C. Rousseaux, Recording Secretary; S. O. Carruth, Assistant Secretary; C. B. Godbold, Corresponding Secretary; F. F. Flint, Treasurer.

The Lamar Literary Society at its first meeting on November 10th, elected as officers and speakers for the anniversary of the society, which will be held sometime in April, the following men: W. A. Williams, Anniversarian; L. K. Carlton, Orator; J. W. Frost, President; W. F. Murrah, Secretary. As its Commencement debaters, the Society selected the two following able men: C. H. Kirkland, First Debater; S. I. Osborne, Second Debater. Messrs. Jeff Collins and A. L. Rogers were elected as the Literary Editors, and J. L. Berry, as Assistant Business Manager of the Bobashela.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

FRANCES PARK.

Students in Latin are finding the labor of looking up Grammar references much lessened by the use of a "Topical Analysis of the Latin Verb," by Prof. M. W. Swartz, Chair of Latin and Greek. It is a classification of all the Latin Syntax bearing on the verb, and a great aid to undergraduates, for it is only

through classification that we grasp a scientific knowledge of any subject.

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A most interesting and valuable addition to the history of our State comes to us in "Some Unpublished Letters of Burton N. Harrison," by Prof. J. E. Walmsley, of the Chair of History and Economics. Harrison was Jefferson Davis' private secretary, and his letters relate to the attempts to secure the release of the President and to his actual liberation. Not only are they noteworthy as being narrated by an eye-witness, but we are at once touched by the constant solicitude of the secretary and by the profound regard expressed in that loving tribute—"the chief."

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**Foot Ball for Player and Spectator.**

By FIELDING H. YOST, The University Press, Ann Arbor, March, 1905.

Of especial interest to college men at this season of the year is "Football for Player and Spectator," by the great "Hurry-up" coach of the premier University of Michigan team. Football literature up to the present time has been rather scarce and of doubtful quality, having been confined chiefly to articles, guides, booklets, and "dope" in general, with here and there a **real** book on the game. Mr. Yost's volume not only belongs to the latter class but also takes rank as among the best of them.

The author was well qualified for his work, having had that best of recommendations, successful results—the goal line of the maize and blue has not been crossed since Mr. Yost took charge of football affairs at Ann Arbor. As the "get there" man of the game, as a strategist without a peer, and above all as the most successful coach that ever wore the mole-skin, he occupies a commanding position upon the gridiron. And it is worthy of note for us in the South that this season four of the leading Southern teams are being coached by his pupils, one of them, Dan McGugin, having lifted Vanderbilt far above

any other college in the S. I. A. A. and forced her to seek elsewhere for elevens worthy of her skill.

Mr. Yost has solved in an excellent manner that most difficult of problems in the writing of a text book—to treat the subject scientifically and techincally, and yet make it clear and interesting—and as the title implies the volume may be read with profit by all football enthusiasts, from the Thanksgiving "rooter" to the head coach.

Only a few of the topics discussed can be mentioned here. The origin and development of the game and its relation to college life are first traced, followed by a description of a contest from the spectator's point of view. After a brief sketch of the style of play in vogue at the large Universities, the game is taken up in detail and valuable suggestions are made as to passing the ball, starting, catching, kicking, the method of playing the individual positions, etc., as well as points upon training, team work, signals, and the like. Over sixty photographs of actual plays and players made under Mr. Yost's personal supervision serve to illustrate clearly the points made in the text. The work closes with what will probably prove to be its most valuable feature, the formations and diagrams with full explanation of more than fifty of the plays which have made the Michiganders invincible for the past four years.

We quote a few of the famous "Hurry-Ups," which have given the coach his name:

"Hurrp up!"

"Hurry up and line up. The next play cannot start until you are ready."

"Hurry up and follow the ball. No one can play the game unless he is with the ball all the time."

"Hurry up and learn the signals. You cannot play a fast game unless you know them instantly."

"Hurry up and tackle the runner. Do not expect any one else to do it. See to it that you throw him toward his own goal."

# EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

We enter upon our work with feelings of embarrassment and incompetency. This department has been filled by our strongest men and we cannot without considerable exertion maintain the standard they have set. Still, we take up with pleasure, too, the work that will acquaint us with the students of other institutions. We say "acquaint" for by their work we shall know them. Through their magazine the intellectual powers and college spirit of student bodies can well be judged.

We send greeting to all the college journals and wish them a successful year.

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On account of quarantine regulations that were in force in this state for several months the opening of our school was postponed until November, hence the omission of our October number. We hope now, however, to take our place among the other journals. We are anxious to receive all former exchanges and to add new ones to the list. We regret that we have received so few exchanges up till this time.

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Castle Heights Herald is one of the few exchanges that has reached us. The mechanical features are good and the editors are alive to their work. "Newspaper Reading" is a forcibly written essay in which the writer convincingly points to the evil tendencies of the current newspaper, for example, in its inferior quality of fiction, slangy writing, sensational articles, and to undue prominence given to murders and other things that constitute the dark side of life. He concludes rightly, we think, that newspapers should be read with careful selection, and eloquently appeals for the selection of the better class of periodical literature.

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The Ouachita Ripples is one of the most enterprising pub-

lications that has reached us. While it contains some medium verse and a number of fairly good essays, it is the business managers who are most worthy of commendation. They are patriotic enough to offer two gold medals in the interest of the magazine, one for the best prose article of the year, the other for the best poem.

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We acknowledge the following October journals: Monroe College Monthly, The Baylor Literary, Castle Heights Herald, The Ouachita Ripples, The Columbia Collegian, The Review, and Bulletin.

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**Sufficient.**

Once upon an evening dismal,
I handed her a paroxysmal
Kiss, and spoke her name baptismal,
Spoke her name—it was Lenore;
Ah, she was a scrumtious creature,
Glib of tongue and fair of feature,
But, alas! I couldn't teach her,
For she had been there before—
And she winked at me, and murmured,
Murmured the one word: "Encore!"
Only that—and nothing more. —Ex

---

They say that opposites should wed;
Too much alike, you'll clash;
And so I'm looking for a girl
Possessed of lots of cash. —Ex.

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**A Proof of Darwinianism.**

Monkey and a Freshman
Sitting on a rail,
Couldn't tell the difference
'Cept the monkey had a tail. —Ex.

**A Change.**

With her he used to sit up nights,
He doesn't do it now;
He used to woo her with a vim
Within the curtained parlor dim,
For she was all the world to him,
He doesn't do it now.

He used to praise her hair and eyes,
He doesn't do it now;
And listen for her low replies,
He doesn't do it now;
He used to wish he had the sand
To try a hug, and kiss her, and
Ask her to let him hold her hand;
He doesn't do it now.

And she—she used to frizz her hair,
She doesn't do it now;
And list for his step on the stair,
She sometimes does that now;
She used to greet him every night
With hair and dress and ribbons right,
And her two eyes with love alight;
She doesn't do it now.

He came at early candle light,
He doesn't do it now;
She sang aloud, her heart was light;
She doesn't do it now;
Ah, no; things are not as they were,
They sit not side by side and purr,
It's different twixt him and her;
They're married now. —Ex

Went to college,
Joined the 'leven,
Played one game,
Went to Heaven. —Ex.

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**Love's Power.**

To love is sweet, if love for love is given,
'Tis joy supreme when hopes by naught are riven,
But ah! 'tis hard when love is unrequited;
When hopes are snapped, and life remains unlighted.

He loved her true. His heart for her was yearning,
As day by day the lesson he was learning;
The lesson sweet of love for one so wininng,
Though weal or woe, it had a bright beginning.

He needs must speak, his heart compelled the telling
Of love so pure that, in his heart upwelling,
Made life, apart from her, scarce worth the living;
For love is not complete in only giving.

His tale he told: that love would crush or make him.
With her he'd rise; else fortune would forsake him;
For love gives hope, and hope gives strength for action,
But love unloved makes all dissatisfaction.

We often know, but hear no message spoken,
That love is true, or in a moment broken.
A song, a word, a sigh oft tells the story
Of doubt and grief; of happiness and glory.

A mocking-bird its nightly song was singing;
Within his heart a song of love was ringing,
As softly toward the gate his way he wended,
And with his heart all nature smoothly blended.

A. T. Hind, in The Emory Phoenix.

# ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

G. C. MCGILVRAY.

The Alumni Department of the COLLEGIAN should be of great concern to the present student body as well as to Millsaps graduates, for here it is that we learn of the fellows who have met, faced, and overcome the problems which we are now meeting with. Boys, you have won! A hundred and twenty-six alumni! How am I to give a regular biography of each? Simply by the co-operation of every alumnus. If you know anything about yourself or anybody else, write to me and let me know all about it, for you should want this part of the COLLEGIAN to come up well. In fact, if you could see me racing wildly around and tearing my hair, trying in vain to think of something to say about all of you, you would send in an account of yourself, or some friend that you wish puffed.

Dr. J. B. Howell, '02, our jolly quarter-back of 1900, was here at the opening. John hasn't lost any of his athletic enthusiasm, for he says that he and the Canton boys will play us any time. Dr. Howell has a good practice in his home town.

Rev. W. W. Holmes, '00, attended the annual reception of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Holmes is a B. D. graduate of Vanderbilt, and is now pastor of Carrollton Avenue Church, New Orleans.

It was gratifying to learn that Rev. A. H. Shannon, '98, is President of Columbia College, Milton, Oregon. Columbia College is the property of the M. E. Church, South. Professor, we wish you much success and perfect health.

"Pitt" came to see us the other day. May be struck by one of "Cupid's" most dangerous darts—will it prove fatal? In fact, "Dan Cupid" has been quite busy since last session any way. W. N. Duncan and E. B. Allen, '05, got married within two months after graduation. But the blind god did not stop with two; he hurled his darts at three more of the alumni. B. E. Eaton, '01, was married to Miss Helen Simpson; Dr.

"Bert" Galloway, to Miss Mable Johnson; and L. P. Wasson, to Miss Murphy. Cupid, this is encouraging to the class of 1906!

The College boys were delighted to receive a number of old friends back to their Alma Mater, among whom we mention Rev. W. A. Terry, of Vicksburg; J. S. Purcell, of Thomasville; O. W. Bradley, Braxton; and T. M. Bradley, Pinola.

# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

Vol. 8. Jackson, Miss., December, 1905. No. 2.

## "CABINET" vs. "COMMITTEE" LEGISLATION.

The representative bodies of all countries where such exist, have found it impossible to dispose of legislation as a body, with any degree of expedition and satisfaction. Hence they have invented several means of hastening their work, at the same time endeavoring to secure for the subjects of legislation the greatest practicable amount of attention and talent. The two principal forms which these devices have taken are the Cabinet of the English Parliament, and the Committees of the United States Congress. Their purposes are the same—to dispense with legislation without unnecessary friction and delay. Parliament seeks this end by a **concentration** of powers and responsibilities in the Cabinet. Congress, on the contrary, seeks it by a **division** of the labor of of legislation and of responsibility among several bodies instead of entrusting it to one. Both have arisen from exigency, and not from Constitutional provisions, and it is a debatable and very interesting question as to which form of government is the better.

A comparison of the two methods may afford inferences which will help us to decide which works best, not in theory but as a matter of fact.

There is really no leader in Congress. The Speaker of the House weilds more influence than any other individual, but it is indirectly through his power of appointing the Chairman of Committees. These are the real leaders, so there are as many leaders as there are committees. This division of power must tend to lack of unity. There can never be that force and direction in committee government that there is

in Parliament, where power is concentrated and made effective by vesting in one committee with a singleness of purpose.

Another serious defect of committee government is that the individual member of Congress, as such, has comparatively no influence, no opportunities to make himself known and felt. He cannot advance a step in legislation, nor exercise any influence save through and by consent of the committees. In Parliament, it is different. Of course the Cabinet has the initiative in legislation, but the friend or foe of a measure has full opportunity to make himself heard with regard to it. More than this, committee government stifles discussions. Popular governments have always arisen and must always be maintained largely throughout argument and discussion. In a representative government this must be largely confined to its legislators. To kill discussion here is to lose the benefits of pitting mind against mind, which is recognized as a most salutory thing in all questions, and especially so in questions of government. Hence, to restrain argument is to check a force which has partly made, and the lack of which may largely contribute toward the unmaking of popular government.

Moreover it is sometimes uncertain as to which one of the committees a bill should go, hence, this is another place for vascillation in policy which never exists in Parliament, for in Parliament there is one general committee, the Cabinet composed of skilled leaders in political questions, and fitted and expected to cope with all questions of legislation which can arise. Committees are at best an indirect form of government, and hence must be slower and more cumbersome than legislation initiated by a cabinet, and thus placed directly before the House to stand or fall on its merits. Very few of the bills committeed are ever favorably reported on. In fact a great many are never reported on at all. What opportunity have the representatives of the nation to know of the worth of a measure? A small body like a committee is much more easily influenced than a large one. Who knows what deals may take place in committee room? The influence

of lobbyists has often disgraced Congressmen. How much greater is the influence than the people ever know about! The men who shaped our government, and set its machinery in motion, were very jealous of concentrated power; on the theory that concentrated power is irresponsible power.

But the theory has been reversed by the practice of Congress. Distributed and delegated power has become irresponsible power. A committee is not responsible to the people, for it does not represent the people, but Congress; it is not responsible to Congress,for Congress has left the affairs of legislation on a particular subject fully in its hands, without any restrictions on its powers.

Besides this, the proceedings of committees are private and their discussions are not published, so the nation cannot be informed nor instructed, nor public opinion properly trained. This is one of the most serious faults of committee government. Public opinion must be the ultimate arbiter in all the gravest questions of national import. If a people's legislators prove untrue or inefficient, they should know it, and bring them to task.

If an important question arises in the course of leg-is lation, public opinion has a right to be informed thereof, so that the sovereign people may make their wishes known.

Another advantage of Parliament—any procedure over Congressional is the fact that in the former body discussion attracts the attention and directly confronts the Ministry by the opposition, the majority by the minority. An overwhelming majority is the most absolute tyrant on earth, and only the persistence of the minority can dethrone it. If the minority has no opportunity to make itself felt, its force is lost, and any system which does not pay due regard to its minority is so far a failure. In the House of Commons, every important vote means defeat for one party and triumph for the other; and thus, probably at least means the triumph or defeat of a general principle.

In Congress, on the contrary, a defeat or triumph is not that of a party or a principle, but only the defeat of a minority

in a committee, and thus it is impossible consistently to carry out the policy of either party. But practical politics demonstrates the fact that it is highly desirable that legislation should directly represent the action of parties as such, when these parties can be made responsible to the people. Indeed, here is a mode of "check-and balance" on which the makers of the Constitution did not reckon, for who could then see the lines along which men would arrange their views into two opposing parties which should alternately check the excesses of each other? There is great probability that the party system, necessarily arranging its views along more distinct lines of policy, would have been a means of checking any dangerous tending of legislation without the elaborate "set offs" of power that retard and endanger legislation as often as they insure it.

As we study our system of Congressional government more closely we become more and more convinced that is it not that ideal of perfection which we have been taught to worship.

We see, too, that its most successful methods and principles are derived from English precedents. Drinking deep from the political philosophy of the eighteenth century, the founders of our government built up a political structure which reminds one of an old English palace, which has been added to from age to age, and represents Roman, Greek, Moorish and Gothic architecture with a strictly modern addition. The structure is beautiful, but the modern addition adds little to it, and the whole, while apparently fitted for all uses, proves unsatisfactory to the dweller. The functions of our government have been so elaborately discriminated and disturbed, that the very means by which responsibility to the people was sought to be effected has proven the destruction of such responsibility. According to a prevalent theory of the time, the legislature was made entirely independent of the executive, and thus an advantage which has proven one of the most effective schemes in English government was lost.

But even granting many failures in our system, it is still contended that we have the best system for Americans. I accept cannot even this view without the further significant qualification that it was the **best that could be secured when it was organized.**

At that time, the English government was what it is now, in name only, and the workings of its system hardly worthy of imitation. Moreover, we could not wait for government to **grow,** so the best that could be done was to imitate what was thought best in the governments of other countries. But we are Englishmen by race and largely by institutions, and nothing in race or custom differentiates us so much that we would not find their methods of government best for us after the first rude shock of adaption. The genius of the Anglo-Saxon feels an inner spirit of rebellion against a system which is made to order, and prefers still, as he has always done in the past, to make his policies and determine his actions as he goes, prompted not by theory but only by exigency and expediency.

J. H. P.

## AN OLD DARKIE'S PRAISE.

One day this summer an old darkey, called by the white people "Uncle Charlie," came into my father's store.

"Good morning, Uncle Charlie," said my father. "How are you feeling this morning?"

"Poly, poly, boss. I ain't much dis mornin'. If it wan't for you good white people, I doan know what dis po' ole nigger'd do."

"I'll declare, boss, you's jist de best white man in dis whole country. You sho is a good white man, boss. Dis ole nigger'd do enythin' in dis wurl' for you, boss."

"Well, Uucle Charlie, what do you want?" said my father.

"I doan want nuthin', boss. I jest likes to tell you what a good white man you is."

Turning to me, he continued: "I knowed yo' pa long time fo' you's bawn. Me an' him wus boys together. He

ain't like a heap's other white men. He doan beat and cuss de po ole nigger."

"Speak up, Uncle Charlie, I know you want something," said my father. "What is it?"

"No, sir, boss, I declare I doan want nothin'. I doan know where eber I did see as good a man as you is. A—a say, boss, loan me er dollar."

L., '07.

## AT THE MERCY OF THE WAVES.

After being in the tropics for several months, I became restless for want of something to do. Many things came to my mind, and at last I decided that a fishing trip on the ocean would be the best thing to satisfy me. When I mentioned it to two other boys, we all decided on getting a small sail boat and making our trip last for several days. Now came the question of where we should go. After some arguments, we decided to go to a small key, which lay about thirty-five miles to the northeast of us.

We made our preparations one evening, and the next morning, to our hearts' delight, there was a fresh land wind blowing. The sea was comparatively smooth, but there were a few waves beginning to break along the beach.

After loading our boat, we all got on board and set sail for the key. For a while we made fine progress, but after a little the breeze began freshening up, and we could see white caps on almost every wave. The wind continued getting stronger, and the waves larger until our little craft had as much as she could hold up to. At last, to our great delight, we reached the key at about 3 o'clock that afternoon. During the rest of the afternoon we were kept busy preparing for our stay on the key. There was a vacant house there, of which we took possession, and by night we were comfortably fixed.

We remained on the key four days, enjoying ourselves fishing, swimming and diving. It is needless to say that we had good luck in the line of catching fish, for there has

never been known a time that a person could not catch in those waters from twenty-five to fifty fish in three or four hours, We ate as many of them as we could and salted the rest to carry back home with us. When we had gotten as many as our boat could very well hold our thoughts were turned homeward.

We left the key at about twelve o'clock on the fifth day of our arrival. The morning was exceedingly warm, and there were several clouds floating overhead, but we did not dream of anything like a storm. There was a fresh sea breeze blowing, and when we had weighed anchor, our craft plunged forward beautifully, although the sea was very rough. The waves, however, were from our stern and helped us along.

After we had run two or three hours, the wind died down and left us at the mercy of the waves and current. We now saw what was in store, for a black cloud was coming up from the mainland.

What were we to do? The closest land was several miles away. By night the whole heavens were black. The sea was still tossing us in every direction. We had been pulling at our oars with all our might, but with little success. We could now see lightning, and hear the distant thunder, as if a mighty battle was being fought ashore.

The lightning and thunder increased and the night grew dark as Egypt. The only sign of civilization was a light house of which we could get a glimpse as the craft would mount the waves.

The storm kept getting nearer, until the sea looked like a ball of fire, and the thunder was deafening.

A stiff wind from the land began to blow, and the rain began to fall in torrents. Our only hope was to steer for a key that we had passed before the calm caught us. In a few minutes we found that our craft would not stand her sails, but before we could get them down a gust of wind had wrenched the mast out and left us to be blown in what direction we knew not.

Our hearts were in our mouths, and we could hardly

hear each other speak. The waves were tossing us in every direction, and it was all we could do to keep the craft from filling with water.

All at once one of the party cried "Land," which made us all look, and when another flash of lightning came we saw that we were almost ashore. A large wave carried the craft several feet in the air, and landed it on a rock. The next thing we knew we were all in the water. With desperate struggles we reached the beach, and found ourselves on the key we had hoped to reach before the storm caught us.

After spending a very unpleasant night, we were picked up by a large boat, which had anchored behind the key to get out of the storm.

H. W. P., '07.

## A JOURNEY.

"'The Forest of Life.' What a queer name for this beautiful place. And you are Age and I am Youth. How funny! I am so different from you. Why look! Your haggard brow is fringed with gray; your form is stooped; your voice broken, and your step less sprightly than mine. And Time has caused it all. What a strange old fellow he must be! Did he plough those furrows on your face?"

"Ah, my child, you do not understand now! You are in the twilight of youth; the morning dew has scarcely left your cheek, while I—I have passed the noontide of my journey, and am now tottering thru' the evening shades of life. Like the flower which, with bowed head, turns in the evening to face its Cod, man must bend to his. We are marching through this Forest—you just beginning your passage, and I am about to end mine. Soon I shall reach the end of my journey here, but you will continue yours.

"O, you almost scare me! But why should I become frightened in this beautiful place? Everything is so bright and sunny in this forest, where the trees even glimmer with golden fruit and the rippling, silvery waters dance to the music

of the melodies of the Forest," chatters Youth, his love-lit eyes beaming brightly.

"Yes," sighs Old Age, "your path is radiant now, while across mine many shadows fall; some places are dark and dreary. You are now sipping from the necterean cup. That fruit which looks so beautiful often loses its intrinsic brilliancy and turns to chaff in one's grasp. O, pity, that you should ever know one tinge of sorrow! But you, too, must enter the "Mansion of Aching Hearts." What seems to you now so beautiful will soon pass like a phantom in the face of the real. Just a little further on and the way divides. I will soon leave you—leave you to choose for yourself, but remember, there is a way whose brilliance excels that of all others, and in it are contained the real verities of life."

Thus Age and Youth, locked arm in arm, wander through this mysterious Forest—the one weary and footsore from the journey, the other, enraptured by the outward beauties, just awakening to realities.

"Cheer up, Father Age. Surely amid such loveliness one could never sorrow. But see! He faints; he falls! Ah, I am alone. Hush! Here it is all darkness! Shut out from this gloomy spot the sun seems never to cast a single ray. But listen! Strains of sweet music reach my ear. What enchanted choir! A glimmer of light! I shall see what it all means; I'm so tired of this gloom."

Youth, hurrying curiously on in search of some new mystery sees a wonderfully brilliant light just ahead, like a city afire. As he approaches his gaze is met by the view of three handsome buildings, one to the right, and immediately opposite this there is another; while a little further on, and directly in the centre is still a third.

"My Youth, here the pathway separates. Here you must make your choice. Above those waxen columns of joy are written the words, **"Beauty and Pleasure."** I am the god of that palace, and for those who enter, the curtains of sorrow are rolled back. It is my province to make all supremely happy who come within my threshold; sorrow

can never dim their eyes. In my palace you will find all there is in life. What more could one desire than the companionship of Beauty and Pleasure through life? The bloom of youth never vanishes from the cheek of those who kneel at Beauty's shrine, nor gladness from him who clasps the hand of Pleasure."

Youth was about to enter, but as the curtains were brushed aside the sight of frantic, fragile forms within met his view. Almost sickened by the sight, he scurried across to the palace on the left. Here he was met by the stern, grim-faced god of Wealth and Power. In a cold, authoritative voice he addressed Youth.

"Those glittering letters of diamonds above the jeweled entrance of my palace bespeak for those who enter all that Wealth and Power can command. By means of this you will have every material pleasure; by bowing to me, you may have nations do your bidding; the world will kneel to you, and make you its monarch. Riches, strength and pleasure will crouch at your feet, if you will only follow and worship me."

"Ah, no, your majesty! Behind your shimmering doors I see your victims; I see the grim, care-worn, visages of your subjects; I hear their awful moans; on their brow I see the prints of deep sorrow.

Youth turns sadly away with a feeling of disappointment that he has not yet found that which satisfies. But as he approaches the central palace, the loveliest of them all, his sadness melts into joy. The tall towers seem almost to pierce the sky. Above the columns no inscription marks its name; everything bespeaks truth and Love. The Goddess does not descend from her throne of Purity to seek the entrance of the wandering traveler, but sits smiling on those who come within her presence, softening their griefs into gladness. Poised above the crowned Goddess of Truth and

Love is the Angel of Peace; embodied in this castle are real Pleasure and Beauty, Wealth and Power.

Youth enters in and receives a crown of Truth and Love, acclaiming, " 'and in it are contained the real verities of life.' "

J. W. F. '07

## THE GHOSTS OF ANANDALE.

"Extra! Extra!" shouted the newsboy. "All about the great Milbury Bank Robbery—copy sir?"

Tom Bafford gave the nickel and soon became absorbed in the story. The robbers had smoothly slipped away, leaving no clue beyond the empty bank vaults.

"Hello, Tom," exclaimed a familiar voice. "What's the news?"

"Eh, Hoop, is that you?" Then in answer to the question, "Oh, nothing but the robbery, you know. Rather a slick game. But how did you happen to be here?"

"Gray—you know him; he's Professor of Botany at Standiford. Well, he persuaded me to accompany him on a botanical expedition somewhere around here among the hills. He said he knew of an ideal place for a few days' camping out; in short, he presented such a pleasing prospect, I finally consented," responded Hoop.

"Well, I wish I had seen you first. We have had a house party this week—Aunt and I—and you would have helped in making up the number. Some of them are old acquaintances of yours—Jack Bentley and Sid Harrel. Then, besides, Nell and Ellen Tyndall and Mary Gray, Professor Gray's cousin. We are taking in the country. I sent them to Clear Stream to fish and came into town on a little business. If you pitch your camp near us, drop in on us sometime;" and Tom getting into the waiting buggy, drove away.

II.

Tom Balford and Mary Gray had wandered from the rest. The party had been on a picnic excursion and had driven back in the late afternoon by Anandale, which was at one time the wealthiest country seat in the state. The

broad acres that stretched for miles around were then tilled by hundreds of slaves. The house itself, now worn by age, was then a palatial mansion. As it now stood, it resembled a feudal castle fallen into decay; even yet the impress of grandeur stamped its massive expanse; it was magnificent in its simplicity. For years it had been uninhabi ed, and the silence of those years had wrapped the lonely mansion in a romantic mystery.

"Now, Mary," said Tom as they entered the spacious drawing room, "I want you to see the view from this window. Have you ever seen anything to rival this?"

Before them stretched a grassy lawn sloping down to the margin of a lake and of a stream which wound its silvery length into the woodland just beyond. In the distance rose the massive peak of Mount Olympus, behind whose brow the sun was just sinking. The parting rays painted the surface of the lake a warm rose color, which grew dimmer as they gazed. From farther down the valley came the muffled sound of falling water that sang in a sparkling treble as it dashed against the rocks of the lower bed.

As she gazed, Mary drew in a soft breath and then in a low voice quoted:

> " 'The shadow falls on castle walls,
> And snowy summits old in story,
> The long light breaks across the lake,
> And the wild cataract leaps in glory.'

"This scene is the proper setting to those words," she concluded.

"Yes," responded Tom. "Sometime, when the others are present, I'll tell you the story of the 'Lady of the Lake.' It is something of a ghost story."

Just then the rest of the party came up.

"You're a nice pair," said Sid. "Much obliged, Tom, for the information about this gloomy old house," he ironically continued. "We explored every corridor, ran up and down every winding staircase, and are at last gratified by

gazing again on your countenances. What are you two mooning over, any way?"

With an impressive gesture, Tom exclaimed:

"Stop your jabbering, Sid, and if there is any artist soul in you, feast on this scene."

A low murmer broke from the assembled group.

"All observe carefully each detail. Do you see that white marble shaft standing on the bank of the lake? That is the gloomy finale of a story I shall sometime treat you to."

"But not now, Tom," entreated his aunt, Mrs. Tyndall. "We shall scarcely reach home by supper time."

"Let's stay here and go home by moonlight," proposed Jack Bently. "We have enough left from dinner for a lunch, and hearing the story here will kind of enhance our interest."

This appeared to be the unanimous wish, and Mrs. Tyndall gracefully acquiesced.

Luncheon over, Tom reassembled the party in the drawing room and said: "Seat yourselves Jap-fashioned." And then in a mock-serious tone added: "If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now."

Sid Harrel immediately searched his pockets, and producing several handkerchiefs passed them around.

"Now, Tom, the story," Mary demanded.

"Well, imagine yourselves back in ante-bellum days. This room was then furnished in magnificence. From the centre of the ceiling was suspended a golden chandelier; massive candelabras stood on the marble mantle and every appointment was elegant and costly.

"On this particular evening the room is thronged with guests, for the Master of the mansion has lately brought home his bride. She stands by his side just under the chandelier and her glittering jewels flash in the light. She seems a picture of loveliness and happiness.

"As she receives her guests a sweet smile lights up her face; but as the evening advances a sign of disappointment dimly grows in her eyes. Suddenly it lightens as the tall soldierly form of a man advances down the room. The hus-

band receives the guest politely, but the lady extends her hand and allows it to rest for a perceptible moment in that of the new comer's. He bows again and passes on.

"Now, the strains of music invite the guests to the dancing hall, and the drawing room is almost deserted. The hours flit by; the husband mingles among his guests, but the lady for a moment disappears.

"To go back a little," said Tom. "As we said, the lady was very beautiful, so of course, she had many suitors, among whom were the master of Anandale and a poor army officer. She had favored the officer, but ambition led her to accept the richer suitor. At the opening of the story they had been married about a month, and the husband has always been jealous."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Sid. "Now we are getting where it is interesting. Enter both the villian and the green-eyed monster."

"Do be quiet, Sid," Ellen entreated. "Go on, Tom."

"I've lost the thread of the story now—let me see," he pondered.

"Here you are," again Sid broke in. "The army officer had wandered in, the lady had wandered out, and the master of Anandale was wandering around."

"Thanks, old man," Tom said, and taking the cue continued: "Well, the Master of Annandale was mingling with his guests. He passed from the drawing room to the conservatory and as he entered his eye fell on a scrap of paper, crumpled. Mechanically, he stooped and picked it up, and smoothing it out, read these words: 'Meet me by the lake at twelve. I must see you once again—and then an eternal farewell."

The jealousy in his heart prompted a true interpretation of the case—his wife was to meet his old-time rival. He glanced at his watch; the hands were five minutes past twelve.

"Making his way to the trysting place, he paused when almost there, as he saw the leave-taking between the two. Deep distress was in the lady's voice as she exclaimed: 'Oh,

for my freedom again!' The jealous husband, maddened by the cry, rushed into their presence, and challenged the officer to a duel. They agreed to meet at daybreak.

"Morning brought with it the death of the officer. The husband, indignant with his wife, did not return that day. When he came, she was not to be found. Growing alarmed he searched for her everywhere. As a last resort, the lake was dragged and her body found.

"The husband, miserable at home, travelled, and while away died. He requested that he should be buried by his wife's side near the lake.

"There is the shaft that marks their graves. On it is no inscription, save this:

" 'Ralph Morrison and Vivien, his wife.'

The sequel of the story is this, and is believed by many superstitous people: On bright moonlight nights there is to be heard a muffled sound of music in the gloomy mansion and some, who have been venturesome enough to go, have even claimed to see the white-clad figure of a woman rise mist-like from around the waters of the lake and float around its bank wringing her hands. Sometimes on quiet nights, the footsteps of some man wanders along the corridors, as if in quest of something. It is thought that it is the master searching for the lady."

Tom finished and thanked his audience for their close attention. As he did so a door slowly opened and then closed. There was the unmistakable sound of footsteps advancing down the hall. The girls grew white with a superstitious fear.

To add to this was the indistinct murmer of voices.

"It's my belief," said Tom, "that there is something behind all this. Suppose we investigate it, boys?"

"Not unless you want to drive me wild," exclaimed Nell.

"No, indeed," begged Mary. "Let's leave this horrid place. I can see the jealous husband, the lady and the old army officer walking all around."

"But think what a distinction it will be to solve the mystery of the Ghosts of Anandale," Jack ventured.

"Yes, you girls hug each other down here while we go above," said Sid.

Mrs. Tyndall asserted herself. "You will never leave us down here to be murdered; we go, too."

III

"First, boys, let's get some kind of light," said Tom.

"Here's the very thing," said Sid, and walking over to the mantle he picked up a small piece of wax candle. "I guess this one did not quite burn out at that grand ball, Tom, and was left here for that very purpose."

"Very probably," responded Tom.

The light manner in which the boys were considering the affair partially reassured the girls, yet they started at every sound. An odor of burning paper was wafted to them from the end of the long corridor. They accordingly made their way in that direction. Arriving there, the boys exploring the room at the end of the corridor. There was some paper lately burned on the hearth, and more curious still, the end of a rope, secured to the window sill.

"This grows inteserting," said Tom. "It occurs to me suddenly that this house, being deserted, may be a rendezvous for robbers. It may be the Milbury Bank Robbers are hidden here."

"O, gracious, Tom!" exclaimed his aunt. "How can you stand there and talk in that uncanny way?"

"Hush!" he exclaimed, and at the same time blew out the light. "I hear voices just down that line of elms. Aunt take the girls outside, and we will sift this to the bottom."

"Never," she stated quietly but emphatically. "Wild horses could not pull me out there in the dark. If we are to be murdered, we'll die together."

"Listen," Mary whispered.

A voice floated up in the stillness to the listeners in the north room.

"Our work is almost done," the voice was saying, "and then, haunted house, you will be left again in solitude. We collect our booty tomorrow and slip back into the busy world

again. This is a capital hiding place, old fellow, isn't it?"

"The Millbury Bank Robbery," Tom whispered.

There was a tightening of the rope. The three boys stationed themselves in front of the window. A form was silhoutted against the moonlight outside, and then caught and gagged with Tom's handkerchief inside. The next comer was dealt with in the same manner.

"Now," said Tom triumphantly, "strike a light."

Th yellow flame gave out a flickering glimmer. The company gathered at a respectful distance to survey their capture.

x x x

Before them stood Hoop and Professor Gray, at whose feet lay the mangled specimens they had been so arduously gathering.

It was with mingled feelings of astonishment, dismay and resentment that they regarded the other. Then Mary's rippling laughter floated out on the night air. Every one joined in. Amid general rejoicing the prisoners' hands were loosed.

"Now tell me, Cousin George," Mary demanded, "what you meant by 'booty?' "

Professor Gray cast one rueful glance at his mangled specimens.

"We were here a short while ago," he said, "and I discovered we had left these," waving his hand over the treasured collection. "We went to find them, and returned to be kidnapped."

"We thought you were the bank robbers," Sid informed him.

Hoop turned and surveyed the company in surprise, and then said: "Did you not know that they had been captured? I walked into town early this morning and heard the news."

"Yes, while I was preparing things for our lunch," Professor Gray spoke up, "Hoop went to town and brought the news back. Now I have a short confession to make. For the past ten years I have come to Anandale for a few days quiet

freedom. I knew the old superstitions people entertained toward the place, and selected it for that reason. In fact, it may be partly due to my visits here that these reports have grown. Several times I have heard people conversing, as I did you this evening when I first returned, but these persons lacking the courage you young giants possess, left me in undisputed possession, and went on to spread the report of the mysterious sounds."

"You're what I call an iconoclast," exclaimed Sid.

"Yes," added Mary, "you have shattered my ideal of a thoroughly true ghost story."

"Yet, no one can say that we have not solved the mystery," said Tom. "We have solved forever the mystery of the Ghosts of Anandale."

X. Y. Z.

## IN MEMORIAM.

"And there the weary be at rest."

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in His infinite goodness and mercy, has seen fit to take from our midst our friend and co-laborer, William Woodard Bowles, that he might join the ransomed of the Lord,

RESOLVED, That we, the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Millsaps College, by the death of our friend and brother, have lost one whose devotion to God never faltered; whose life was blameless, and whose fidelity was unquestioned.

RESOLVED, That such a life, although cut off in the bloom of youth, was one striving to attain the higher plains of Christian usefulness, to make himself a greater blessing to humanity, and his influence has been a blessing to those with whom he associated.

RESOLVED, That we extend our deepest sympathy to his loved ones, and commend them

to the grace and comfort of Almighty God.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be written in the minutes of this Association, published in the Collegian, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

JAMES A. MCKEE,
OSCAR BACKSTROM,
Committee.

**Carried His Point.**

'Twas in a western court room;
The "bad man" did appear
To wish to speak unto the judge,
Who would not lend his ear.
At length he grew quite angry,
And raised a row. Report
Remarks that when things cleared away,
He had the ear of the court.

—EXCHANGE.

**Cupid's Way.**

Cupid and I a compact made:
"When yonder maiden passes here
You shoot her with your bow," I said,
"That to my pray'rs she'll lend an ear."
The sly young fox swore he would,
That she could not his arrow 'scape.
Then soon in the gentle grass I stood,
And for her opened the garden gate.
I trembled when she looked at me,
With dimpled cheeks, lips cherry red.
Sir Cupid laughed from out the tree—
Traitor—he pierced my heart instead.

—SHEARON BONNER IN CUMBERLAND WEEKLY.

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L. E. Price.....Business Manager
J. C. Neill, J. C. Rousseaux.....Assistant Business Managers

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## EDITORIALS.

**EDUCATION**

What is education? And what influence does it exert in the field of action? Is it a knowledge ol classical literature, sciences and history; a familiar association with accumulated facts? These are questions that confront the college student, and to a great extent, must be settled by them individually. Their conception of it will be in accordance with their view of life.

Education is the training of the intellectual and moral man. This training begins with perception, or more accurately, when we can distinguish between two distinct and opposite forms. There are different stages in education as in any other attainment. In cultivating or improving our knowledge we have some end in view. This end is not that we might know something about everything, but that we know everything about something. If every one, in seeking an education, should undertake to learn a little of everything,

their knowledge would be imperfect and disconnected. It is not only beyond the grasp of a finite mind to master such an undertaking, but what would be his reward if he should intelligently follow this course? Surely old age, with its weaknesses would have overtaken him ere a fair beginning had been made.

Education is not intended to perfect social attainments alone, nor to be treasured solely for the power or honor it grants to the possessor, but to a great extent it is to be appreciated as an invaluable possession to the man of business. I do not refer to the collegiate training exclusively, for some of our greatest commercial magnates have succeeded without having attended college. Yet they did not lack education, for they were close and attentive observers, and their minds were inventive. It was more difficult for these men to attain such excellence without a collegiate education, not that such advantages makes it easier to be attained, but that you are better prepared to undertake and carry through such responsibilities.

It is a lamentable fact that so many of our young men attending college should leave before they graduate. A large per cent. leave after finishing the Freshman year, and only about 20 per cent. ever graduate. Many of these men think they have the cream of the college course when they finish the Sophomore year,but there is a fallacy in all such reasoning. They are not able to appreciate the advantages offered by the higher classes; not that they may not be able representatives of their classes, but they lack the broader and more thorough knowledge of their respective courses which is offered in the upper classes.

You have not completed your education when you leave college. You have only laid the foundation, and this foundation is constructed well or poorly accordingly to the merit of your work. If you fail in your obligations as a student, your work is defective, and consequently the ground work of your education lacks stability. Too many of us do not see the need of this earlier training until we have wandered too far

to redeem entirely our lost opportunities. Should we repent our folly when our life's work is opened before us and endeavor to build wisely on such a foundation, we would see with mortification that our structure needed firmness and endurance. I do not mean to say that in case you find this to apply to you that you should give up all hope of succeeding, but I mean that your success is not what it could have been made if you had followed strictly in the path of duty. No success is permanent unless it is the conscientious work of a worthy individual, and this success will conform to your ability as a worker, and the faithfulness with which you attend to your work.

We cannot well eliminate morals from education, since in all highly perfected attainments, morals play an important role. If we could conceive of education without a moral back ground, would it not decrease its value? Could a highly organized society where education is a ruling factor, retain its influence if the immoral pervaded its recognized sphere? In the world of action you learn more accurately, and with a less degree of difficulty, for experience is our greatest instructor, and you not only can distinguish between the moral and immoral, but your choice is made with a certain end in view.

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**The Lyceum Course.**

We are fortunate in securing a good Lyceum course for this year, and especially as the greater number will be held in the Belhaven Chapel. The pleasure in attending these lectures will not be questioned by the student body, for aside from the lectures, they will reap a no less agreeable benefit. Having heard one lecture we are prepared to say with conviction that it was thoroughly enjoyable and entertaining, and we now look forward with pleasure to the succeeding numbers. It was not only enjoyable in itself as pleasing the humorous side of our nature, but it was a diversion from the monotonous routine of study and recitation.

The characteristic features of this course, aside from its purpose to entertain, is to cultivate in one a higher apprecia-

tion of literature. whether it be serious, comic or epic. This has its advantages in education as it presents to the mind in a most gratifying manner, an important lesson or truth.

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**Clark Essay Medal.**

It has been the custom at this institution for some years back to offer a medal for excellency in composition. Much honor is attached to this prize as the winner must show an unusual degree of literary skill. No prize offered here is more coveted than this, and we look for a fair number of contestants.

The subject in the Clark Essay Medal contest for the present session will be "Sidney Lanier." There are no restrictions as to the manner in which the theme may be treated the only rules in the contest being as follows: All essays upon the assigned subject must be handed in on the flrst Saturday in May, at which time an impromptu subject will be assigned upon which the students are allowed three hours in which to complete their essay. Different pseudonyms must be used by each contestant in both the prepared and the impromptu contest. Both sets of papers will be sent to the same committee, and their estimate will be indicated by grades. The grades for each man will then be averaged, the prepared effort counting sixty per cent. and the impromptu forty per cent. And the person having the highest average wins the medal.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Bright (observing the moon with the aid of the telescope)—"Say, Doctor, what are those promotions on the moon?"

Dr. W. T. Bolling, pastor of the Central Methodist Church of Memphis, conducted the devotional exercises for us last week. He also made a very interesting talk.

Junior and Senior
Walking down the street,
Couldn't see the senior
For the junior's feet.

Prof. D. H. Bishop, formerly occupant of the Chair of English, now at the head of that department at the University spent Thanksgiving in Jackson.

The Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity enterttained their student friends at an informal smoker Saturday night, December 9.

"He **unconsciously** kissed her."—Sophomore story.

The Freshman election last week resulted as follows: J. B. Huddleston, President; Miss Ricketts, Vice President; Miss Easterling, Secretary; Miss Fields, Treasurer; Miss Spann, Historian; Lankford, Poet; Cooper, Sport; Waugh, Liar.

Dr. Murrah returned last week from the North Mississippi Conference, at Grenada. While there he succeeded in raising about $6,000 of the endowment fund.

The first class meeting of the year was held by the Junior class Tuesday, December 5. The officers elected are as follows: J. L. Berry, President; Miss Susie Ridgway, Vice President; L. K. Carlton, Secretary; Miss Bessie Huddleston, Poet; G. C. Terral, Historian; S. I. Osborne, Treasurer; J. W. Weems, Prophet; H. W. Pearce, Sport; A. L. Rogers, Liar.

Mr. J. S. Purcell, '05, has been over to see us several times this month. We don't know whether he likes the boys so well, or that there is another attraction. Mr. Purcell goes to Vanderbilt after the Christmas holidays. He will be accompanied by Messrs. O. W. and T. M. Bradley.

Mr. W. W. Bowles of Kosciusko, Miss., died Novemebr 17. He had been in college only a few weeks, but had made many warm, personal friends and who will miss him very much. His remains were carried to Kosciusko for burial.

Several of the old boys came over Thanksgiving to witness the foot-ball game between University and A. &. M. College. Among these were S. M. Graham, Superintendent of the Gloster school; H. M. Harris, first assistant at Gloster; A. P. Hand and W. L. Weems, of Shubuta; J. M. Kennedy, Professor of Math-

ematics and Latin in Montrose High School; L. D. Reed, L. R. O'Brien, Ben Tindall and J. K. Young of University.

The following new books are among those received in the Library this month: "In Great Waters," by T. A. Janvier; "The Red Axe," by S. R. Crockett; "Sir Mortimer," by Miss Mary Johnston; and "The Light of the Stars," by Hamlin Garland. Messrs. Purcell, Hand, Barrier, Ricketts and McGee have contributed magazines. The additions up to the present time are: "McClures," "The Arena," "The Independent," "Nation and Classical Review." Prof. O. H. Moore has placed in the reading room "La Maitre Phonetigue," "Berlinen Illustrate Zietung," and "L'Ecole de Deux Monde." Mr. R. A. Tribble has contributed the "Commercial Appeal and Rev. W. H. Foote a large number of religious works.

At a meeting of the Bobashela staff, Mr. W. F. Murrah was elected to fill the place of Humorous Editor. The staff now consists of the following: L. E. Price, Editor in Chief; Jeff Collins, Literary Editor; A. L. Rodgers, Art Editor; W. F. Murrah, Humorous Editor; J. A. McKee, Organizations; O. Backstrom, Classes and Athletics; J. L. Neill, Business Manager; J. L. Berry and J. C. Rousseaux, Assistants.

The following men have been selected to represent the Galloway Literary Soceity on the occasion of its anniversary: Anniversarian, L. E. Price; Orator, E. D. Lewis; President, J. A. Baker; Vice President, James Blount; Secretary, C. R. Nolen; Literary Address, Hon. C. H. Alexander. The society also selected as its Commencement debaters the following: First debater, J. L. Neill; second debater, C. L. Neill.

After many delays and disappointments Millsaps succeeded in meeting the Jackson Athletic Club upon the gridiron at the ball park, Dec. 9, and as was the case last year, with the odds greatly against them both in weight and experience, overwhelmed their opponents by superior team work. Although witnessed by a small crowd the game, in many respects, was much better than that between the University of Missis-

sipps and the A. & M. College, the work of both teams being quicker and snappier, and not marred by frequent delays. The result came as a great surprise to many, since Jackson, profiting by last year's game, had strengthened her team materially, and had been training steadily for the past month.

As was expected both teams proved to be stronger upon the offensive than they were on the defensive, Millsaps interference moving off with a dash that was almost irresistible. Jackson lost because she was unable to stop the end runs by McGilvray and Kittrell upon tackle back formation, and because of her frequent fumbling—she also came near winning on account of Millsaps one fumble. At a conservative estimate, Millsaps was out-weighed ten to fifteen pounds to the man, but notwithstanding this handicap the line not only held like the conventional stone wall, but could usually be relied upon for a gain of from two to four yards whenever called upon. The game was free from any disagreeable feature, and no substitutes were used.

Shields proved to be the star player for the team, and succeeded several times in aiding the ends for a run of thirty five yards. Meyers at full and Manship at end also put up a good game. For Millsaps the best work was done by Cooper, McGilvray,Murrah and Kittrell, all four being in the game all the time. Mc. proved to be the best ground gainer, and frequently passed all the back save the full; Kittrell hit the line like a young battering ram, and several times broke through the interference, throwing the runner for a loss. Captain Murrah not only saved the game by kicking the goal, but his tackle of McKee just as the latter crossed the goal line was probably the cause of Meyer's failure to kick the goal; he also ran the team well and twice downed Shields when the latter had a clear field ahead of him. Millsaps lost the ball on fumble once, was held down once, was penalized for off-side play once, and was forced to kick once; the tackle back and tandem plays were used almost entirely.

The game in detail was as follows: Captain Murrah the toss and chooses to defend the north goal. Meyers kicks

to Murrah, who advances the ball ten yards before he is downed by Manship. Terrell, Kittrell and McGilvray advance the ball fifteen yards in four downs. The ball is fumbled on a tandem and falls into the hands of McKee who, aided by excellent interference, runs thirty-five yards for a touch-down, being tackled by Murrah just as he crosses the line. Meyers fails to kick a difficult goal. Score: Jackson 5; Millsaps 0.

Meyers kicks off to Kittrell, who returns the ball fifteen yards. Jackson loses five yards for off side play. Millsaps carries the ball to the centre of the field, but is forced to punt. Davis boots the pigskin forty yards and it is Jackson ball on her twenty-five yard line. Shields skirts the end for thirty-five yards, being downed hy Murrah; after several small gains Meyers goes over left tackle for ten yards; Shields adds five more and time is called with the ball in Jackson's possession on her opponent's thirty-yard line.

Davis kicks to Meyer who is downed by Cooper before he has gained three yards. Jackson carries the ball to the forty-yard line, fumbles, and Neill falls on the ball. By means of short dashes and a couple of seven-yard runs by McGilvray, the ball is placed within a half foot of Jackson's goal. Two attacks are made upon right tackle without gain, but on the third down Kittrell is pushed over the line on a tandem on left tackle. Murrah kicks goal. Score: Millsaps 6; Jackson 5.

Meyers kicks to Terrell who fumbles upon the ball outside of bounds. It is brought in and Millsaps carries it to Jackson's thirty-yard line, where they are held for downs. Shields circles the end for twenty-yards. Time is almost up, and the play is fast and furious. Jackson fumbles and Shields is thrown for a loss of two yards; Meyers is thrown back two yards. On the third down the ball is fumbled again, Watson falling upon it; but the umpire declared Millsaps off-side and the ball goes to Jackson. Meyer kicks thirty-five yards;

Murrah returned the ball to the forty-yard line, and time is called:

The following was the line-up:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Neill | Centre | Stevens |
| Jaco | Right guard | Snodgrass |
| Terrell | Right tackle | Harris |
| Watson, H. D. | Right end | McKee |
| Walden | Left guard | Hallam |
| Adams | Left tackle | Burns |
| Cooper | Left end | Manship |
| McGilvray | Left half | Meyers, C. |
| Kittrell | Right half | Shields |
| Murrah, C. | Quarter | Mayes |
| Davis | Full back | Johnson |

Substitute—Millsaps: Berry, W. Watson, Kahn, Catching, Welch. Jackson: Spengler, Voltz, Hilzim and McCleskey.

Touchdowns—McKee, Kittrell.
Goals—Murrah.
Referee—Professor A. A. Kern.
Umpire—Mr. Jack Thompson.
Linesmen—Watson, E. L. Meyers.
Timekeepers—Weems, Smith.
Fifteen minute halves.

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

FRANCES PARK.

## "THE FOOL ERRANT."

**Being the Memoirs of Francis Antony Strelley, Esq., Citizen of Lucca, by Maurice Hewlett.**

With the exception of a brief review of his early life, Francis Strelley of Upcote, England, begins his reminiscences with his arrival in Padua, Italy, where he is to attend a University. He boards at the home of the selfish and eccentric Dr. Porfirio Lafranchi, with whose young and lovely wife he falls in love.

Thus begins his folly. As reparation he starts forth on a pilgrimage to the childhood home of Donna Aurelia, there to pray her pardon, and, if possible, effect a reconciliation between husband and wife.

It is this journey on foot that makes up the greater part of the book. Francis meeting with a vicious and cunning, old Capuchin friar, who shadows his life until he kills him; the finding of the peasant girl, Virginia Strozzi, whose honor he protected and whom he teaches, in return for which she not only becomes his servant, but gives him so pure and enduring a love that for his sake she is willing to sacrifice all that she has or is.

Among the minor characters who give action and variety to this tale are Count Giraldi, the gentlemanly rascal who leads Aurelia astray; Marquis Semifonte, the phlegmatic scoundrel from whom Virginia is rescued by Francis; and Belviso, the noble young actor of a dream-like countenance who gives his life for Strelley.

That Francis Strelley is a fool cannot be denied. The mission on which he goes, and the risks run there by him might have been avoided; the latter at least lessened. We have little patience with his idealistic worship of the illusive Aurelia, while beside him, ignored, is the patient Virginia,

loving him with all her passionate heart. It was during his brief experiences as actor that he himself said: "If it was my business to look a fool, God knows I played better than any."

Yet because he is a fool, he is none the less a true knight and a champion of virtue. Even when his fortunes and spirits are at the lowest ebb, he does not deviate a hair's breadth from his ideal of honor. His spiritual and high-strung nature convince us that his sins were not those of the heart. Finally he ceases to walk with his head in the clouds, and learns to appreciate and love the girl who was worthy of more than he could give or do.

This was Virginia, pure of mind and soul. Of the characters, Mr. Hewlett has drawn, Virginia is the masterpiece. She wins our hearts from her first appearance in the forest, a proud and handsome peasant girl, calm and clear-eyed, a bundle of fagots on her head.

Childish, yet womanly; proud yet tender; at times fierce at others subtle—all these she is. Between her and the enchanitng little Aurelia there exists from the first a wide gulf. When at last Francis Strelley's eyes are opened, and he passes over the gulf, then his folly ends. He becomes a true man, the mask of the Fool falls and we see a knight in all truth.

Mr. Hewlett is exceedingly frank in dealing with delicate situations. Yet if he offends, we are soon lost in the rapidly succeeding scenes, and carried along by the swing of the story What charms us in the setting of this Italian tale of the eighteenth century is "the great out doors" in both forest and city.

Then we have a feeling of contentment that out of the vice and sordidness surrounding them, into their peaceful home in Lucca, have risen the pure Virginia and the noble Fool Errant.

# EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

Of the typical college magazine the exchange department is, perhaps, the least attractive. This is not a matter for surprise, for of all the departments the exchange is the most difficult to make attractive, The editor is at the disadvantage of knowing that his department is seldom noticed by the student body, and thus misses whatever inspiration is to be derived from the knowledge that one's productions will be widely read. Unless he is ingenious or has acquired a wide vocabulary, his reviews must necessarily he of a monotonous sameness. For these reasons, we believe that the exchange department should be judged liberally. But making due allowance for the difficulties with which the exchange editor has to contend, our exchange departments are not so good as they should be. They betray lack of work. The reviews are imperfect. Few exchanges seem to have been read at all, or else read to no purpose. Some of the criticisms might have been as well expressed if the journals criticised had never been opened. Let us, if possible, display some literary taste in the expression of our criticisms, but if this is beyond us let us at least read our exchanges and be conscientious in what we say concerning them.

There is quite a difference of opinion among us as to the method we shall pursue in our criticisms, varying from those meekly disposed, who declare that they shall refrain entirely from severe criticism and seek out only that which is good to those who have entered the arena in plumes and war paint believing that they have a great work to do in driving from the field of college literature all contributions that do not reach a high standard of excellence. There do appear occasionally, if not frequently, Sophomoric addresses and plotless stories that detract from the worth of the magazine rather than add to it. These, we believe, should not be permitted

to pass without comment. But we should refrain from scathing criticism. The habit of tearing down may be quickly and easily acquired, to construct is far more difficult. If a contribution contains any feature at all worthy of commendation it should be commended. The men who most endanger the good name of their magazine are not those given to writing sophomoric addresses and jingling doggerel, but those who refuse to contribute at all.

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**The Sentence.**

The Fates—"You are charged with the crime of poverty. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

The poor Man—"Guilty."

The Fates—"Hard labor for life." —Ex.

---

**Pope and Miss N.**

'Twas Pope who first the silence broke.
"Miss N., I'm like a tree,
Because I have a heart, you know."
"It's 'cause you're sappy. See?"
"And you are like a tree also,"
(He her response ignored)—
"Because you're wooed (Wood) by me."
"No, no! because I'm bored (board)."
"Now, Pope, you may be like a tree."
(He couldn't quite perceive.)
"Trees leave sometimes and make a bough,
And you may also bow and leave."

—The Gamilacad.

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Of the few November exchanges we have received, the College Reflector, Castles Heights Herald, and the Baylor Literary, the editorial departments are creditable. The editor of the College Reflector expresses himself in clear, dignified language, and writes upon those subjects which unquestionably come within his realm, viz., the literary societies, the college band and the Lyceum Course. In Castle Heights

Herald the editorial, "The Personnel of Students," is quite an appropriate subject for the beginning of the year, and the editor's observations of the personnel of the new students are far more pleasing than any sage advice he could give them. This editor is also fortunate in the selection and treatment of his other subjects. The editor of the Baylor Literary, in his editorial on "College Men in Newspaperdom," forcibly sets forth the power of the press and the work that the college man may do through the press. He connects his subjects more definitely with the affairs of college men by suggesting that only those be elected to the staff of college publications who intend to follow journalism as a life's work.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer—
Eb for short, she called her beau;
Talk of "tides of love"—Great Caesar!
You should see 'em—Eb and Flo.
—High School Echo.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

G. C. McGILVAY.

Did you ever meet an old Millsaps man whom you had never met before? Did you ever have them to give you a cordial, hearty old-fashioned hand-shake, and welcome you to their homes? When you meet one, you know you have met a friend. You feel that you have something in common. You have a general interest in each other; if you do not know each other, you know something about every one connected with the college that your friend knows, and you feel like you ought to know your new friend. In fact, you do know a whole lot about him. You know that he "Busted" recitations; you know that he did just what he had to do and no more. You know that he blessed out some member of the faculty to himself; you both know the nicknames for the faculty. The greater part of your conversation is about the fun and the play. There is nothing like the good old col

lege days. This causes me to say that all of college advantages are not in books.

Success is and should be the watch word of Millsaps students. This has been very deeply impressed on the general public by our Alumni and students. For it is upon the success of our students that the rank of our college in the college world is based. Forthis reason the college and its alumni are to a large degree inseparable. The college depends on its students to manifest the kind of work put forth. And the former students look to their Alma Mater to hold its own among other institutions. This is the only real and permanent policy upon which a college can build. Let the work advertise itself through the students. In so doing the workman need not be ashamed of his labor. So it is the duty of every Millsaps students to show in the best way possible what Millsaps is. This the Alumni can do best.

Mr. T. M. Lemly, 1900, gives up a promising law practice to do Y. M. C. A. work. We have two reasons for predicting great success for Tom in this work. One is that he gave up a good law practice, and the other is because he took an active part in the Young Men's Christian Association while in college.

J. H. Penix and C. R. Ridgway, '04, are associated in the legal profession in the city of Jackson. They have a handsome office on Capitol Street. This promises to be, in the course of a very few years, one of the leading law firms of the city. This makes the fourth law firm established in Jackson who received their training at Millsaps law school.

Dr. E. H. Galloway, 1900, is rising very rapidly. With hardly two years practice he has been made health officer of the city of Jackson. Dr. Galloway stood the state examination after finishing his second course of lectures.

We are glad to learn that J. S. Purcell, Jr., '05, is going to join the Mississippi Conference. The people of Thomasville Circuit gave good reports of his work this year. "Puss" was out to see us last week—and went to prove his real estate—C?

We were glad to have with us Thanksgiving A. P. Hand and W. L. Weems, Jr., '05. "Dock" and "Chunck" are both taking

a rest this year. "Chunch" Weems has gained thirty pound since he graduated in June. Boys, he is a big "Chunck" now. Will is in business with his father—I believe he is helping the boys—he is too fat. Albert is working in his father's drug store.

S. M. Graham, '05, and E. O. Whittington, '01, of Gloster, Miss., visited the college while in Jackson. Mr. Whittington is doing a nice business in lumber and merchandise. Mr. Graham is principal of the Gloster Graded School. Sam is gaining to the front.

We are always very glad indeed to welcome the Alumni back to the campus, and would also be very glad for them to keep the editors of these columns posted on matters of interest to the Alumni.

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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

Vol. 8. Jackson, Miss., January, 1906. No. 3.

## THE NEW SOUTH DEBTOR TO THE OLD.

To ignore or underestimate the past is a manifest tendency of the times in which we live. In no other period of the world's history has it been deemed so important to be in sympathy with existing conditions. Wonderful discoveries and startling events so rapidly succeed each other that we are in danger of forgetting that the proud place we occupy has come to us quite as much by inheritance as by our own exertions. Especially does this appear in what is said and written about the New South in contrast with the Old.

Following the lead of alien or prejudiced writers and speakers, we are coming to look upon the civilization peculiar to the South before the war as that of a rude and undeveloped people. Because some of the institutions which formerly existed here ended with the civil war, it is unjustly concluded that the social and political ideas prevalent at that time were, even then, not practical and are now altogether obsolete. It cannot be denied that many of the customs which existed under the old regime were so incorporated with the institutions of slavery that they could not long survive its passing. Yet there is a difference between customs and principles; and a closer study of that time will show that the New South, wherein it is better than the Old, is not a new and independent creation, but a survival and a natural development of the Old.

In order that we may realize the influence that the Old South has had upon the New, it is essential that we fully understand what the old conditions in our section were.

A just comparison of the past with the present would discover wherein this influence, silent and yet not less powerful because silent, pervades every institution which, in more recent times, has promoted the welfare of our Southern people. It is not uncommon for writers on ante-bellum social and political conditions to dwell upon the defects of the old system, giving to them such prominence as almost to obscure its merits, and thus to make it appear that all progress among us in this section of our country had its beginning with the abolition of slavery, or Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

To establish this contention they proceed to show the vast advance made in industrial conditions during the last forty years. Pointing triumphantly to the large increase in the cotton crop, to the hundreds of new manufacturing enterprises, and the thousands of miles of railway where there were none before the war; they claim that none of these things would have existed without the utter over-throw of the old regime. The fallacy of such reasoning, as regards natural development, will appear when we apply it to other sections of our country. If we consider the progress during the same period of the western, the middle or the New England states, we will discover changes equally as great in every department of industry.

In the state of Massachusetts in 1875, the work done by machines was equal to the hand labor of two million men, but in the year 1902 the work of machines was found to be the equivalent of the labor of fifty millions of men. At the close of the Civil war there was no transcontinental railway, but now the Rocky Mountain system is threaded by more than a dozen of these great arteries of commerce, and time from New York to Boston to San Francisco has been reduced from months to as many days.

In 1861 there was scarcely a single labor organization in the United States and the factory hand was virtually a slave to his employer; now in most of the great manufacturing centers the health and comfort and happiness of the employees is a peculiar care of the management, and when this is not

willingly accorded, organized labor has learned how to compel it. But does any one speak of a New North or New West as a thing apart from the old, or claim that these improvements owe nothing to the character and labor of the men of two generations ago?

But, admitting all that is claimed for the superiority of the present in the way of material prosperity, we must not forget that in comparing the state of a people at different periods of their history, we must take account of something more than dollars and cents. Civilization is not measured in bales of cotton and miles of railway. Taking this larger view of the subject, we are led to inquire into the intellectual culture of our section then and now. There is no respect in which more extravagant and unfounded claims are made on the part of the new order of things than in the matter of education.

Before considering the subject, however, it is well that we should fully understand the condition of the country at the time in question, and the character of its people. There were three distinct classes in the south at that time. First, there was the ruling class, consisting of the aristocratic planters, wealthy merchants and professional men. This class, not large, assumed, on account of its superior administrative ability and its broader and more statesman-like culture, almost complete control of affairs of government. The second class was composed of the ignorant and shiftless whites who owned no slaves, and were so indifferent concerning their own advancement that members of their class seldom rose to places of importance. The third, and lowest class, was composed of slaves, who, being merely the property of the planters, had, of course, no voice in determining matters of government.

To meet this situation, and to organize out of these different and naturally discordant elements, a stable and progressive society, required of the dominant class the exercise of no ordinary ability. It is clear that when such conditions existed, the population must have been small in number

and too far apart for any school system, like that of the present day, to have been practicable or useful. In the towns, however, where population made it possible, free schools were provided, either by the state or through individual effort and enterprise. That, even the poorer classes, were not neglected in this regard, we have the authority of Painter in his history of education; that, for those unable to pay the cost of tuition a public fund was provided. At the same time, private enterprise secured the establishment of numerous flourishing secondary schools, while denominational zeal multiplied the number of Christian colleges.

Granting all that is said of the former school system as regards to extent and organization, the character of education furnished then will bear favorable comparison with that which is prevalent now.. On this subject a recent writer, who was himself part and parcel of that order, has said: "The day of the ancient academy and college as source and inspiration of an incomparable culture will never be surpassed by latter day educational systems, however widely extended and beneficent these may be. There was something intensely stimulating in the spirit and method of the old classical school; a sharp, yet generous, competition and rivalry of scholarship; a thoroughness that reached the very foundation of every subject traversed; and above and through it all, there was the sure development of a sense of honor and pride of scholarship that lifted even the dull student into an ambition to succeed.

But industrial development and individual training is not the only factor of a people's civilization. The student of the period of which we are speaking, must take account of social, political and religious conditions which prevailed. There is a disposition, in some quarters, to hold up to generally good natured ridicule the business habits of the typical southern planter who, from his prominent position in society and in public affairs, so largely dominated the opinions and determined the character of the people. This is notably the case in that once popular novel, "Colonel Carter, of Carters-

ville," and others which undertake to present, with the license of fiction, the landed gentlemen of the olden time. Fallen on evil times, he is described as being, where money was concerned, simple and careless as a child, basing his credit upon visionary schemes or the possession of estates covered over with mortgages, and rich only in memories of the past. Similar characteristics appear, to some extent, in the stories of Page, Harris, Read and others.

That these pictures are overdrawn, does not admit of question. It is true that the typical Southern gentleman often carried sentiment into business, and put too large a value upon his promise to pay, but we would do well to be sparing of criticism when we reflect that in our day, in the mad rush of business competition, little attention is often paid to the higher sentiments of humanity and of honor, and that to perfect a deal or corner on a market, men trample, without scruple, upon the interests of others whenever they are found to conflict with their own.

Admitting that there was sometimes a great deal of arrogance in the speech and manner of the "Southern Colonels, by Courtesy," as some one has called them, yet associated with it there was, among all classes of people, as has often been said, "a fine sense of honor and a large and cordial hospitality that, in spite of the rough experiences of recent times, still lends its charm to our southern life." There was that high sense of honor which caused a man, when he had given his word, to keep it faithfully, even though it cost him his life—such a sense of honor must have largely atoned for the lack of business ability, and certainly the spirit developed was of a higher quality than that which prevails in this day of trusts, graft, and business gambling of every kind.

In politics, also, the standard of the old life was high. The ancient classics, to the reading of which the ruling classes so often devoted their leisure, created in them a power and clearness in thought and expression that made them at all times interesting talkers and fitted them in public life to be-

come leaders of men. With the old Greek philosophers, they dreamed of the perfect republic, and with the imperial spirit of the Roman, they aspired to extend its laws and its power to the ends of the earth.

The Constitution was to them a sacred compact, and their devotion to the Union, as they conceived it, was strong and steadfast. The politician of the Old South was not wholly a dreamer, but proved on occasion to be a far-seeing statesman. That this ability was recognized and made use of by the people is apparent, when we consider that almost every policy which proved of lasting benefit to our country was carried through by Southern men, and that out of the seventy-two years which elapsed between the close of the Revolution and the beginning of the Civil war fifty were passed under presidents who came from Southern states.

The close of the war left our people face to face with a tremendous problem. Their farms had been devastated, their credit was gone; their slaves set free, and the government of their once proud commonweafth committed to the freedman and carpet-bagger to be plundered at their will. But out of the ruin and desolation which everywhere confronted them, the survivors of the war nerved themselves to the task of rebuilding their fallen fortunes, and if they are remembered for their bravery amid the smoke and din of battle, they should much more be remembered for their courage in enduring the hardships of defeat. The indomitable spirit of freedom which led on the soldiers of the South in time of war and enabled them to pass through the fiery trials of the Reconstruction, lives today in the hearts of their descendants.

But, whatever may be thought of the old southern life, as compared with the new, however extravagant the claims made for the former by those who cannot forget, it must be admitted that the men and women who faced the tremendous issues of the Civil war and bore so grandly the burdens that followed it, were a product of which any civilization might well be proud. 'No other people," says

a recent writer, "ever entered upon a war in which a prudent estimate of its chances, offered so little hope of success. Without army or navy, with no military equipment except the brave hearts and strong hands of her citizens, dependent largely on other sections for her food supplies, and everywhere confronted by the danger of servile insurrection, the Old South practically met the world and its resources in a four-years' conflict, which more and more, as her part in it is studied, commands the wonder and admiration of the world."

To pay this tribute to the past is not to discount or to despair of the future. There is a new, and it is no disloyalty to the Old, to say a better South; but it is new only as it has realized upon the investment of the past, and better only as it has shared in the progress which has made the whole country better now than it was fifty years ago.

Therefore, we have good reason to assert that for all the essentials of true civilization, a large and liberal view of education and its uses, a lofty idea of the public service, a keen sense of personal honor, a chivalrous respect for women, a jealous guardianship of the purity of the home and the fireside, a simple reverence for the Word of God, and a passionate love of liberty, the New South is, in a peculiar sense, debtor to the Old.

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**"INDEBTEDNESS OF THE NATION TO MR. CLEVELAND."**

In 1884, for the first time in a generation, a Democratic candidate was elected to fill the chief executive chair of the United States. Grover Cleveland, the man whom the Nation saw fit to honor, had distinguished himself by the ability, integrity and success of his administrations as Mayor of Buffalo, and Governor of New York. As a lawyer he held high rank on account of the simplicity and directness of his logic, his power of expression, and his complete mastery of his cases. In his public career he was straightforward and honest, the difference between his opinions and those of some of his party alone giving excuse for criticism.

Eight years after his first inauguration, he was again chosen chief magistrate of the Nation. His first administration was one of almost uninterrupted quiet, as no momentous questions disturbed the public; but in sharp contrast is his second, in which the country was agitated by grave and important issues which cried for early settlement. The manner in which Mr. Cleveland settled some of these has been severely criticised. My belief that a love of fairness still abides with our people leads me to attempt a discussion of several of these events to show how greatly Grover Cleveland served his country in his treatment of them.

Soon after Mr. Cleveland entered upon his second administration, the country was ravaged by a long and distressing financial panic. It has been said that this panic was caused by Mr. Cleveland's mismanagement of national affairs. Such was not the case. This state of affairs was the result of an act of Congress, known as the Sherman Act, passed in the previous administration, requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase a specified amount of silver bullion, and to issue United States notes in payment, redeemable in either gold or silver coin, and these notes were to be legal tender in all debts, public or private, except where otherwise stipulated in contract. It further stated the government's determination to keep gold and silver on a parity, and gave the Secretary of the Treasury authority to redeem the notes in gold or silver at his discretion. The Act amounted to a declaration for the free coinage of silver since the amount purchased was the average production of our mines. Knowing this, speculators attempted to raise its value, and though they succeeded, the rise was spasmodic. In a short time silver had sunk to an even lower value than before. The country was flooded with silver; capitalists began to doubt the nation's ability to fix the value of its fiat. They made haste to exchange their silver for gold. thus creating a run upon the treasury, which made the issue of bonds necessary.

Foreign investors followed their lead. The result was

inevitable; there followed a season of severe financial depression, which distressed all classes of our people.

Mr. Cleveland, and many other prominent men of the nation, as well as the Democratic National Convention, believed that only the repeal of the Act would relieve the strain. In accordance with this opinion, the President, in a special message to Congress, recommended its repeal. It was repealed, and with its repeal there arose such a storm of abuse, invective, and criticism directed at the President as few other of our public men have had to brave. For the radical wing of the Democratic party believed that the only way in which finance could be again placed on a sound basis was to permit the free and unlimited coinage of silver. They disregarded the fact that such a course had always been followed by disastrous results when pursued by other nations; they ignored the fact that silver can be kept upon a parity with gold only when silver is coined in quantities sufficient for the ordinary needs of trade; that when silver is floated in quantities greater than gold, the gold is placed completely at its mercy and ultimately driven from the channels of trade; and that when gold is driven from circulation, the nation loses its financial standing.

The decision of the question concerned the individual and national welfare. Mr. Cleveland had the foresight to see the evils which would result from free coinage, and de claring himsel, opposed to it, he placed himself in the ranks of the opposition party. Many of his own party denounced him as a traitor and an impostor. But the storm of adverse feeling did not abash him; he never flinched from what he conceived to be his duty to his country. He met the issue squarely and with characteristic boldness.

Now, years after, people can look calmly back and can see that Mr. Cleveland took the right position. Men who opposed him fiercely have seen their error, and have come over to his way of thinking. They see from what a terrible disaster Mr. Cleveland's indomitable will, unfliching courage and remarkable foresight have saved the country.

In the campaign of 1896, the leading issue was the free coinage of silver. For a time it seemed as if Mr. Bryan, the candidate representing the free silver faction, would be our next President. But at the crucial moment the common sense of the people reasserted itself, as it has ever done when a measure involving our national life was to be finally settled. Mr. Bryan was defeated and the question of free silver was forever settled. In our last presidential election it was not even mentioned in the platform of either party. Mr. Cleveland has the pleasant reward of knowing that his course was the right one; of seeing his views accepted and adopted by the mass of our people; and of knowing that he has not run the gamut of public disapproval in vain.

Mr. Cleveland possessed singular power and showed great decision of character and courage in taking the initiative in great and momentous questions. This is demonstrated by the action which he took in settling the Chicago strike, and the Venezuelan controversy.

In 1894, the employees of the Pullman Car Company, Chicago, organized a strike, and in their violent efforts to prevent the cars from running, they threatened great damage and destruction of property in no way connected with the Pullman works. John P. Atgeld, the Governor of Illinois, was in sympathy with the strikers, and refused to take any action to check their violence. President Cleveland, taking upon himself the responsibility of restoring peace and good order, sent troops to the scene, and by their presence dispersed the strikers. A long and bitter attack was made by Governor Atgeld upon the President; he contended that the President had no constitutional authority to interfere, and that, therefore, his act was illegal. The President contented himself with the statement that the strikers were interfering with the United States mails and retarding interstate commerce. In that case, it was his bounden duty to interfere. His action brought out the fact that our government is a strong one, and that it will not suffer the petty quarrels of business men to interfere with the national interests.

Another of his official acts which has been both much applauded and criticised, was the part he took in the settlement of the Venezuelan boundary question.

Great Britian and Venezuela had been disputing over the boundary of British Guiana for more than half a century. As Venezuela had declared herself willing to submit the matter to arbitration for settlement, and had invoked the good offices of the United States, our government had, in a disinterested way, sought to persuade Great Britian to arbitrate. But England was willing to submit only a part of the disputed territory to arbitration. In 1895, the affair seemed to be approaching a crisis. Mr. Cleveland, therefore, determined to make a more strenuous effort to effect a settlement and in accordance with this purpose, he sent a message to our minister in London to be communicated to the British Government. The message set forth clearly our position in regard to the dispute. The chief conclusions reached therein were, that the traditional and established policy of our government is opposed to the forcible increase by any European power of territorial possessions on this continent; that the United States is bound to resist the enlargement of British Guiana against the will of Venezuela; that considering the disparity in the strength of Great Britian and Venezuela the dispute between them can only be settled reasonably by friendly and impartial arbitration; and that the resort to arbitration is not satisfied if one of the powers draws an arbitrary line through the disputed territory and refuses to submit the whole of the disputed claim to arbitration."

The British government denied the application of the Monroe Doctrine "to the state of things in which we live at the present day." It was then that Mr. Cleveland sent his celebrated message to Congress and thereby plunged the whole world into intense excitement. In the course of the message he said that he regarded the Monroe Doctrine "as important to our peace and safety as a nation," and that "it was intended to apply to every stage of our national life, and cannot become obselete while the republic endures;"

that nothing remained but for us to accept the situation and deal with it accordingly. He recommended to Congress that a commission be appointed to investigate and determine the divisory line, and that, should its report be accepted, it should be the duty of the United States to uphold its decision and resist the appropriation of any lands which we had decided belonged to Venezuela. Congress acted promptly, authorizing the appointment of the commission. If we are to judge from the tone taken by English newspapers, it would seem that war was unavoidable, but from subsequent events it is clear that the English government had no such thoughts. Diplomatic negotiations were continued, and in the end all of the questions was submitted to arbitration. A treaty to that effect was drawn up and ratified by both powers.

The Monroe Doctrine is respected by all the nations of the globe, but if Mr. Cleveland had not asserted its right so vigorously, would it occupy the place it now does?

The men who fight the physical battles of their country are great, but greater are those who lead their country safely through crises; those who serve their country in other capacities and whom opposition or public disapproval fails to turn from the path of patriotic duty. We justly honor and revere the memories of the heroes who have risked or sacrificed their lives for their country, but they are not the only heroes. The man, who, by sheer will-power and intellectual strength, pilots the nation safely through the rough and storm-tossed sea of national life is no less a hero. Both are necessary to the life of a nation; the one to protect it from within, the other from without. The nation is indebted to both alike.

The leader of a people may not always enjoy the same measure of glory and admiration that a great warrior does. He may even lead his followers safely over a rough and perilous way, and yet his ability remain unappreciated until he is incapable of enjoying the fruits of his renown. Some prejudice may blind the people to his worth when he most needs their co-operation. But after Time has smoothed away the rough edge of their dislike, they can see what a stay

in time of trouble he has been. Mr. Cleveland has already begun to be regarded as one of the great figures of American history, and his name will go down with the certainty of fame to future generations as one who has served his country, as surely as those who have won its great military victories.

—L. C.

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## THE MURDER OF GEORGE CLINTON.

I was accustomed to spend my evenings, after office hours, in the office of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, and chat with a friend of mine who was a veteran in the service of these well known detectives. His stories of his life as a detective were interesting, and I was a good listener; so we became the very best of friends. The man to whom I refer was Richard A. Mallard. He had a keen, quick eye and was of a nervous temperament. He saw and heard everything that happened around him. This, I suppose, was from force of habit. He was about sixty years of age, and in the very best of health, robust and hearty. He no longer engaged in the active business of chasing down criminals, but was retained as an advisor.

One afternoon we were discussing the first years of his life as a detective.

"Speaking of stumbling upon a reputation," he said, "I remember it was about my fourth year as a detective that I was sent down to Louisiana to run down a negro who had a very disreputable character, and who was wanted on the charge of stealing a very fine and valuable horse. Now, running down horse thieves was nothing to me; I had been successful in a number of cases like this, but it was there that I stumbled upon the case that made my reputation."

Handing me a cigar and lighting one himself, he continued.

"Well, the horse had been stolen from a man near Baton Rouge, and I learned that the negro had crossed the Mississippi at that place. I crossed the river and took up his trail on the other side. I trailed him almost as far as Alex-

andria, but he was always about two days ahead of me, still riding the horse he had stolen.

"About thirty miles from Alexandria, I lost the trail, and about ten miles further on I turned in at a farm house and as night was coming, I asked permission to stay there all night, which was granted. They were a very hospitable people, and belonged to that class of people that were refined and somewhat educated—a class that was limited in that part of the country at that time. The family consisted of four persons—Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, Miss Maude Willoughby, a very pretty young lady of about twenty-two years of age, and Jack Willioughby, a strappng youth of twenty. I noticed that Miss Willoughby seemed a little worried. Her father said she was a little ill from a cold she had taken. However, Jack was taunting her about the non-appearance of her beau,' who ought to have been there a day or two before. Then I knew what the trouble with her was.

"The next morning I was up early taking a walk around the place before breakfast. On my return to the house, a little negro boy who had gone for the calves, came running toward the house, all out of breath and excitedly exclaiming:

" 'Marse Will'by! Marse Will'by!'

"Mr. Willoughby hurried out of the house to see what was the trouble. 'What's the matter, Zeke?' he called.

" 'O, Marse, Marse! Dead man down yonder,' cried Zeke.

" 'Pshaw, Zeke, you've gone crazy,' said Mr. Willoughby. 'You know there's nobody dead down there.'

" 'No, I hain't, Marse,' replied Zeke, a little calmed.

" 'Well, where is he then?' asked Mr. Willoughby.

" 'He's down de road dar, by de new groun'.'

"By this time the whole family had come out to hear Zeke's brief but startling piece of news.

" 'I wonder if anything could have happened to George!' exclaimed Miss Willoughby, with fear in her voice.

"Her father told her she was foolish, and told Jack to saddle the horses. Directly Jack led three horses around,

and we went down to the scene of the discovery, leaving the women very much upset and excited. Zeke led us about a mile down the road, and pointed out a spot about a hundred yards from us. Under no circumstances could we induce him to go nearer. Sure enough about twenty yards from the road we found the dead body of a man in an advanced stage of decomposition. Mr. Willoughby and Jack both identified the body as that of George Clinton, Miss Willoughby's lover. About ten steps from the body was the dead body of a horse.

"Mr. Willoughby dispatched his son to summon the neighbors and the coroner. That was about 7 o'clock. Jack rode fast, and had some of the neighbors to help him as the people there lived generally four or five miles apart. By 10 o'clock however, there were enough men gathered to form the coroner's jury, which was immediately impaneled; so they set to work. They looked around for signs, etc., but found nothing except an orange, as there had been a heavy rain since Clinton had been killed. The dead man had evidently been robbed, as his pockets had been turned inside out, and there was nothing of value left about him. The body was formally ordered removed for burial, and the coroner's jury adjourned to meet at Mr. Willoughby's that afternoon.

"Before they adjourned, however, I asked permission to take the orange and the bullet which had killed Clinton. The bullet had gone through the right lung and had been stopped by the dead man's coat. Opening his coat, I had no trouble in finding the bullet, which I at once recognized as the one used by the first models of the 38 cal. S. and W. revolvers.

"The evidence brought out at the coroner's jury that afternoon revealed the following facts: That Clinton had no avowed enemies in the world; that he and a young lawyer named Casswick were rivals for the hand of Miss Willoughby; that Clinton had been the preferred man; that Casswick had had some hot words with Clinton about a month before the killing, and had said that he would win out yet; that

Casswick had a 38 cal. S. and W., and had been seen in that neighborhood about the time it was supposed Clinton was killed. A pretty strong case, you see, especially as there was no one else upon whom to lay the blame.

"Accordingly, the verdict of the coroner's jury was that Clinton had met his death at the hands of Charles Casswick. Casswick was immediately arrested and placed in jail to await the action of the grand jury.

"Well, it looked to me that Casswick stood a mighty good chance of not being the guilty man. In the first place, Casswick would not have robbed Clinton, as the only motive he could have had, had he done the work, would have been revenge; second, from what I could learn of Casswick's character, he was not the man to stoop to such a low deed; third, the man who killed Clinton also killed his horse, and did that in order that he might escape before it was discovered that Clinton was missing.

"Then I began to reason thus: 'This orange is a large fine, sweet one, with skin of a peculiar yellow; grown in only one place in the world, on one farm in Central California; sold in New Orleans only; not likely to be many in this part of the country; Clinton had come from New Orleans and must have brought this orange, also others like it; whoever killed Clinton took the rest, having accidently dropped this one.'

"Then I set out. The road for a few miles was without one leading into it. But I finally came to where it forked, and then I did not know which way to go. While pondering which road to take, I noticed that the guide board had several holes in it. I was very much gratified to find that the bullet I had, just fit the holes in the guide board. I took this road as the one most likely the villian had taken. I was confirmed in my belief when, about a quarter of a mile further on, I discovered some orange peel scattered along the road. On examination of the peel I found that it was exactly like that on the orange which I carried with me, and was dry, being about two days old, so I judged.

"Three or four miles further on I came upon a white

man riding the very horse for which I was looking.'Good evening, my friend,' I said. 'Where did you get that horse?'

" 'I don't know that that is any of your d——— business,' he replied.

" 'Well, pard,' I said, 'may be you are right, but that horse is stolen property, and I have papers to take him back to his owner, and if you don't tell me where you got him, I'll have to arrest you for buying stolen property.'

"He talked freely enough, then and told me that he had traded for the horse from a negro who lived about a mile back in the woods. We went down there to see how long he (the negro) had had the horse. We found that he had traded for the horse with a negro who left there in the morning of the day before and who had stayed there the previous night. The negro whom he described answered the description that I carried in my pocket.

"As we were leaving, I noticed some orange peel lying about the doorsteps. I picked up a piece and on comparison, I found that it exactly resembled the peel of the orange that I had. I asked the negro where it came from, and was told that the negro who had stayed there had given an orange to one of the children. Therefore, I at once connected my horse thief with the murderer of George Clinton.

"I gained the information from the negro that my horse thief was making toward a logging camp about thirty miles up the country, and about twenty miles from Natchitoches, on the Red river. Though it was now dark and my horse, as well as I was tired, I set out for the logging camp. After traveling until about 4 o'clock the next morning I reached the camp, tired and sleepy. I turned my horse loose to graze, while I myself stretched out under the spreading branches of an oak and went to sleep. When I awoke the sun was a good way up. My horse was feeding about a hundred yards off, so I caught him and tied him to a bush. Then I went up to the camp. All the negroes were gone except the cook, who was clearing away the breakfast. I got him to give me someting to eat, for I was very hungry. While

I was eating he took out a gold watch, and remarked that it was 8 o'clock. I asked him to let me see the watch. I then asked him how much he would take for it, as though I wished to buy it. I began to examine the watch, and on opening the back, I found engraved in it: 'To GEORGE CLINTON FROM M. W., DEC. 25, 18—.'

" 'Where did you get this watch?" I asked.

" 'I'se been had dat watch long time, boss. Bought it in Naw 'leans two years ago,' he answered suspiciously

" You're a liar,' I replied. 'You got that watch from a great big, black negro who wore a brown suit and a slouch cap.' And then making a broad guess, 'And he stayed here last night.'

" 'I reckon I did lie 'bout dat, boss. You'se correct. But say, how did you know all dat; is you a mind reader?'

" 'Yes,' I said. 'Now tell me where he was going.'

" 'Well, boss, he's gotta 'nuncle lives 'bout fifteen miles 'bove here. He left 'bout a hour ago. Said he was goin' dar.'

"I gave the cook $25.00 for the watch, and set out at a pretty good gait in pursuit. I did not expect to overtake him before he got to his uncle's, but I wanted to get him as soon after he got there as possible. When I arrived there a horse was hitched at the front gate. I got down and went in, and on my knocking at the door, it was opened by a negro woman. As it was opened, I saw the man I wanted inside. I promptly threw my revolver upon him and then handcuffed him. I found a 38 cal. S. and W. revolver and a small gold locket with the picture of Miss Willoughby in it.

"I took him to Natchitoches and turned him over to the sheriff. I stayed there a day and got some much needed rest. A deputy sheriff and I carried him back to Alexandria, and the same grand jury that indicted Casswick, indicted this negro for the murder of George Clinton. At the trial it was developed that this negro was seen passing that way about the time Clinton was killed. But with this and my evidence the jury failed to bring in a speedy verdict. While

the jury was deliberating, however, the negro broke down and confessed that he was the murderer of Clinton.

"He said that he overtook Clinton and attempted to ride with him, but Clinton told him to ride either ahead or behind. He dropped behind, and an insane desire possessed him to kill Clinton. He then rode up behind him and shot him. Then he dragged him, not yet dead, to the place where we found him. Then he took the horse out there and cut his throat with a knife."

—L., '07.

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## A PERSONAL ADVENTURE.

Tallahola swamp was very dense near my home, yet I knew every part of it very well, since I had often gone hunting in it, or had been sent by my father to feed his hogs that used it as a pasture. Our house was in sight of a small creek which emptied its water into Tallahola at a mile's distance from our house. At the confluence of these two creeks, the swamp was unusually dense. The hogs, finding this the best feeding ground, were more easily collected here than elsewhere, so it was at this place that I always called them to their feed.

One Saturday afternoon, as a drizzling rain was falling, I took my gun, put on my rain coat, saddled my mule, and started out to kill a turkey for my Sunday's dinner. It was my intention to go to an old field higher up the creek, but my father asked me to take some corn and feed the hogs on my way back. Accordingly, I swung a wallet of corn across my mule's back and started in search of game. I hitched my mule in the edge of the swamp, and proceeded on foot to the place where I thought it would most likely be found. The turkeys were there, and by creeping a hundred yards, I was able to kill a fine young gobbler. I hastened back to my mule with my game, and after tying it firmly to my saddle, set out to feed the hogs.

Before I had gone far, I heard a cry unlike anything I had ever heard before. It was far distant, and not thinking that I would ever hear it again, and not dreaming that it

meant danger, I continued on my way with a light heart. I reached the confluence of the two creeks, called the hogs, poured down the corn, and was sitting with one leg over the pommel of my saddle, watching the hogs eat, when I heard a rustling in the leaves. Before I could look around, my mule gave a leap that caused me to lose my gun, and almost my seat in the saddle. A shrill scream pierced the air. My mule trembled under me, and clenching the saddle I glanced back. and saw that it was a blood-thirsty panther upon my trail. He was gainiig at every leap. I put spurs to my mule without avail. He had only a few yards more to gain. My gun was gone; I had no protection. He was almost at my mule's heels. My empty wallet dropped. What a blessing! He stopped short, pounced upon it as if it were the choicest prey and tore it into shreds.

By this time I had gained several yards. He screamed more fiercely than ever. His leaps seemed longer and quicker than before. I pulled off my rain-coat to give him when he came up with me again. But before he had gained the distance he had lost, I had emerged from the swamp, and he dared not approach the house. Though it was the wounded game that he was after, I had not thought of my turkey during the entire race, not did I think of it until my father rebuked me for being so foolish as to risk my life to save my game.

—C. H. K.

# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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J. A. Baker.....Editor-in-Chie
W. A. Williams.....Associate Editor
R. B. Carr.....Local Editor
Frances Park.....Literary Editor
E. C. McGilvray.....Alumni Editor
L. E. Price.....Business Manager
J. C. Neill, J. C. Rousseaux.....Assistant Business Managers

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## EDITORIALS.

**OPPORTUNITY.** "Know thy opportunity, and let no motive or thought make you swerve from that duty." It has been said, and I think truly, too, that opportunity knocks at every man's door. Whether we take advantage of it at the time or not is due mainly in what respect we may regard it. Should we be disposed to think seriously over it, and have determination, we would more than likely take a thorough hold of it.

We often hear men lament their ill luck; tell how fortune's wheel never turns to them. Yet these very people, nine out of ten, do nothing to add to their happiness or prosperity. They are the first, however, to give advice, and will not fail to tell you how well they profited by the same. It is not well to take such advice, but it is well that you think seriously over their conditions, and form your own conclusion as to the cause. They are unfortunate in that they lack mental and moral perseverance, and have no stability.

But especially is this noticeable in large gatherings, where they are thrown together for any length of time, and have a common cause or end in view. Take, for instance, our legislators, who assemble for the express purpose of making laws and repealing those that are ineffective or bad. A large number or majority of these men are careless or utterly indifferent to their respective duties, throwing the weight and responsibility of legislation on the minority. Yet we do not have to go there to find that class, but in looking over any student body we find boys careless as to their conduct, and entirely without moral and mental understanding, shirking their duty to satisfy some baser passion for pleasure or gain, and their evil influence may be great. I have known of some instances where the loving mother or father had worked hard, and denied themselves in order to give their sons the advantages of a collegiate training, and the boys would squander their money foolishly and spend their time in idleness. There is no hope in this world, or the world to come, for such gross ingratitude.

The greatest opportunity which presents itsel, to the American people is that of education. Without this accomplishment the average man is forced to rely upon a very limited sphere of work for subsistence. At the present time, education is offered to all alike, and is denied to none. The poor and the rich, the influential and the non-influential mingle together to form one grand unity. There are only a few, who by circumstances and providential hindrances, are denied this field of training; yet in many cases they are richly endowed with other faculties to compensate for their lack of this broader training. Yet there are many men, some who have come into national prominence by sheer strength and force of will power, who discredit educational training. The simpler of this class, with conscious pride, tell you that education ruins the average boy by instilling in his mind a dissatisfaction with existing conditions. But is that not essential to this age of progress? Can a highly organized government, where the doctrine of democracy is taught and prac-

ticed, progress without change? It is not only a principle of Sociology, but also of Psychology, that the young men are radical in their views while the older men are more conservative.

When you miss this opportunity to acquire an education, you are unprepared to cope successfully with the world in obtaining distinction or reward. But how unfortunate are those who pretend to use their opportunities and appear to take an education, when in truth, they are only impositors, sailing under false colors. Have they a right to enjoy the rewards of the faithful? They may bluff their way for awhile, but sooner or later they will be found out, and great will be their fall.

It is not likely that opportunities come to all in the same form or at the same time, but it is true that the opportunity of your life will come to you sooner or later. If you are not prepared to cope with it, you are the loser, and no exertion on your part will ever compensate fully for the loss you have sustained. But some may ask, "What is opportunity? and this question is not to be despised, for there are many views and explanations. To a great extent, you must make your own opportunities by hard work and a close and appreciative understanding of the nature of the work.

Success is a development of opportunity, and to attain success, you must apply yourself diligently and conscientiously to the task set before you.

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**Contributions.**

What should a college magazine publish? This is a question hard for the editor to answer, or one he does not like to answer. He knows what he would like to publish, but he also knows that it is next to impossible for him to secure the coveted articles. It is not that there are not good writers on the different subjects we would like to secure, but there is a marked tendency for them to put you off by saying they will do what they can to help you. But when the time comes for you to receive the contributions, they will

tell you they didn't have time to write, or they couldn't do the subject justice.

If this is the case with other editors, I can heartily sympathize with them, and am in no position to pose as a critic. But I would be glad to see in the magazines more essays, poems, articles on current topics, short college stories, and a less number of sentimental love stories. If the student looked at the matter as they should, understand that they are improving their knowledge and efficiency as a student and writer, they would be more desirous of obtaining a few pages in the magazine. But unfortunately, they do not care to exert themselves, and consequently they are not aware of their power. The students in History, Sociology and Economy, and other sciences are better able to produce a true, if not an exhaustive treatise on these subjects. And such questions, when justly handled, are of interest to college students as well as to the outer world. There is no better way of mastering a subject than to write on it. Points that seemed to you at first of little moment, may be of great import, for it is of small things that great things are accomplished.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Dr. Murrah—Mr. McKee, what is an affirmative proposition?

McKee—(Junior Logic)—One that affirms.

Rev. Mr. Whitt, of the Mississippi Conference, conducted chapel services Jan. 4.

Dr. J. M. Sullivan attended the meeting of the Southern Scientific Association in New Orleans December 30.

Judge J. A. P. Campbell will address the Galloway Literary Society on the occasion of its anniversary.

The Sophomore class held its election the latter part of December. The officers are: J. C. Rousseaux, President; J. L. Sumrall, Vice President; H. F. Magee, Treasurer; L. B.

Robinson, Jr., Secretary; W. F. Murrah, Historian; R. A. Tribble, Poet; W. S. Ridgway, Janitor.

L. Q. C. Williams, of Leaksville, a former student of Millsaps, was married Dec. 28, 1905, to Miss Josie McDonald, of Beech Springs. Mr. Williams was a member of the class of '05.

Rev. W. D. Weatherford, of Atlanta, Ga., Traveling Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, addressed the student body in he Y. M. C. A. hall on the night of December 11. Mr. Weatherford also led the devotional exercises the following morning.

The subject for the debate, which will take place Commencement, between representatives of the two literary societies is: "Resolved, that the present position of the United States as a world power demands a larger navy on our part."

The Athletic Association met in Dr. Kern's lecture room December 11. The new constitution, drawn by Dr. Kern, Mr. McGilvary and Mr. Murrah was read and adopted. Mr. O. P. Adams was elected Vice President of the Association. Messrs. Collins and Kirkland were appointed to select basket ball teams.

The result of the election of Senior class officers is as follows: E. C. McGilvary, President; Miss Park, Vice President; H. E. Brister, Secretary; J. E. Heidelberg, Treasurer; L. E. Price, Historian; J. A. Baker, Prophet; E. G. Mohler, Poet.

The business manager of the Bobashela announces that the Annual for the year will contain 160 pages, 8x10 of assorted paper. Bound the square way, with black flexible Litho Linen leather. The title an Indian head to be stamped in white on outside of cover. To be delivered May 15. Price $2.00 per copy.

On Thursday morning before the Christmas holidays the foot-ball squad presented Dr. Kern, the coach, with a handsome oak, upholstered office chair. It was quite a surprise to the student body and faculty, especially to Dr.

Kern. Professor Walmsley had been asked to make the presentation. In a few simple and chosen words he presented it to the doctor, and amid much applause, Dr. Kern arose and in a most graceful manner, replied to the presentation, heartily thanking the team for their kindness, and assuring them it was not he but the team that deserved the credit.

The officers of the Lamar Society for the second term have been elected: W. A. Williams, President; J. B. Ricketts, Vice President; McGahay, Secretary; J. W. Frost, Critic; W. S. Ridgeway, Treasurer; Bowman, Censor.

Quite a treat was in store for the boys who remained in Jackson during the Christmas holidays. On the evening of December 25, the co-eds, assisted by Miss Robertson, the Librarian, gave a reception in their honor. The pleasures of the evening were added to by the sweet music rendered by Mrs. Dr. Hutton and Mrs. J. E. Walmsley. Delightful refreshments were served, consisting of fruit, nuts, hot chocolate and cake.

The Galloway Literary Society has challenged the Lamar Society for a public debate, to take place on the night of February 17. The question and the judges are to be selected by the debaters. The Galloway debaters are E. C. McGilvary and R. E. Jackson. The Lamar: J. B. Ricketts and Jeff Collins. Orator J. C. Rousseaux of the Galloway Society.

The Mississippi Historical Society convened in Jackson Thursday and Friday, December 4 and 5, 1905. Dr. Beverly W. Bond, of the University, was the guest of Dr. Kern Dr. Bond read a very interesting paper before the Society on "Monroe's Services in Securing Navigation of the Mississippi." Prof. J. E. Walmsley also read a paper upon "The Campaign of 1844 in Mississippi."

In addition to magazines in the Reading Room last year, the following have been added by the Librarian this year: The Classical Reviews, The Clarion Ledger, Current Literature, the Independent, Cosmopolitan, Journal of Geology, The Classical Journal, Berliner Illustrate Zeitung, and L'Echo de deux Monde. Mr. J. B. Ricketts, '05, has presented Mc-

Clure's Mr. S. M. Graham, '05; The Nation; Dr. J. M. Sullivan, Science; Rev. W. L. Duren, The North American Review. The Seniors class, Popular Astronomy; and Professor Walmsley has given the Daily Evening News, The National Geographic Magazine and the American Historical Review. Besides these periodicals contributions have been made by Messrs. J. E. Carruth, J. W. McGee, M. S. Pittman, L. F. Barrier, A. P. Hand, and J. S. Purcell, of the class of '05 Dr. C. H. Kenney, of Oxford, England; and Rev. M. M. Black, of the Mississippi Conference. Mr. J. L. Neill, 1906, has completed the set of publications of the Mississippi Historical Society, and Miss Frances Park, 1906, has completed the set of Jane Austin's works. The most noticeable addition to the Library is the Everly Shakespeare and the portfolio of Shakespeare prints; but new volumes have been added in every department of college work.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### THE MAN ON THE BOX.

By Harold MacGrath. Dramatized by Grace L. Farniss.

"The Man on the Box" met with success at the Madison Square in New York. Aside from the merits of the book' this is at least a proof of its popularity.

The story is well adapted for the footlights both in plot and action. The author even gives us the Dramatic Personae as if we were really to see this "little comedy-drama," as it is called in the opening pages.

Time—Within the past ten years. Scene—Washington, D. C., and its environs.

A dialogue forms the greater part of one chapter, and others would give the playwright no great amount of revision. The hero, Robert Warburton, is an army officer with the fever of adventure in his veins. After several months in Europe, he returns to Washington, and it is on the home-bound ship that he meets the principal "Dramatis Personae"—the heroine, Miss Betty Annesley, her father Col. Annesley, retired from

the army, and the viillan, Count Karloff, a Russian diplomat.

Arriving in the capital city, Warburton receives a cordial welcome from his brother, of the War Department, and his, sister. That night there is a ball at the British embassey but instead of attending he freakishly exchanges places with his brother's groom—a "lark" which costs him more than the immediate loss of his beard.

Unluckily(?) he gets the wrong carriage number, and being unacquainted with the city, is arrested for fast driving. to find that he has been on the box of Miss Annesley's carriage. She will accept no explanation, and under the assumed name of James Osborne, he is tried in the police court. Secretly Miss Annesley pays the fine, and being in need of a groom, employs "James."

Desperately in love, and declaring to his best friend (who tells the story in the first person) that he must have change and adventure, "The Man on the Box" begins his service.

Betty, who recognizes him from the first, puts him to numerous tests—making him serve as butler, and humiliates him without mercy when he forgets for the moment that he is "only a jehu."

The climax is reached in the final interview between Colonel Annesley and Count Karloff, when the former, first entrapped at Monte Carlo, has drawn up a map of the coast defenses of the United States to give in exchange for the redemption of his estate by the Russian diplomat. It is then that we see Betty's true nature in her self-sacrificing loyalty to her father as she begs that he allow her to earn bread for them both by her violin, rather than compromise with the desperate Count. Before any of the tragic group could recover their surprise at the entrance of the groom, M'Sieu Zhames had picked up the packet of plans and dropped it in the fire. Having come into the house the day before for a book on veterinary surgery, he accidentally saw the plan, and his duty as a former soldier told him to destroy it.

Through the agency of his friend, Warburton redeemed

the Annesley estate, and soon became both master of the fine stables and fiancé of the lady whom he had served.

We laugh at the idea of Warburton's secret being kept so long, when his sister and Miss Annesley are such frequent visitors. Yet inconsistences are in a large measure overlooked in our sympathy for "the jehu's" trials and humiliations, and our admiration of his mettle as expressed by the author's quotation on the title page:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

The Nov.-Dec. issue of the Whitworth Clionian comes up to its usual standard. The covering, type, grade of paper, all the mechanical features reflect credit upon the management. "Sophomores at Home" is an interesting story very cleverly told. The plan which Dolly Maynard is made to adopt to cool the ardor of St. Clair's attachment for her sister is ingenious. In her personation of the illiterate old grandmother a critical reader might, in points where the type of the illiterate, garrulous old woman is perhaps overdrawn, detect, beneath the mask, the school girl in imitation. But the personation, on the whole, is good and the story is above the average. "The Relation Between the Novel and Politics" is a well written article in which the writer discusses the importance of the novel as an agent in social and political reforms. The discussion is good and convinces one that the political novel in America, already important, will become much more powerful. While the editorials are well written we regret to see a tendency to discuss world events. The great papers and magazines of the country are able to treat of the affairs

of nations so much more intelligently than the college editor that we are convinced that the province of the college editor is in those things connected with college life.

---

The Mississippi College Magazine is rather late in its first issue but compensates, to some extent, for its tardiness, in both the quality and quantity of its work. "The Contest of Rumford and Sandridge" is the most literary production of this issue. The style is unique and appears to be that of an experienced rather than an amateur writer. In "The Elevating Influences of Pure Ideals," the writer lifts one above the sordid atmosphere of grosser things into the realm of the ideal. He shows in a clear, forcible style that pure ideals do have a strong elevating influence, and the speech itself is calculated to have a wholesome effect. As a contribution to the magazine it is an excellent article; as an oration, however, it merits the criticism that in places it approaches a sermon more closely than an oration. The editorials are well written, in fact all the departments are creditable. The Alumni Department especially shows signs of work; it is not surpassed by the same department of any of our exchanges. The one story the magazine contains is its weakest point. The plot is unreasonable, and the writer makes the mistake of attempting to handle the love problem—a prodigious task for any young writer, and which seems utterly beyond the power of this one. Had the writer directed his talents towards a different type of story his efforts would probably have met with better success.

---

The Blue Mountain College Magazine is rather a disappointment. It seems that a school with the prestige that Blue Mountain has ought to give us more than twenty-two pages of reading matter, especially when four pages of the twenty-two are taken from the Cosmopolitan. The departments are not up to the standard, and the articles contributed by the students are not above the average. "Grandmother's Story" is fairly well told, and the outcome of grandmother's love

affair is pleasingly revealed; too many subjects, however, are discussed which are unnecessary. The literary society, for instance, had no connection with the story. The "Life of a College Girl," while an old subject, is well written. While there is no original poetry, that which is selected is proof of good taste, and the joke department promises to be good. The inexperienced editors were doubtless at a great disadvantage in their first issue, and we expect an improvement in the next.

---

The most striking feature of the Spectator is the college spirit which is manifested throughout its pages. The editor announces that it is the purpose of the editors to make the magazine larger and better, and class yells and society songs abound. After reading the announcement of the editor, however, the magazine is hardly so good as one would expect. Some of the departments are good, some otherwise. The local and alumnae editors make a good showing for those departments, but the Athletic department might well be improved and surely the exchange department, with two editors, ought to be able to devote more than half a page to the criticism of our magazines. The magazine would be improved, too, if more of the contributed articles treated of live subjects. Too many of them resemble class papers.

---

The December number of the University of Mississippi Magazine, with the possible exception of the Emory Phoenix, surpasses any we have received. The departments are well gotten up, the editorials are unusually well written, and the magazine is well balanced. Especially is this issue to be commended for the quality of its verse. "Some Rubaiyat of Campus Life" is excellent because of its humor, and its imitation of the style of Rubaiyat. "Only One," though verse of a different kind, is none the less deserving of praise. It is not only rhyme but poetry. The character sketches are good and the stories are far above the

average. "The Mystery Solved" is an admirable imitation of Poe, both in style and plot.

---

Latin in the study hall
I pluck you out of my studies;
I hold you here, hard and tight in my hand;
Horrid Latin! But if I could understand
What you are, rules and all, and all in all,
I should know what joy in a "pass" is. —Ex.

---

As a maid so nice,
With steps precise,
Tripped o'er the ice,
She slipped—her care in vain;
And at her fall,
With usual gall
The school-boys call:
"The first down—two feet to gain."
—Helios.

---

"I'll cast my bread upon the waters," said the young wife.

"Have you no feeling for the poor fish?" chuckled the brutal husband.—Ex.

---

Professor in Latin—"Caesar si dicat an der cur, egessi lictiem."

Student's translation—"Caesar sicked the cat on the cur, and I guess he licked him."—Ex.

---

"I trust, Miss Brown, that we shall become better acquainted. May I be permitted to call?"

"'Why, yes, Mr Green," she replied; "you may come up tonight. I won't have anything on."

He told me afterwards that either he must have misunderstood, or she changed her mind later.—Ex.

---

Albertson—Eugenia says I'm the apple of her eye.

Upchurch—Tell Eugenia if she ain't careful such green fruit will make her sick.—Gamilacad.

---

"I'll try to steal her heart," quoth he,
"And win her sweetest smile."
"I'll try to steel my heart," said she,
"Against love's subtle wiles."
So both in steel began to deal,
And as you may opine,
Love soon declared a dividend
And started a combine. —Ex.

---

A young Freshman bought some Pajamas
Made from the wool of the Llamas.
They fit him so bad,
That it really was sad,
And the folks all thought they were Mama's. —Ex.

---

**A Question.**

(AN IMITATION OF SWINBURNE.)

If life were always play time,
And skies were always blue,
If flowers were ever springing,
And birds were ever singing,
If all the year were May-time,
I'd spend my life with you.

We'd roam the distant far lands,
And sail the sun-lit seas;
We'd revel in the moonlight,
And dream away the noon bright,
We'd wreathe our brows with garlands,
And drink life to the lees.

But play lasts not forever;
Blue skies must change to gray,
Bright flowers soon must shatter,

Sweet birds must cease their chatter,
And youth gone, comes back never,
No heart is always gay.

When faded are the roses,
When dimmed the eyes of blue,
When white the golden sprinkles,
When alabaster wrinkles,
When soul to soul discloses,
Will soul to soul be true?

—The Green and Gold.

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We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following December magazines: Emory Phoenix, Castle Heights Herald, The Olive and Blue, The Reveille, Blue Mountain College Magazine, The Academy Girl, Mississippi College Magazine, The Spectator, Monroe College Monthly, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Review and Bulletin, The Colleg Reflector, The Tattler, Ouachita Ripples, The Andrew College Journal, The High School Banner, The Columbia Collegian, The Hillman Lesbidelian, The Whitworth Clionian, University of Mississippi Magazine.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

G. C. McGILVAY.

In the first issue of the Collegian, there was an appeal to Alumni of Millsaps to send in information as to their whereabouts, but it seems that they have forgotten, or that they are so busy with their present vocations that they have ignored the troubles of the Alumni editor. I think these men some of whom have had experience along this line, should do all in their power to relieve the embarrassment into which the editor is about to enter. So he would appreciate any and all information sent to him concerning the Alumni of Millsaps College.

Among the Alumni who visited the college since the last issue are: S. M. Graham, principal of Gloster High School. J. E. Carruth, principal of the Leakesville High School. Dr. Walter Merritt, of Vanderbilt. M. C. Henry, of Tulane; O. W. and T. M. Bradley and J. S. Purcell, who were on their way to enter the Theological department of Vanderbilt.

Rev. J. M. Lewis, 1904, deciding that he had lived in this world long enough in single blessedness, has taken unto himself a better half. On December 27, he and Miss Rhodes were unitd in the holy bonds of matrimony. We extend our most hearty congratulations and wish them a happy life. They will make Oakridge their home, where he is pastor of the first church.

B. Z. Welch, '04, who is now taking his third year in medicine at the Memphis Medical College, stopped over only a short time while en route home to spend the holidays. From what we can learn, "Buzz" is making a fine record.

C. M. Simpson, '02, has finished his B. D. degree and is now taking his M. A. degree at Vanderbilt. We feel sure that Claude will make a success, as he was never known to fail in anything that he undertook.

Dr. Walter Merritt will finish his M. D. degree at Vanderbilt this year. Walter is an all round man, and we feel sure that he will make a fine record in his chosen profession.

E. B. Allen, '05, and his charming wife, spent Christmas holidays in Jackson. Allen is principal of the Auburn High School.

A. S. Cameron, '03, will finish his Theological course at Vanderbilt this year.

We make another appeal to the Alumni to aid us in our work, and in this way make this department what it should be. Do not hesitate to let us know where you are and what you are doing. Write immediately as to your whereabouts, and rest assured that it will be very much appreciated.

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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

Vol. 8. Jackson, Miss., February, 1906. No. 4.

## THE REB'S LUCK.

The sun was sinking low in the west, painting the sky a beautiful pink. A partridge called from the edge of a wooded hill to its mate in the briar-thicket on the creek bank. A horseman was riding rapidly along the old river road between Natchez and Vicksburg. His mount was a large sorrel, which, though not at all pretty, carried his master easily and swiftly along the road.

The rider himself was tall, with broad shoulders surmounted by a frank and open face, one look into which convinced one that his was a strong and admirable character. He rode with the easy and natural grace of an accomplished horseman, his head now bent forward, apparently lost in thought.

Ben Morris, for such was his name, had entered the great struggle between North and South at the beginning of the contest. He now belonged to General Forrest's little band of rushing fighters where he had earned a reputation as a faithful and daring soldier. To this reputation he owed his present important and dangerous mission—to deliver messages to the commander at Vicksburg with the Union lines drawn close about the city.

Misinformed as to the position of a Federal camp, he had all but ridden into it before discovered. He escaped capture but not pursuit. All afternoon some ten or more Yankees had been following hot upon his trail. Every trick to throw them off had failed. In his endeavor to shake them off he

had been able to face again towards Vicksburg. Evening found both horse and rider almost exhausted, but the now gathering night would make it easier to outwit his foes.

As he rode towards the willow-lined bank of a creek, he saw some one move into a clump just ahead.

"Halt there! Hands up!" he cried, grasping his rifle.

"Come out here," he ordered. The growing dusk made close observation almost impossible at that distance.

"Lawd, Marster, I thought shore one ob dem Yanks had meh. I sho' did," said the man, an old negro, low and bent, whose white beard scantily covered his time-seamed face. Evidently he was very glad that it was no "Yank" who hailed him.

"Well, Uncle, you don't like them, eh?" Morris asked.

"Naw, suh, dat I dont. Dey done took a'mos' ebery-ting dat we done had," answered the old man. After viewing him for a moment, Morris asked, "Uncle, do you know where I can put up for the night? I have been riding all day and my horse needs rest. Don't you, old fellow?" leaning forward to pat his horse as he spoke.

The slave stood for a moment before speaking, and then his manner was that of one speaking to himself rather than to another: "I mought, I reckon I mought. I know jis what Miss Mary'd say, but I tell yo', Masrter, 'taint lak it uster be. Dat it ani't, an' I'se mos' 'shamed ter take anybody up dar now, but Nance an' me, we dus de bes' we kin ter take keer ob Miss Mary."

As he ceased speaking the old negro turned off into an obscure path which led into the wood and they began to ascend a gently sloping hill. They soon passed over the brow of the hill and out of the woods. They could see in the distance the twinkling of a light. A little while later they came to a spacious barn, where Uncle Ned offered to put Morris' horse, but Morris said that he would rather tie him out, away from the house. His quick eye took in the whole of his surroundings—a large silent house, with only one light to be seen; a yard full of unkept shrubbery, surrounded by a dilapidated picket fence;

here and there a great oak with wide-spread branches; the large gloomy barn and behind it a large grove; the deserted quarters where no light shone, no song, accompanied by the banjo or guitar, swelled on the breeze.

After hitching his horse, the slave showed Morris into the house. He passed through the hall, where hung some battered pictures, and in which there were a few pieces of fine furniture now battered and bruised by rough usage in freqeunt raids of the Federals. Before a door they paused and Uncle Ned knocked. At once a cheery voice told him to enter. Cap in hand, they went in.

Before a cozy fire stood a young woman. She seemed surprised when she saw behind the negro, a stranger. But Uncle Ned said, "Mis Mary, here am one ob ouah boys whut wants to stay heah ternight." Mary (as we shall now call her) came forward and greeted him with a smile and words of welcome. "I am glad to do anything for one of the boys in gray," she told him. After introducing himself and apologizing pleasantly for his intrusion, he added, "But since I must stop somewhere, I thank the gods for sending me to the goddess."

They sat and talked for a while and became acquainted. Morris gave her a brief history of himself and she told that she had a brother fighting for the Southern cause, she had no parents but lived here with the two faithful darkies to take care of her. She soon found that he had no supper and called to Aunt Nancy to fix him something. They whiled the time away pleasantly enough till Aunt Nancy announced that Morris' supper was ready. He sat down before a humble table which, however, needed no apologies, for then the wealthiest could only spread a common table.

As they sat there eating, a loud knock was heard at the front door. They listened intently and heard the clank of steel in the yard. Morris held up his hand and whispered, "Yankees! Where can I hide? I must not be caught!" Before he had finished, Mary was up and beckoning him to follow her. She led him to the kitchen stairs and up into a small unused bedroom.

"Be quiet, and I will see if I cannot send them away," she told him and was gone.

Morris began to fortify himself. He rolled the bed up against the door and took his stand near the wall opposite, a revolver in each hand. As he stood there a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He quickly took some papers from his inside pockets, looked searchingly about the room, then stepped silently to the fireplace and thrust them underneath the small heap of ashes. He could hear the loud tramp and the clank of spurs below and occasionally a gruff voice. He feared that they might not treat his hostess with due respect but he was unable to do anything. Duty conflicted with chivalry and was triumphant.

Someone began to ascend the stairs, and he could hear Uncle Ned's excited voice saying that no one was up there. But the steps came nearer. They paused before the door, someone tried the knob, and a gruff voice called out, "Hey! you in there, do you surrender? You're caught!" Morris made no reply. Then, "Here, boys!" and feet came running heavily up the stairs, and a number of voices asked, "Where is he?" They too tried the door and after failing to unlatch it, they rushed at it with the intention of breaking it in. After several attempts it began to give. A panel fell clattering to the floor. There was now an opening and Morris spoke.

"Look out, boys," said he, "I will shoot the next man that moves toward that door."

They all, with one consent, rushed forward. Morris' revolvers spoke for him this time. One of the foremost men reeled and fell. The others rushed against the door and it burst open. Again Morris spoke through his weapons, but one of the Federals saw him silhouetted against a window, and another report echoed through the house. Morris fell, face downward, a great bleeding hole in his breast. The soldiers searched him but found nothing. A close search of the room revealed nothing. They then went down, bearing a dead comrade and their unconscious foe. As they came into the kitchen they were met by Mary. She was pale and agitated.

When she saw them with Morris in their arms, she seemed to become very angry. Her blue eyes shot fire and she cried:

"You are a set of cowards! All of you against one man and then you kill him! Shame on you!"

She told them to leave him there, saying that she wished Morris had killed all of them. They placed Morris upon a bed and retreated precipitately from the house. A woman's wrath abashed them.

After the soldiers left, Mary sent Uncle Ned for a doctor and she and Aunt Nancy staunched the wound and dressed it. Before the doctor arrived, Morris regained consciousness. He called Mary and asked her if she were loyal to the South and when she answered, "Yes," he told her of the hidden papers and asked her to send them on, saying that his own horse could be ridden. He then sank again into unconsciousness. He knew not when or how he was put to bed, nor that the doctor came and examined him. All was dark, and strange shapes surrounded him; some cold, heavy weight was upon him. He could not move, but through it all he heard angels' voices singing.

When he awoke it was late in the evening; the spring sun shone through the window and cast long shadows upon the wall. Mary was standing by the door talking earnestly to an old genial faced man, whom Morris heard say, "I think he is out of danger now, child, but you must take some rest; you are worn out. Send Aunt Nancy in here for awhile." And they passed out.

Morris turned his face to the wall and closed his eyes. He must have been sick a long time and here these good people had been tending him. He felt a deep gratitude for these almost unknown friends and resolving to pay the debt, he sank into a deep sleep.

It was several weeks before he could persuade the doctor to let him get out of the house. But an active desire to be up and doing, a strong constitution and an attentive and pretty nurse worked wonders in a short time. He and Mary took many strolls about the buddng farm in those early spring days.

A sweet companionship sprang up between them. That which would happen to any two congenial spirits thrown constantly together, happened to them.

In May when Morris rode away to join his company he carried a picture of Mary both over and in his heart, with a promise to come again and claim her after the war.

x x x x

Again a horseman rides along the old river road, no longer dressed in uniform, no rifle hangs from his saddle; gone are the marks of care and fatigue. Both horse and rider seemed to be animated by the mere joy of living.

The man looks with interest about him, doubtless thinking of the different circumstances attending his former ride. At the willow-thicket he pauses as if he expected to see that same old negro who led him to his life's greatest happiness. As he waits a partridge comes out of a hedge and looks about her. Apparently concluding the way clear she clucks and goes forward; a number of half grown chicks follow her. The scene is beautiful but Morris does not wait longer. He seems to be in a state of restless expectancy. He gallops through the long stretch of wooded hills and emerges to see a large farm house, surrounded by large barns and other buildings. The same place! Perhaps a little more weatherbeaten and dilapidated, but he would always know it. As he gallops up to the hitching-post and dismounts, a young woman comes out upon the porch, hurries down the steps, and flings herself into his arms.

L. C., '07.

## A KNIGHT OF THE GREEN CLOTH.

The scene of this story was a small town in Colorado called Leadville, noted principally for its mining industries. The time, immediately before the declaration of war between the United States and Spain. When Bob Kirkpatrick, known as "Handsome Bob," first made his appearance in Leadville it created quite a stir in every class of society. Among the young ladies on account of his personal appearance; among the

young men, on account of his amiable ways and congenial manner, and especially among the mining class on account of his knowledge of cards and the adroitness with which he handled the dice.

It was said of "Handsome Bob" that in personal appearance, he could give Adonis a royal flush and then win out. He was very tall, lithe and graceful and had the bearing and symmetry of an Apollo. All of this, combined with the fact that he was always attired in the most fashionable manner, gained for him the name of "Handsome Bob." When it came to the drawing and handling of a revolver, he was simply wonderful, there was none quicker than he. It was said, correctly so, that he had three notches on his gun barrel, each one counting for a soul he had despatched to eternity. In each case, however, he was provoked into it, or it was in self-defense.

When Senor Don José Valera, one of the wealthiest mine owners of Leadville, saw that war was inevitable between the United State and Spain, he called his two children, Don Juan and Senorita Maria Luisa, who were in college at Madrid, to return home immediately. Senor Valera was a native Espanol, but he had been naturalized and had married an American girl. Furthermore, his business interests, and in fact all his earthly ties, were in the United States.

When "Handsome Bob." first arrived in Leadville he took apartments at the Hotel de Leadville and immediately set about to get acquainted with the principal ones of the town, so that in a few days he was very well known. It was at this time that Don Juan and Luise Valera returned to Leadville. And very soon after their arrival they made the acquaintance of "Handsome Bob." Louise was very agreeably impressed with him and their friendship grew warmer, but Don Juan disliked him from the first. One cause for this enmity was that "Handsome Bob" would very often go with Don Juan's sweetheart, Florence. "Handsome Bob," as a matter of fact, regarded Florence only as a friend, but in this Don Juan was deceived. Then, too, he did not like the way in which "Hand-

some Bob" was regarded by Louise. The enmity grew more and more bitter from day to day, and on several occasions would have come to open conflict had it not been for the respect "Handsome Bob" bore Louise.

While Bob was well known and liked by the young ladies of the town, he was especially known by the members of his fraternal order, "The Knights of the Green Cloth." Not only was he well known, but was well liked by all, for he possessed that charm of personality that at once wins friends. The members of this order would assemble each night in the back room of the Red Top Saloon to discuss the matters of interest to all and to enjoy a few social games. But on this particular occasion they were discussing President McKinley's message declaring war against Spain.

"Handsome Bob" was at the time engaged in a game of draw poker with three strangers, greasers from all appearances, as they would often converse in Spanish. He watched them closely all the time, for he always suspected such characters. The first two games were decidedly uninteresting, but in the third the excitement was intense. Two of the strangers put their hands on the board, leaving the betting to "Handsome Bob" and the remaining stranger. "Handsome Bob" started off with a light bet, but the stranger was excited and placed all of his money on the table. "Handsome Bob" covered it, remarking that he had another hundred. The stranger's eyes fairly sparkled as he pulled a handsomely set ring from his vest pocket and asked if it was satisfactory to value the ring at one hundred. As this was satisfactory they prepared to show their hands. The stranger was very excited and was continually addressing his two friends in Spanish. "Handsome Bob," who understood some Spanish, overheard him use the words, **perder, matar, robar**—lose, kill, rob. The stranger showed his hand first, he held three kings and two aces. "Handsome Bob" then showed his hand,—he held a royal flush!

When the stranger and his two friends saw this they made a play for their revolvers, but "Handsome Bob" anticipated

this move and quickly shot out the lights. He then seemingly began to shoot at random. After the firing had ceased and the lamps were relighted some one asked how many were wounded, but the significant reply was, " 'Handsome Bob' never wounds." It was discovered that the stranger and Don Juan had disappeared, while the stranger's two friends were found dead. This, of course, was very puzzling to the crowd.

The next morning all was excitement at the Valera home. Don Juan had disappeared and not a trace of him could be found. It so happened that "Handsome Bob" met his friend, Florence, who began telling him the cause of all the excitement. "Handsome Bob" listened attentively until she had finished; then he told her the secret of Don Juan's disappearance. He told her all about the game of cards in the rear of the Red Top Saloon, and how he had recognized the ring of the stranger as the one given to Don Juan by his mother just before her death, and how after close scrutiny he had recognized the stranger as Don Juan in disguise. Also of the threats uttered against him in Spanish. He explained to her that it was for the love he bore Louise that he spared Don Juan's life and spirited him away, and that he would not have shot the two strangers if he had not heard their threats against the "dog of an American." "Handsome Bob" then gave the ring to Florence, asking her to give it to Louise and explain all to her and not to suffer any further uneasiness concerning Don Juan.

When Florence gave the ring to Louise and explained all to her she, Louise, cried for very joy. And when Florence asked her for her secret opinion of "Handsome Bob" she replied that he was all in all to her, and that despite the protests of her brother it was agreeable to her for him to visit her. Florence at once communicated this to "Handsome Bob" and so on the following evening he called on Louise. It did not take them long to come to a mutual understanding as Dan Cupid was the arbiter.

They next turned their attention to Don Juan, who had

again made his appearance, and after talking and explaining to him, finally convinced him of the folly of sowing wild oats. Don Juan, after he learned the true state of affairs, was truly penitent. He explained to them that it was the misunderstanding relative to Florence that caused him at first to dislike "Handsome Bob" and that this dislike was intensified by the thoughts of Louise ever countenancing the attention of a gambler, but since he had found out that instead of being a common gambler, with all that the name implies, "Handsome Bob" was a man of sterling worth; he was now quite willing to be friends—perhaps, even brother-in-law.

BIRT, '08.

## A VISIT TO HIS BROTHER.

It was a cold winter evening. The day's work had been done, and farmer Wells and his family were sitting around the hearthstone, tired from the toil of the day. There was Charles, the tall, slender youth sitting in the corner with one leg crossed over the other, and his foot encased in a big brogan shoe, hung before the fire steaming there; for he had been on a cow hunt that day and had come home not only tired and hungry, but with wet feet. His sister, Sally, sat near by doing some of the fancy work that she had learned in the city while visiting her cousin there. Mrs. Wells sat close to the table whereon was the lamp and she was reading from the weekly newspaper. Mr. Wells himself sat in his easy chair, with his head thrown back and his feet resting upon a small stool.

Thus they sat until the low roar and crackling of the fire produced upon them a sleepy effect. Already Charlie had thrown back his head, closed his eyes and opened his mouth. From this it can be supposed that he was hunting cows again and that too, in his dreams. The paper fell into Mrs. Well's lap. She yawned and rubbed her eyes. And Sally, seeing that it was nearing bedtime, folded up her work and arose to retire.

With this drowsy feeling upon them it is no small wonder that they failed to hear the thumping of the gate latch. The stranger had given up his efforts in that direction and his knock now upon the door aroused farmer Wells to his senses, and he called out, "Cholly, git up an' go to 'er door. Thar's a body a kickin' at it, wus'en a pighted mare." But Charlie must not have heard; for he did not move. Whereupon, he started to get up himself, but Sally interposed with, "No, pa, you jes' set still." and turning to the door, "H'lo, stranger, who's you?"

"It's I," came back the voice, and Sally immediately threw open the door; for she knew the voice to be none other than that of Uncle Billy.

At the sound of his brother's voice, farmer Wells arose and embraced him. "Well, well, well," exclaimed farmer Wells, "to think Bill's come back 'gin! Bill, hit's bin a coon's age sence I seed ye! Thar ain't ary nuther man sò welcome, as you. Well, I declare!"

William Wells was a writer who had gained considerable renown in a distant state. In his success he had not forgotten his brother, even though he was an illiterate old farmer. So his custom had been to pay him frequent visits, when they would talk over the things of their boyhood together on the old homestead. The long journey on this occasion had been made by rail, and feeling tired on account of having been seated so long, he had walked out to the farm from the station which was not more than six miles—and as we have seen, he had made the walk successfully.

"Yes, I am heartily glad to see you, dear Tom; I could not entirely forget you and the good old days together. Hence, I have come again to see you and talk over old times."

The door had been closed and the family were again seated around the fireside. The new comer was warming his feet by the old burning log. Charlie was still snoring in the corner, and Uncle Billy would not awake him, saying that what he was going to tell about his walk from the station, would pretty soon awake the whole family. And he proceeded to tell.

"Tom, I had a novel experience on the way out. For strangeness of feeling which it caused me I have never been through anything to equal it."

"Ahem, Sal, you thear hat? I bet me hat Uncle Billy's he-ard the ghosts a-mekin' a storm in the old hanted house. Eh, Bill?"

"I suppose you are right, Tom, and I want to tell you what happened in the old house on the hill. I am sure that any outlandish name would express what I heard and felt. I was walking along whistling and thinking about the glad surprise that I would give you. It was just getting dark and I quickened my pace that I might get on as far as possible before it was too dark. Soon I came to a very large, old-fashioned house, which from what I have learned, you all know as the 'hanted house.' I stood a moment to admire its granduer and the majestic appearance that it afforded, silhouetted there against the sky; for it is on a very high hill. And I was just thinking about the people who must have lived in that old house in the long ago—gentlemen, with powdered wig, frock-tailed coat, knee pantaloons, silk stockings, and ribbon-laced slippers; ladies with their great hoop skirts and huge fans—all these I saw in my mind, when suddenly there came forth from the old mansion such a thumping against the walls and such grating sounds as I have never heard before. Outside everything was apparently still; inside, it was the same, except that I imagined that there were the fluttering of spirits and a confusion stirred up in the air by some unseen power. Again, those awful shrieks would come forth, which I am not ashamed to say, well nigh made my blood run cold. Then would come the thumping and bumping, which echoed and re-echoed in the old hall and sounded like the roar of distant thunder—a sound which brought into my mind the picture of some giant pounding upon some poor human being and missing him now and then, thus hitting the walls.

"What the mind cannot readily understand will induce a man to investigate it. The things which are hid, man

takes a rare delight in discovering. We pass by the things that we know and say, 'O, pshaw, I learned that yesterday.' Hence, my desire to know what was causing these unearthly noises that I have mentioned led me to mount the stone stairs and go into the half-open door. What I found was a region of darkness. I struck a match, but it seemed as if the wing of some demon extinguished it. I confess that I was feeling very queer, and O, such a sense of loneliness! So great was my emotion that my hand went involuntarily up to my hat that I might keep it in its place. I ventured in farther, determined to find out what all that I had heard meant. But no sooner had I got a dozen steps into the old hall than innumerable fists, it seemed, began buffeting me and pouncing upon my head. The air was in vast confusion, and I felt the currents as they whirled round and round. This was enough to make me leave, but I didn't. I never had believed in ghosts and I meant to find out the meaning of these terrible things. So I took out some more matches and struck them one by one and peered into the darkness. What was it that I saw? A house brimming full of leather-winged bats getting ready for their roost!"

CUDE.

## STORY OF ADVENTURE.

In the northern part of Mississippi, in the heart of a swamp, is an Indian mound, which a few years ago was very large. It has since been almost dug away by relic-seekers, but there is a legend of peculiar interest connected with this mound which has been handed down since the days of the Choctaws.

The legend runs as follows.

Many years before this mound was built, Uncas, a young chief, had erected his wigwams on the banks of a small stream near the spot where the mound now stands. He was noted for his bravery on the war-path and for his skill and cunning in the chase. And of all the young chiefs of his tribe, he was the most admired by the Indian maidens.

He loved the daughter of a chief who had been a great warrior in his youth, and who now wielded a great influence at the council lodge. As soon as Uncas' power and influence had been firmly established, he took this Indian maiden to his tepee, and by this act incurred the enmity of an old witch who lived in a cave not far from his lodge. The witch had a daughter whom she had wished to become the wife of Uncas, and because he had chosen another, she had become his sworn enemy.

Uncas was very happy with his young wife, and his happiness would have been complete when Palila was born, had his wife survived the birth of the babe. Uncas was at first inconsolable over the death of his wife, but as Palila was a child of such rare beauty, he soon centered all his affection upon her.

Palila soon grew into a true child of the forest. She found her chief pleasure in ministering to the wants of her father (who had begun to grow old and infirm), and in rambling through the woods.

One day when Palila was about eighteen years of age, she took her bow and started for a stroll through the forest. As she was walking along thus, she heard an angry growl close to her, and looking around, she saw an old she-bear with two cubs at her side, standing a few yards away. She quickly fitted an arrow to her bow, and taking steady aim, fired. The arrow, however, fell short of the mark and only slightly wounded the bear. Palila had given up all hope of ever seeing her father again, and she thought of how grieved he would be at her death. She had not time to fit another arrow to her bow and as she had no knife, she was helpless.

The bear reared itself on its hind legs in order to close with her, and in a few moments it would have been all up with the maiden, had there not sounded the twang of an arrow from a bow and the bear fell dead at her feet with an arrow in its heart. A young brave came running out of a thicket,

and Palila saw by the color of the feathers in his headgear that he was of a hostile tribe of Indians, who lived in a far off country. Palila was greatly surprised and could say nothing at first, but they grew quite friendly in a little while, for she found it not in her heart to be unfriendly to him after he had saved her life, even if he were of a hostile tribe. She tried to persuade him to go back at once to his wigwam, for she knew he would be killed if found in this part of the country, but he would not consent. He told her that he had been following for many moons a vision clothed in white, which had appeared at the door of his wigwam one night and beckoned to him to follow. He had seized his bow and little thinking of where it would lead him had followed on and on until he came to this forest. He had sometimes fitted an arrow to his bow in the hopes of shooting this white form, but each time it had vanished. This morning it had vanished completely.

Just at this moment, Uncas, who was hunting in the forest, passing along this way and hearing the sound of voices, stopped to see from whence they came. He was astonished to see his daughter standing by the side of a brave whom he recognized to be of a tribe with which he had long been at enmity. Steadily he fitted an arrow to his bow and his hand was as steady as in the days of his youth. He aimed full at the breast of the Indian brave. The arrow however, glanced on some unseen twig, and swerving aside, sank quivering into Palila's breast. With a moan she sank to the ground.

Just at this moment, out stepped the old witch from a nearby thicket and uttering a shrill cry of delight, said to Uncas, "I have obtained my revenge at last. I have been waiting these many years for it and at last it has come." Uttering these words, she disappeared into the forest.

Palila was buried in the mound in which her mother had been buried, and a few days afterwards Uncas, who died of grief, was laid to rest in the mound, and the old witch at last triumphed in her revenge.

K. D. Brabston.

## AN ADVENTURE IN THE JUNGLES.

It was during the fall of '87 that my father sold his little farm on Pelee creek in Georgia, and we set out on our journey through the country to found a home in the jungles of Louisiana. We settled in a very remote district on a little farm surrounded by a dense swamp. The nearest settlers within ten miles of us were an old man with several grown sons and a young man who had recently moved into that neighborhood.

Mother was averse to the move and soon became tired of our new home, because she said it resembled the place where we had lived several years before, when our house was pillaged of several articles of dress and some jewelry, among which was my mother's diamond ring.

We had not been living there long until we became acquainted with the old man who lived just three miles across the swamp. Mother then found another reason for not liking our new home, for the old man was continually telling of how a foot peddler had mysteriously disappeared while on his way between the settlements, leaving nothing save a small bundle which had been found on the way. To make the story more creditable, he had even shown us some of the contents of the bundle.

It was a still clear night in June. The moon was casting its long glimmering rays over the narrow landscape between our little cottage and the swamp. Everything seemed to be wrapped in the deep slumber of the night. The only sounds to be heared was the occasional hoot of an owl or the melancholy note of the whippoor-will. Suddenly we were alarmed by the clattering of horses' hoofs, and in a moment a "Hello" in a deep masculine voice was heard at the gate. Father went out and after quieting the howl of the curs, found that the alarm was given by one of the old man's sons. He quickly told the purpose of his unusual errand.

The old man had been to the market some twelve miles away on that day and on returning that evening had found on the roadside traces of blood and a man's hat. The young

man had come for papa to go over and go with the old man, his boys and the other young man whom another of the old man's sons had summoned, on a search for the man. Mother being unwilling to stay at home with only me, made it necessary to carry her over to stay with the old man's folks.

We were soon there. After taking practically every weapon of an offensive and defensive nature, we set out. When we came near the place, the dogs seemed to become alarmed. We reached the place where the old man had found the signs, and there we found as the old man had reported, the hat and traces of blood. The trail led directly toward the swamp. We followed it to the edge of the swamp, again and again trying to set the dogs on it, but in vain. We knew that it must have been something unusual, for papa's dogs seldom saw anything that they would not catch, and the old man had two large bull dogs that had never been known to fail.

On entering the swamp we found a handkerchief hanging on a briar. A little farther on we found a bloody dirk. We looked for tracks, but found none. The blood stains, which led straight forward, were sufficiently plain to be traced. The old man now took the lead, proving himself to be the hero of the crowd. On approaching an unusually thick place, the trail turned aside a little until it reached a path leading into a thicket. After going fifty or a hundred yards into the thicket, we came to the mouth of a cave. Here were tracks in abundance and of a strange kind, resembling those made by a man, except that they showed signs of nails. Signs of blood led straight into the cave.

The old man looked around a little, trimmed his light, and said, "Come, boys!" We followed. After going down for a few feet the cave broadened out. In fact, the ground proved to be hollow for several yards around. We could still see traces of blood, and as we went deeper and deeper into the cave, every minute expecting to be torn to pieces, we suddenly came upon more fragments of clothing and a huge puddle of blood. We now found more of the strange tracks, the like of which no one of us had ever seen before.

We were startled by a groan as if some one was in distress. We strained our eyes to see. Again the groan was heard and following in the direction, we saw in one corner of the cave a sight frightful indeed. There in a huge bed sat a grim-looking animal somewhat resembling a man, with his claws set around the throat of a man. He sat there as we approached, not even moving, with his chin reclining on the man's head. We were now within four or five feet of him. With another groan he fell over, loosing the man. Now, this was something that we could not understand. On examining him we found that he was dead. Turning him over we found that he had several deep wounds which proved to have been made with a knife.

I remembered having seen in my geography the picture of an animal that resembled this one very much. I suggested it to papa and the idea struck him at once that it was a gorilla. Then the old man remembered having heard of a gorilla escaping his master many years before we had moved into that country. Thus the mystery was explained.

On the person of the man we found papers which seemed to prove him a detective who was in search of a burglar. Among the old rags and clothes of the bed we found a pocketbook and a diamond ring.

JEFF COLLINS.

## PETE.

Evelyn Hunt was a dignified young lady. She possessed a lover and, incidentally, a little brother named Pete. Like the proverbial small boy he often proved a difficult problem. No one knew what to expect of Pete. He had the deplorable habit of revealing family intrigues at the most critical periods, and kept his sister on the verge of nervous collapse.

In the story now to be related, Pete effaced all memories of former achievements in one glorious record-breaking triumph.

He developed a fondness for Evelyn's friend, Charles

Morris. Like his elders, he was expectantly awaiting the day that was to give him this jolly young man for a brother. In Pete's imagination he beheld a future when pocket money would be no consideration, if the dimes that now found their way into his possession were any argument to reason from. Of course, as a real brother he would be far more generous. It is then no surprise that Pete should be deeply concerned when his sharp eyes discovered that the course of true love was not running smooth.

How he came by this knowledge, Pete should have blushed to tell—perhaps he would have had he told; but he never did. The important part is, he did discover it, and it caused his anxious spirit much unrest. If only he could hit upon some plan for smoothing out the tangled knot of contention and send the couple of his constant thoughts safe through the illuring portal of matrimony! Perhaps he would not have expressed his desire in just such terms; he would probably have said: "Charles is a 'brick,' and I'd like jolly well to have him for a brother." If he had given a thought to his sister, it was merely that she was the necessary means for producing the desired result. As yet, girls possessed no attraction for Pete. They were to be tolerated, but not received on equal terms with his sex. When no other sport was attainable he enjoyed teasing them, and was regarded by them as an especially obnoxious little boy. He knew this, but he passed the knowledge by with his calm indifference.

x x x x

Pete was in an angelic mood all the afternoon. He went to Evelyn's room and confided some of his troubles, for Pete was never free from them. In his repentant mood he sought sympathy from Evelyn, who was remarkably forbearing with the young scape-grace. But these moods rarely lasted long; as on this occasion. His keen eye detected on Evelyn's desk a daintily addressed envelope, which, on closer investigation, he found to bear the name of Charles Morris. At a favorable moment he adroitly conveyed this to his pocket.

Later he would return the letter and receive as ransom anything his fancy might dictate.

During the remaining moments of his visit his conscience must have smote him. The maid appearing with a card for Evelyn furnished honorable means for retreat with his stolen property. While Evelyn prepared to meet her caller, a bright color flushed her cheek. After all she need not have written the repentant note to Charles. He had come of his own accord, repentant, of course. At first she would be graciously polite, and then generously forgiving.

In the meanwhile Pete had gone below to investigate. A hasty survey of the hall and parlor from the upper landing disclosed the fact that the caller was a gentleman; Pete saw the hat on the rack and heard a restless sound of footsteps. Without doubt the caller was impatient. This fact lured Pete to a closer range. He slipped down the stair and then quietly behind the portiers drawing its folds about him.

Soon Evelyn came liesurely down the stairway and entered the parlor. There was no way for retreat without being seen, so making the most of his situation, Pete lent a half-unwilling ear to the conversation in the next room.

Pete gathered from this conversation these facts: Mr. Charles Morris had come, as had Evelyn, to grant but not to sue for pardon; both Evelyn and Charles had lost their tempers, and Evelyn had returned the ring.

When the certainty of the disagreeable fact thrust itself upon him, Pete at first accepted the news with resignation. Then as he heard Charles make his adieus in a cold, offended tone, Pete resolved to lend a hand in this crisis. He cast about for some means for averting the catastrophe of a broken engagement. Suddenly he remembered the letter in his pocket. It was addressed to Charles; then it belonged to him. It was unsealed. For a moment Pete debated the point of honor, then decided that all was fair in love and war and unblushingly read the note. It sent a beam of light across his little freckled face, and a sparkle of merriment into his eyes. If Evelyn thought so much of the chap, he should have the note.

Pete started out on his mission. In the distance through the interlacing branches he caught occasional glimpses of a broad pair of shoulders. How Charles did walk to be sure, and try as he might, Pete did not overtake him until he had almost passed through the grove that divided Charles' home from his.

"Hold on," he shouted. "I have been chasing you till I am 'blowed.' " Charles stopped, wondering, while Pete regained his breath.

"Here's a note," he quoth. "Evelyn wrote it a while ago, but you must promise to give it back to me, or I won't give it to you. Promise?"

"It's a strange request, old man, but as those are the terms, I agree."

Pete's grimy hand gave the note.

One hasty reading of the words produced a remarkable effect. Charles looked around as if doubting, and then seeing the repentant words, convicting belief settled upon him.

"You say you want my note?" Charles inquired.

"You promised," Pete quoth, uncompromisingly.

"Then, here old fellow. But say, you'll not show it to any one, and you will return it some day? I am willing for you to have it under those conditions, but not otherwise."

"Who said I'd show it?" and closing his hand upon the coveted letter, he started homeward. He would take the letter straight back and put it where he found it. Charles accompanied him, but each pursued an uninterrupted course of thought.

It was very forgiving of Evelyn to write such a note after his dictatorial demands that she should apologize. But it was strange; she had such spirit! They were nearing the house; in a garden chair on the lawn they saw Evelyn. She was reading and did not hear them approaching. Pete slipped on ahead and disappeared suddenly and mysteriously. A slight stirring led Evelyn to glance up. Her astonished gaze fell on Charles. He was looking so happy. How very strange that he should return.

"My dear Evelyn," he began; "I never before knew what an angel you are, and what an undeserving wretch I am."

Then upon his humble speech, and Evelyn's wondering amazement, a clear boyish voice broke in from a neighboring branch overhead:

"My dear Charles:

"Of course you ought to know I meant nothing by allowing Hugh Campbell to put my picture in his watch; but since you do not, I guess I must humor you and tell you so. What's a picture, anyway, when the original is your own Evelyn?"

Pete's voice quavered and trilled. The situation was dramatic. Evelyn sank helplessly in to her chair, and gasped out: "O, Pete, how could you?"

"But you wrote it, Evelyn?" Charles inquired puzzlingly.

"Yes," she faltered. Then her old spirit asserted itself. "I never meant to send it after your visit."

"You will forgive me, though?" he begged.

"O, yes, if for nothing but that lovely compliment you paid me just now."

"Come down, you blessed Pete, and be forgiven."

"But how did you plan it, you horrid boy?" Evelyn demanded as he descended in triumph.

"It just planned itself," he condescended to explain.

"Hand over that note if you are through with it, Pete."

He did so. A bright silver dollar was smuggled into his hand.

Pete felt that his reward was sufficient, and that his vision of the future was justified. As Pete passed from their hearing, Evelyn remarked: "Pete is a trial sent to keep me humble."

And Charles replied: "He is an interesting study, and I find myself infinitely happier by the world holding that blessed Pete."

"Pete."

## IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, God in His wisdom has seen fit to take unto himself the father of our classmate; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, 1. That we, the Senior class of Millsaps, extend our sincerest sympathy to our fellow student and co-worker in this, his hour of affliction.

*Resolved*, 2. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that a copy be published in the Collegian.

L. E. PRICE,
F. V. PARK,
E. G. MOHLER, JR.,
Committee.

# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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Frances Park.....Literary Editor
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L. E. Price.....Business Manager
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## EDITORIALS.

**The Demand for College Men.**

At no time has there been a greater demand for college men who have a highly developed moral character as well as mental proficiency. This demand is not confined to any one profession or trade, but in all business and other occupations this requirement must be met. The man seeking a position has not only to give satisfactory credentials as to his fitness, but has also to give proof of moral standing. The demand for men increases with the competency of the individual and his qualifications.

Such being the case, it is a practical question for us to find the means of fitting ourselves for filling such positions as we may desire, and to do this with the best results and advantage to ourselves, we must cultivate at the same time both our moral and intellectual faculties. It is hard to conceive of the one as distinct from the other for both are natural and

essential constituents of the progressive man. Should we desire to cultivate one at the expense of the other, we would find that we were unprepared to cope successfully with the conditions and demands of life. The business or professional man no longer takes in his employ an individual without good references as to ability to fill the position with credit to himself and employer. With the addition of each year, stricter and more thorough is the test you must submit to in order to secure good positions; and when secured, the real test has just begun, for you must now show your ability in executing the orders of your superiors, or in giving directions to those beneath you in position. Should you show aptitude and readiness in grasping the details and nature of your work, together with a high degree of competency in making plans, then advancement and success will reward you for your efforts.

We can find no objections to this system, since it tends to cultivate and encourage honesty and honor among the employes and employers and to place the business world in general upon a higher plane of usefulness and proficiency. At this day, while graft and corruption pervades the most sacred sphere of business relations, if it were not for a counteracting influence, the business world would be thrown into a state of chaos. But with the American people, who have such a high degree of vitality and stored-up energy, and the majority of whom, on all momentous questions decide rightly, it would be hard to conceive of such a disorganized state of affairs. And especially is this true at the present day when the demand is for better men. The business world is continually weeding out the morally weak and supplanting them with stronger characters.

With such a progressive people as we are, with advanced ideas as to government in its broadest sense, the ignorant or unpractical can have no place, but are left to themselves to work out their own ends with but little hope of final success. This applies in a general sense to the college man, but his prospects are far greater in proportion to the uneducated. All college men are not practical, nor are they all intellectually

moral, but their opportunities are grand and their ideals should be correspondingly high. With the advent and increase of denominational colleges and schools with Christian environment and influence, the per-cent. of morally educated men has increased. The weakling is not to be feared, for his influence is infinitesimal; but it is the cunning man whose views are not in accordance with the spirit of right, and when such men turn their energies with hostile intent against the integrity of business obligation, a shock or disturbance is felt in that circle. No less true is it, that the college man should he be educated or instructed in vice or cunning, could exert a great influence for the worse on the average college boy, for the average boy in college is at that age where he is easily influenced for better or worse; but happily these men are in the minority and their proportion is on the decrease.

The increase of this higher class of college graduates and the positions to which they have risen have worked a wonderful change in the social activities of the country, and have caused men to think seriously on these subjects. Their thoughts soon matured, and we now see the results—an increased demand for better men, men of integrity and ability. The railroads refuse to employ drinking men, because drink dulls the mind and drunkenness robs one of responsibility. If we take for granted that these great corporations have no soul, but refuse to employ men who have bad habits because these habits make them less efficient in both mental and physical work, they are not to be criticised, but commended for the steps they have taken.

A man who prepares for his life work, knowing what is required of him before he is qualified to undertake its responsibilities, and fails to meet and master these requirements, works under great disadvantages. The system of education has changed in some respects from what it was, but the same principles and truths must be mastered. Life is too short and time too precious to spend too much time on subjects that will aid you but little or not at all in the great conflict of life. The boy when he enters college should specialize upon

some one subject and give this subject his greatest attention, but in doing this he must not lose sight of his other studies. Let him be thorough with this subject and have an intelligent understanding with others. But in choosing the special subject let your choice be in unison with your profession. The man that devotes his entire time and energy to mastering a subject becomes narrow minded, as he lets his mind dwell only on it without thinking on other and different matters, and should he fail to make a special study of some one thing, he is liable to fall into that class of people who are not able to think intelligently upon any thing, but have a confused idea of many things.

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**The Intercollegiate Contest.**

On Feb. 7th the Faculty appointed Mr. W. A. Williams to represent the college at the State Oratorical Contest to be held in May, at some place not yet made known to the public. Mr. Williams has made a good record as a student and we feel confident that he will make a fine representative and do honor to himself and the institution.

The students as a whole have never failed to back up their man and show their interest on the occasion by giving the college yells with a heartiness and vim that leaves behind no doubt of their sincerity. The students that question our college spirit and patriotism are surprised to see such a display of college pride when the occasion demands it. All we desire is an excursion train and permission from the college, and we will be there **en masse**.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

R. B. CARR, EDITOR.

Mr. J. L. Neill has been appointed by the Faculty to represent the College at the Crystal Springs Chautauqua.

The officers of the Lamar Literary Society for the third term were elected Friday night, February 9: President, J.

W. Frost; Vice-President, L. K. Carlton; Secretary, L. B. Robinson; Treasurer, T. L. Bailey.

Dr. Murrah is very busy at present in raising the endowment fund. So far he has been very successful. He hopes to have raised by Commencement, the amount asked for by the Board of Trustees.

The Y. M. C. A. elected officers Friday night, February 9th, for the following year: O. Backstrom, President; J. R. Bright, Vice-President; J. C. Rousseaux, Secretary; W. F. Murrah, Treasurer.

We have a new student in school now who is attracting much attention. He is a Russian Jew, a Mr. Strom, originally from Odessa, but was forced to leave his home on account of the Russian mobs.

On Friday night, February 18th, the debate between the Galloway and Lamar Societies, will take place. The question is: "RESOLVED, That the United States Congress should have full control of railroad rates." The Galloway debaters are, E. C. McGilvray and R. E. Jackson; the Lamar representatives, Jeff Collins and J. B. Ricketts.

Kantaro Shivi, a young Japanese gave a lecture in the College chapel Friday night, February 3rd. His subject was the "Russo-Japanese War." During his lecture he gave stereoptican views of the principal seaports and battlefields, also of Admiral Togo and his fleet.

Baseball is livening up a little at Millsaps now. A team has been selected with Paul Waugh as captain. To hear Waugh talk one would think his team is going to play the New York Americans. But, no! Conference says the game is entirely too rough for the tender boys.

The most interesting event of the past month was the oratorical contest, February 7th, before the Faculty, between eleven representatives of the Junior and Senior classes. Mr. W. A. Williams, of Sallis, Miss., was selected by the Faculty

to represent the college at the State Oratorical Contest. We are confident that we will win this year, as Mr. Williams is a good speaker as well as an excellent writer. The subject of his speech will be "Graft."

The library continues to be supplied with good reading matter. Recently Professor Walmsley received from Rev. I. L. Peebles a "History of the Plymouth Plantation," by William Bradford. It is a fac simile copy of the old manuscript written in the days of the Plymouth settlement. This is a very valuable as well as interesting book. It is valuable not only on account of its rareness, there being only three copies in the United States, but also from a historical standpoint. In it one may find everything that happened to any of the settlers or to the colony as a whole.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

FRANCES PARK, EDITOR.

### THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.

BY EDITH WHARTON.

So many and varying have been the criticisms on "The House of Mirth" (what irony in the name!) that it is hard to glean from them a true estimate of the weakness or worth of the novel.

It is the tragedy of the life of a New York society girl, Lily Bart. With little or no income and taught by heredity and environment to despise poverty, she comes face to face with the fact that she must marry—money or a man. Her better nature tells her that happiness will not come from the former course; an innate love of luxury and a wavering of purpose prevent the latter.

Desperate over losses at bridge whist, she borrows money from Gus Trenor, the husband of her best friend. A train of evils follow this act—the unjust suspicions of her friends, the loss of an aunt's legacy, and finally ostracism from that "inner

circle" within which she has so long revolved. The personal enmity of Bertha Dorset cost her the loss of a wealthy match.

At last when she realizes that she might have had true happiness in the love of Lawrence Selden, pride will not let her show him she has relented. Misunderstandings arise, and when "he had found the word he meant to say to her," she could neither hear it nor answer with that word she had repeated in her delirium. By mistake she had taken an overdose of chloral.

Gertrude Farish, gentle and full of charity, is alone faithful to Lily. Self-sacrificing and of an altogether lovely character, she at once renounces Selden to the claim of her friend. The author might have given Gerty a much larger place in the story, were she not so fully occupied with the fortunes of the beautiful and fascinating Lily.

Of the heroine's friends in her small "set," not one possessed the qualities of true womanhood or manhood. Bertha Dorset is a heartless unbalanced creature; her husband melancholy and aimless; Gus Trenor is a selfish rascal; his wife, whom Lily at first believed a true friend, a cold schemer; Mrs. Peniston, the aunt, "an insufferable example of brownstone-front respectability"; and the Jew, Rosedale, is kind hearted at times, but fit for no true friendship.

The portrait of Selden, who was not properly of this sphere, is sketched only with light touches. We know simply that he is intelligent, yet worldly; and that he has the essentials of a strong character—worthy of Lily's love.

Our national wealth since the sixties has given us a class who, with the very poor, are non-producers and who have erected false standards in our American life. We know that in this class are those who, like Lily Bart's set, sacrifice all finer and higher qualities to the passion for "keeping up" in the race of display. But for this novel to be hailed as typically American rouses our democratic patriotism, and we applaud the sentiment of the Saturday Evening Post in saying, "We venture to believe that it is not great; to hope that it is not American."

As regards structure, a majority of critics declare Mrs. Wharton's book almost faultless. Harmony of setting and unity throughout the plot hold our attention. Her clear style and true, even strokes never let our interest flag. Especially marked are these characteristics of style in the last chapters.

Fault has been found with the conclusion. Perhaps it is a feeling that Lily should be rewarded for living down the temptation to marry for money, and our sympathy for her pathetic struggles. Yet the conditions of life that separate her from Selden seem to demand some such end. So it is with silent pity and awe that we watch him at her bedside, barely striving to gain some comfort from the thought that "at least he **had** loved her—had been willing to stake his future on his faith in her—and if the moment had been fated to pass from them before they could seize it, he saw now that, for both, it had been saved whole out of the ruin of their lives."

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

W. A. WILLIAMS.

For both mechanical get up and literary excellence the Emory Phoenix stands at the head of our exchanges. In the January number, which may be taken as a fair sample, the departments are well edited and the contributions are good. The name at the head of the exchange department recalls a familiar face and pleasant associations. It is not, however, because we are influenced by former ties and associations that we place Mr. Bowen's department at the head of all our exchanges, but because it belongs there. From the style of his criticisms one may readily understand that he is not striving to organize the exchange departments into a mutual admiration society but at the same time his criticisms are fair, and thorough. The most valuable contribution to this issue is the letter from the Rhodes student at Oxford. This letter, coming from such a source, could not be otherwise than well written, and the information given concerning the English

students at the great university, the comparison of the English students with the students of American colleges, the description of the University life and the general surroundings is interesting and valuable information to the American student. The magazine is especially superior in the amount and quality of its verse. There are quite a number of short poems, all of which are good. Mr. A. T. Hind must be of invaluable service on account of his continued contributions of this nature.

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In the Academian the chief thing worthy of mention is the debate on the negative of the question, "That trusts are a greater menace to America than grafts." The speech is forcible and shows careful study and preparation.

The Hillman Lesbidelian for January is an improvement on the preceding issue. "How Women of Today Give" is an article written in an attactive style and the writer shows a comprehensive knowledge of her subject. "The Lost Diamond" is an interesting short story with a good plot, and is well told.

The Tattler apparently has a limited number of departments or rather it has no departments; it seems to be run on a different plan from the majority of college magazines. To say this, however, is not to imply that the magazine is inferior, the contributions are excellent. "The New Year" is creditable verse, and the stories are superior to any we have read in college publications. "As is the Way of a Maid with a Soldier," while a love story, is admirably handled, and will compare favorably with the stories of our national magazines.

"Uncle Remus at Randolph-Macon" is an excellent short story written as the title would suggest in the negro dialect, about animals.

In the Oracle the contribution most worthy of attention is the oration, "The Demand of the Times." The orator devotes himself to an exposition of the evils of the day and appeals for reform.

The name of the managing editor of the Columbia Collegian, had it no other attractions, would make it welcome at this institution. It departs from the rule of college magazines in having members of the Faculty on the staff. We suppose that this is absolutely necessary to the existence of the magazine and therefore shall offer no criticism. The editorials are thoughtful and well written, and the locals are spicy and well gotten up.

## Clippings.

REJECTED.

Unto the charnal Hall of Fame
The dead alone should go;
Then write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allen Poe.

—Georgetown College Journal.

BACK NUMBERS.

The bald headed man in his family pew,
Leaned back on the cushions and slumbered,
And he dreamed that the preacher these words had proclaimed,
"The hairs of your head are all numbered."

The bald headed man awoke with a start
From his weekly devotional slumbers,
Then he sank on his knees and fervently prayed,
"Oh, Lord, send me down the back numbers!" —Ex.

APPLIED MATH.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right,
What time did that Sophomore leave the house
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went his way
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came in her bright blue eye,
And her dimples brighter grew;
" 'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two." —Ex.

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Miss Sweetness—"Oh, Mr. Nocoin, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses. How fresh they are! I do believe that there is a little dew on them yet."

Mr. Nocoin—"Well—yes—there is; but I will pay it tomorrow."—Ex.

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"There's one thing about you, my pretty maid,
That I'd like if it were no harm."
"Do tell me what 'tis, kind sir," she said,
And he softly responded: "My arm."—Ex.

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Umpire—"Foul."
Freshie—"Where are the feathers?"
Umpire—"This is a picked team, you idiot."—Ex.

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"A night of cram,
An angry Prof.
A tough exam.,
A busted Soph."

—Ex.

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Mary had a little lamb,
'Twas good beyond all question;
But then she went and had some more,
And then had indigestion."—Ex.

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Lemuel—"Paw, what is a talking machine made of?"
Father—"Well, the first one was made out of a rib."—Ex.

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We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following January magazines: Emory Phoenix, Castle Heights Herald, The Olive and Blue, The Reveille, Blue Mountain College Mag-

azine, The Academy Girl, Mississippi College Magazine, The Spectator, Monroe College Monthly, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Review and Bulletin, the College Reflector, The Tattler, Ouachita Ripples, The Andrew College Journal, The High School Banner, The Columbia Collegian, The Hillman Lesbidelian, The Whitworth Clionian, University of Mississippi Magazine, The Oracle, The Academian.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

E. C. McGILVRAY, EDITOR.

Expediency is a guide suitable to promote any desired end. This motto has characterized every advance taken by the college. For the first three or four years we had no collegian; but when the time was ripe, the two literary societies took in hand the publication of the COLLEGIAN, which needed some support in its infancy. But this subject was necessary only for a short time, for it was soon found that with the cooperation of the students at large that the COLLEGIAN could go without further security being given by the societies. The magazine has been a reasonable success. And, as the opportunity grew, the Faculty and students two years ago, at the suggestion of Prof. D. H. Bishop, planned for the publication of a college annual. Though Prof. Bishop was not with us last year to see his plans accomplished, the students got out an annual that compares with credit to any other of its kind. This year we are planning for an annual with not less than one hundred and sixty pages. All of the advances made by the college has been timely and good. The Law Department was established after the college had been running for some years. With advancements on every hand it behooves the alumni to make some showing.

What prevents the alumni meeting at Commencement from being one of the most interesting features of that occasion? It can not be for the lack of a sufficient number of graduates to take part in the program. This was a reasonable

excuse until now; for our alumni is young and have not had time to mature. But as our graduates are old enough and large enough, ought we not make the alumni meeting what it ought to be? Last year there were not in all over fifty people at the alumni meeting, and the meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. The Association succeeds in holding its meeting at every Commencement, but the meetings are not interesting to the members of the Association, much less to the public. This should not be the case. It should be attractive to its members and interesting to the public. It should have an hour for its program, and should have on that program some of the strongest men of the Association. Other institutions of no larger nor higher standing than ours has made this one of the most prominent features of the Commencement exercises. Then can we afford to be surpassed by every other feature of our own college, and by the alumni of other institutions? Now is the time to begin to plan for larger things. Let us strike while the iron is hot; for it is left with the alumni and not with the students. It is purely a matter in the hands of the alumni. Even the Faculty assumes no authority over it. If the alumni association would arrange to have their program come out in the Commencement invitations, and each member take personal interest in the Association, the Association would soon stimulate an interest that would make it a success. Let us see to it, that the alumni meeting at the next Commencement is better attended, and in fact better in all respects.

Mr. B. C. Eaton, 1901, of Laurel, Miss., was a pleasant visitor on the campus last Friday night. Barney made distinction while in College and is taking high rank as a lawyer now. Mr. Eaton has been a success as a student, as a teacher, and as logical and forceful lawyer. Above all, he has won the hand of an accomplished young lady of Memphis. Barney will draw an audience at the meeting of the alumni.

We were glad to find this write-up for one of our boys in the Monroe papers: "Dr Dillard of Tulane spent an hour going through the city school yesterday during his stay in

Monroe. He was especially pleased with the science work, and asked that copies of the 'Laboratory Manual' gotten out by the class under their teacher, Prof. Pittman, be sent to Tulane University for inspection. The class has just completed its work in Zoology and will take up Botany. In this class complimented by the Dean, are Misses Iris Newton, Clara Wetzel, Clara Goodson, Daisy Strong, Olivette Broadway, Mabel James, Addie Gladden, Ed Terry and Travis Oliver."

"Monroe and Homer are the only two cities in the State possessing a complete laboratory. Shreveport has one but it is incomplete as yet and cannot turn out as high grade work as Monroe."

Dr. Dillard said that it was a pleasure and an inspiration to him to see the kind of building in which the Monroe children are taught to witness the kind of work going forward in that institution?"

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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

Vol. 8. Jackson, Miss., March, 1906. No. 4.

### COMMENCEMENT DEBATE, 1905.

RESOLVED, That a flexible constitution such as that of England would be preferable to our rigid one.

The term, good government, is relative. What is excellent for one people may be disastrous for another. For enlightened England or America, nothing surpasses democracy; for the ignorant Turk nothing could be more demoralizing. So, while the question from the wording may mean that a flexible constitution such as England's would be preferable for any and all countries, as well as it may mean that the flexible constitution would be preferable to our rigid one for America only (since the first interpretation would involve a discussion of the character of every nationality on the globe), we are compelled, if we discuss the question with any satisfaction to ourselves or to you, to argue from the latter interpretation. Therefore, I shall endeavor to define the flexibility and rigidity of the two constitutions, to discuss the temperament of the people for which each is preferable and to show that the temperament of the American people is best suited for working the flexible constitution.

The flexibility of the English constitution lies in the sovereignty of Parliament, and since the Commons are ultimately supreme, the sovereignty of Parliament may be modified to the expression, the sovereignty of the House of Commons. The Lords are no longer co-equal and at some point must yield. The veto power has long since slipped from the hands of the monarch and were Edward's death warrant sent him by Parliament, he would have no alternative but to sign it. Though a monarchy in name, England is the most democratic of nations. The Commons, the direct representatives of the people, are omnipotent. When acting in harmony with the will of the people, no power can stay their course. They can abolish the throne and the House of Lords, and so long as

England retains a throne and a House of Lords, we may conclude that it is the wish of the people that they be retained.

This is all that need be said of the English constitution. We believe that it approaches perfection more nearly than any other polity but whether it be perfect or very imperfect does not enter largely into the discussion. Because it is as nearly perfect as a majority wish it, and when a majority think that a change will be beneficial they can make the change immediately. Neither does the condition of English local government affect the discussion. The question deals with the national constitutions only and our nation might have a flexible constitution and the states retain their rigid ones.

The rigidity of our own constitution lies, first in the non-sovereignty of any single branch of government, in the non sovereignty of all branches combined, and at times because of the difficulty of amendment, in the non-sovereignty of the people themselves. The election of our president, senators and representatives, either directly or indirectly, by the people does not insure the harmonious working of the three branches. Any important measure to become a law must be incorporated in the policy of one of the great parties. And against a majority of the important measures in the policy of one party, the other party is arrayed in opposition. Not infrequently it occurs that the democrats have a majority in the House of Representatives, while the republicans control the Senate. Neither party can have what it wishes, but contents itself with thwarting the other, while the ship of state can pursue no steady course, but merely turns round in the water. The refusal of the Senate a few months ago to pass the bill providing for government regulation of extortionate railroad rates furnishes an example of lack of harmony between the two houses, even when both were controlled by the same party.

The rigidity of our Constitution lies, secondly in the restrictions placed upon Congress. A limited number of

topics is enumerated upon which Congress is empowered to legislate, and powers not granted to Congress are reserved for the states. And this restriction is one of vital import. There have been tremendous changes since the birth of the Constitution. The states which at first were paramount have grown less and less, and the nation more and more. The subjects upon which Congress can legislate, while they were sufficient for the youthful republic, have become inadequate for the expanded nation of today. Already a number of questions have arisen which Congress alone can successfully manage. The tendency of all federal systems, says Mr. Woodrow Wilson, is to drift into the unitarian government; centralization is already our national policy, and the more this becomes true, the broader should be the field of legislation for Congress. That the same man may be a law-abiding citizen in Iowa and a bigamist in South Carolina is illustrative proof that Congress before now should have controlled divorce laws. The recent struggle between Kansas and the Standard Oil Company proves that a state is unable to cope with the great corporations.

One might naturally but erroneously consider the restrictions placed upon Congress as a species of rigidity to which there can be little objection. For if new and imperative questions arise, upon which Congress is not empowered to act, the door of the Constitution has been left open and two-thirds of both Houses of Congress and the Legislatures of three-fourths of the states may amend it and give Congress the necessary power. This is true in theory; in practice it is no more true than another theory we have—that the president is chosen by a select few, the state electors. It is indeed lamentable that the representative bodies of the nation cannot act harmoniously in passing amendments, when it is obvious to all that the amendments are needed. But it is a fault of human nature and exists in us no more than in other peoples. It is natural for bodies of men to wrangle. Even in ordinary legislation, a measure rarely passes through both houses without being different when

it leaves the second from what it was when it left the first. This trouble is aggravated thirty-five times in passing a constitutional amendment. Two houses of congress and the legislatures of thirty-four states, because of the perversity and disputatiousness of bodies of men, will almost never, agree. Party organizations which increase the rigidity in ordinary legislation tend also to make the constitution more difficult to amend. A party amendment cannot be successful because neither party controls three-fourths of the states. An amendment that is not a party amendment must depend upon the efforts of all. And falling under the head of everybody's business, it becomes nobody's business and fails. The fact that there have been so few amendments indicates the difficulty. There are but two deserving the name. The first ten came immediately after and are really a part of the original draft. The last three came when the country had been torn with civil war and were really forced upon a conquered people. Notwithstanding the value of the eleventh and the pressing need of it, it was nearly three years being adopted. The people today are desirous of electing their United States Senators; the House of Representatives have almost unanimously proposed such an amendment; but the Senate prefer not to be elected by the people, and the amendment has never reached a state legislature. There is another method of amendment, but as it is even more impracticable than the one mentioned and has never been used, it needs no discussion.

By the theory of our constitution the people are sovereign. But it is not always true. In the election of sentators and in other cases where the people wish to alter the constitution but because of the difficult mode of amendment they are three years in making the alteration or fail to make it at all, then for those three years or whatever length of time it takes to make the change, the people are not sovereign, or rather it is the dead people of 1787 who are sovereign and not the living people of 1905. A free people should have their destiny in their own hands, upon questions which directly concern the people, as for example, the income tax law, the discussion

should be among the people or among the people's representatives, upon the merits and expediency of the measure at hand, and not among seven or nine men as to the meaning of a passage that was written a century before.

Whether it is better for a people to possess a constitution that provides for swift legislation and can itself be as swiftly changed, whether it is better for the people to be able to execute their wishes swiftly through their chosen representatives; or whether it is better to have a constitution that provides checks, and restrains the people against themselves, and can itself be changed only with extreme difficulty; in other words, whether it is better to have a flexible or rigid constitution depends upon the chartacer and intelligence of the people in question. If a people are ignorant, if they have little genius for politics, if they are of an impetuous and radical nature, likely to form hasty and rash conclusions, if there is danger that they will take a step that will seriously impair the welfare of the state—a step which they themselves will afterward regret—it is well that such a people should be restrained against themselves and they should have a constitution that abounds in checks and safe-guards. But for an enlightened people, who possess a genius for politics, a people not given to hasty and radical movements, and who, when acting upon measures that vitally concern the state, do so only after due deliberation—such a people need no restraining against themselves and for them rigid checks are not only unnecessary but harmful.

Since the English are conceded to be such a people, there is no question as to the constitution best suited for them. We contend that Americans are also conservative and equally as capable of deciding upon all questions that may arise. In all steps that have been taken in which the welfare of the nation was involved the common sense of our people has always prevailed. Those measures which would have endangered the republic, the people themselves have killed, and they have urged their representatives to take those important steps that have been taken only after due considera-

tion. The war with Spain was not demanded in a moment of excitement because Spanish authorities were suspected of wrecking the Maine; but the people demanded it after they had grown weary of watching the oppression of Cuba and they had already reached their conclusions before the Maine was anchored in Havana harbor. The strong sentiment today against combines and trusts and the demand for their regulation is not an opinion the people have formed in a few weeks stirred by demagogues and low-bred politicians, but it is a sentiment that has been years in developing and has its roots deep in the minds of the people. In 1896 when the people were suffering from a great business depression and a most brilliant orator declared throughout the country that free silver would restore prosperity, many of the great business men feared the result. But when the issue was tested, the majority against the radical movement was the greatest, until that time, ever polled in a presidential election. It is a custom of some to despise the ability of the masses of our people; they say that the people are not always right. But the history of our country bears out rather the statement of him who said, "The people are seldom wrong." The Americans have shown a genius for politics scarcely equalled by any other people. This is why the merits of the constitutions cannot be determined by comparing the prosperity of the two nations. For the prosperity of a government depends more upon the merits of the people who work the constitution than upon the constitution itself. Would any people not having a genius for politics have settled the disputed election of Hayes and Tilden as judiciously as did the Americans? (But it is useless to multiply examples along this line.) The genius of Americans for politics has excited the admiration of other countries. Mr. Bryce, the greatest perhaps of modern English statesmen, says: "The American people have a practical aptitude for politics, a clearness of vision and a capacity for self-control never equalled by any other nation." Commenting further, he says: "The American people can work any constitution. The danger for them is that their reliance

on their skill and their star may make them heedless of the faults of their political machinery, slow to devise improvements which are best applied in quiet times."

Let us suppose for argument's sake that America is radical. We have admitted that for an ignorant radical people the rigid constitution is best. But for an enlightened people, even though they be radical, we hold that a flexible constitution is preferable. Because a constitution like the English among an enlightened people tends to produce conservatism. It tends to produce conservatism because it throws responsibility directly and undisguisedly upon the people, and the people's representatives, and responsibility ever begets a thoughtful and sober temperament. That responsibility might at first confuse an enlightened people does not argue against throwing responsibility upon them. "If a man is brought from a dungeon, the light blinds him; but the remedy is not to remand him to the dungeon, but to let him grow accustomed to the light." So the remedy for a radical people is not to remove power from them, but to let them grow accustomed to its use.

In reality we are already making our constitution as flexible as any of earth. But we are doing it in a way that is alarming to those who have seen the evils of such a course in the history of other peoples. We are making it flexible by overriding and disregarding it. The supreme court may by distorted interpretations make legal, measures that are unconstitutional. But view the matter as we may, we cannot deny that the supreme judges have interpreted the constitution to mean that which the framers of it never intended it should mean. The first clause of the eighth section which in the judgment of all candid men, and which Jefferson expressly said, gives Congress power to lay and collect duties and imposts **in order** that it may promote the general welfare, has been construed by the court to mean that Congress shall have power to do anything that in the judgment of the court will promote the general welfare. If this be true, no constitution can be more flexible than our own. For by this distorted

interpretation, any legislation may be pronounced constitutional. By this method, it makes no difference whether the constitution be easy or difficult to amend, for the constitution will never need amending. But the danger of such a method is obvious. This judge-made welfare clause already conflicts with the restrictions on congressional legislation and as conditions change it must conflict more. As a result, the American people—acknowledged the most law-revering people on earth—will behold the supreme law of the land over-ridden in place after place. And when they see their supreme law violated, they will lose their respect not only for that law, but for all law. They will come to regard law as something to be obeyed when it pleases, as something to be violated when it thwarts them.

This over-riding of our constitution has already led to a lack of respect for it which is clearly visible in our statesmen today. Three years ago, Senator Beveridge declared in the Senate, that "The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution have had their day and served their purpose. The Declaration is now a lot of glittering generalities, and the constitution has become the swaddling clothes of the nation." True, few—perhaps, none—of his colleagues approved of so sweeping and radical an assertion. But that he was permitted to retain his seat in the senate after such an utterance concerning the constitution he had sworn to defend, shows a marked decline in the reverence with which it was formerly held. Fifty years ago, he would have been impeached.

Then at last we are confronted by this dilemma: our constitution so restrains action of Congress that there is no question of a need of greater freedom. We must either stay cramped within the narrow bounds of constitutional limitations, or break these bounds, In either case what is the remedy?

In conclusion, we have proved that our own constitution is too rigid. That conditions change and no set of laws can stand for all ages and all conditions. That at times it is necessary to change swiftly, and at such times we must suffer from delay on account of the difficulty of amendment, or the con-

stitution must be over-ridden and that the over-riding of the supreme law will lead to a disregard for all law. We have shown also that under a rigid constitution like our own the people are not always sovereign because of the difficulty of changing laws that were made a long time before. We have shown by definition that the English constitution may be changed as swiftly as conditions may demand; and supplementary to this, we have shown that Americans are a people having a genius for politics, and that they are less likely to suffer from taking a hasty and rash step than they are to suffer from the delay caused by changing a rigid constitution; we have shown that a flexible constitution like the English tends to produce conservatism; we have shown that the flexible constitution of England is more democratic than our own, because under it the people may accomplish quickly what seems best for them and are not delayed by men who lived generations before and who could not foresee all the conditions that must arise. Therefore, we hold that a flexible constitution such as that of England would be preferable to our rigid one.

(Second on Affirmative.) W A. Williams.

✦✦✦✦

## ANOTHER USE OF COTTON.

June first was a bright day. The sun in glorious splendor had arisen and the birds were singing their wonted songs. Despite the congenial atmosphere there was no little sickness on the college campus. Already could be seen groups of fellows lying under the trees and undergoing the last stages of Spring fever; for the last examination would be held at noon and then would come Commencement on the next day. But this Spring fever, although it created laziness, was, nevertheless, the means of begetting the plot of this story. Then we must remember that sickness does not always disable; they say that Scott wrote often while he was suffering much—however, not with Spring fever.

Let us especially notice a group of fellows under a hickory

tree. They seem to have found a panacea for their ailment, —for they are talking eagerly, yet now and then low laughter can be heard, and sleepy eyes once again sparkle, as a fellow slaps a friend on the shoulder.

"We'll take him down tonight," says Nick Broomfield, always ready to play a trick on some one who needed it.

"Good, Nick, and you be sure to put that cotton in your pocket!" replied Jack Marshall, a big, square-shouldered football player.

The bell rang and students began pouring into the class rooms to take the final examination which would last from two until five o'clock in the afternoon. This, of course, caused our group to scatter, and soon they were all hard at work.

Jim Larney had always been what the fellows call "scary." He was of low stature and was rather heavy for his height. It was easy to see that his was of a nervous disposition. When he spoke in reciting or conversing, his eye-lids would blink incessantly. For him to stay in a room at night-by himself was a thing that he could not endure. And when he went down in town to see his girl, it was always with someone whom he could trust.

The hours passed away and the examination was over. One by one the fellows had come out and some of those who came first were less fortunate than those who came last. Marshall and Larney came out last, and the former slapped the latter on the back and said: "Say, old man, let's go to town tonight. You haven't seen your girl in a long time. Some of the other fellows want to go also."

"Just the ticket, Marshall," said Larney. "She told me to bring a crowd of you fellows along and she would have a crowd of girls. We'll go on the car and walk back; what do you say?"

"What suits you tickles me to death," was Marshall's answer, and he further said, looking grave, "but remember this, old man, when we get to the cemetery, you must pull your hat down over your eyes. Before that, by all means

keep your hat upon the back of your head! This will be the law of our company tonight."

It was a merry scene in which our group of fellows mingled that night. It was in a spacious parlor in town, and a number of the town girls were entertaining the college boys. Marshall and Broomfield and Larney with their friends were enjoying the evening. Larney never once though of the long cemetery through which he must pass on his way back to the dormitory; he knew that he was with his crowd, and he trusted them. Nor did his crowd forget the purpose of the evening, as was evident to any close observer who could see something unusual in the laughter that was not produced by the games of the evening, and in the un-called-for nudges given by the boys to each other.

The time came to go. Larney and his college friends bade their fairer friends a good night and departed. The word was again remembered and spoken, that all in the crowd should keep their hats on the back of their heads until they should reach the cemetery, when they should one and all pull their hats over their eyes and quicken their pace.

The white stones were visible in the pale moonlight ahead, and Larney walked closer to Marshall. All laughing and talking in the crowd had ceased, and the boys became silent and sober as they approached the city of the dead.

The grave-yard had been entered. The boys had pulled their hats over their eyes and begun to walk faster. But Larney's hat was still on the back of his head; he had either disregarded the watchword or forgotten it. When the boys glanced at him, they saw him trying to look fearless, but they also saw his eyelids blinking. They knew that if he did not pull his hat over his eyes, their purpose would be defeated. They began to be impatient. At length, while they were entering the middle of the grave-yard, Marshall thought of a plan. In hasty words he cried, "Behind the stones, each one of you!" Immediately the crowd scattered. Larney stood in the middle of the walk not knowing what to do. He was scared now sure enough. As was natural his

hand went up to steady his hat which was fast moving from its position. He gave up the idea of trying to look bold and pulled his hat down over his eyes. He had decided to run. But as he pulled his hat over his eyes, there loomed up before him a great white monster! He turned to run the other way, but lo, it was again confronting him! Backward and forward, this way and that, he would try to go, but each time this monster would float before him! He determined to get away from it or die in the attempt. He threw off his coat upon the ground; he grabbed his hat and threw it upon the ground—then he saw the white monster no more. But out of the cemetery he ran as hard as he could.

At midnight the mischief was over and silence reigned amid the old grave stones. The next morning the college boys were still sleeping when the sexton, while taking his morning walk, found a coat, and a little farther on, a hat with a wad of cotton pinned underneath the front part of the brim.

CUDE.

## A MIDNIGHT FEAST.

Twelve loud, long strokes of the hall clock broke the silence of the corridors; simultaneously doors opened noiselessly and silent figures glided to the staircase and went swiftly up. The door of the little French teacher's room had opened also and she stood irresolute; from the opposite side of the hall a tall, dignified figure came quickly to her side, firmly grasped her arm, and led her up the stairs after the phantom-like forms. Swiftly they went up stair-case after stair-case until they stood before the door of a small, vacant room; cautiously the door was opened and they filed in and then, as if by common consent, all began to whisper.

At first the little French teacher was nervous and ill at ease, but she was young and had not forgotten her school-girl frolics, and soon the gay girlish merriment banished every scruple of the impropriety of her presence at a mid-night feast of the Senior class.

An old wardrobe stood in the corner and from its depths odd shaped, brown paper packages were brought forth.

"Where are the olives?" suddenly asked Louise. "I am sure I saw Ethel bring them up."

"O, I left them on my table," answered Ethel, "and my room is way down on the first floor next to Miss Smith's."

"I can get them without any trouble," said Mabel, and was gone before any one could protest.

Newspapers were spread on the floor and the work of spreading the feast began. Salmon cans, sardine boxes, pickle jars were laboriously opened by means of pocket knives; olives were fished out with hat pins, and crackers and fruits were scattered lavishly over the board; at last everything was ready and everyone prepared to enjoy it to the fullest extent. But suddenly foot-falls were heard; they drew nearer, and nearer; the little French teacher's face grew deathly pale—what if she should be caught!

"Get in the wardrobe," whispered Louise; no sooner said than done; the door was shut and all candles blown out. The steps were coming up the stair; they paused at the head of the last flight, then came slowly on; a hand was placed on the door-knob, it turned, it was given a vigorous shake, but yielded not an inch. The girls, who had expected the door to fly open and the wrathful face of the matron to peer at them in the dim light, were much astonished that the door did not open. After another angry shake the hand was removed from the door, the footsteps retreated down the hall and died away into the distance; for a full three minutes not a word was said; then some one sighed deeply and whispered:

"Why on earth didn't that door open; are we locked in?"

"I guess so," said Mabel. "When I came back with the olives I bolted the door, because I thought if Miss Smith did try the door and find it locked she would think nothing of it, this being a vacant room."

"You saved us," said several as the candles were lighted and the feast began again.

"Girls, do let me out," came a smothered voice from the wardrobe.

"How could we have forgotten her," said Louise as she hastened to open the door, but it stuck fast and it took the combined efforts of the girls to get it opened.

"If ever I get forgiveness for this, I promise you will never see me at another mid-night feast," she panted.

The teachers at the Senior table wondered why the girls had no appetite for breakfast the next morning; but the little French teacher smiled knowingly, and whispered to the nearest senior: "The night-mares I had about being shut into dark cells and seeing little fish snapping at me were enough to turn one grey."

—S.

## A TRAMP'S VIEW OF OUR SOCIAL ORGANIZATION.

A few years since one, of the young professors of Sociology in Princeton University spent his summer vacation in trying to live the life of a tramp, and afterwards collected his experiences into a small book.

One is struck in reading this book, *A Day with a Tramp*, with the marked and yet seemingly correct distinction between country and city life. In the city the supply of labor is greater than the demand, while in the country the conditions are reversed. The whole cry in the country is more laborers, more work, and higher prices for raw products. The people are absorbed in the problem of obtaining sufficient help to till the farms and to harvest the crops after they have been made.

This demand for more laborers has caused the country people to appreciate their fellows more, and has opened the way for a higher social development of the *socius*. The country shows more signs of development of the consciousness of kind than the city. But in saying this, it should be remembered that the conditions for the development of the *socius* in the city has some advantages in the way of ed-

ucation and rapid communication, and that the city has in many respects outstripped the country in its developement, but it is lacking in the fundamental principle of brotherhood which must be at the basis of all forms of social organization. For without fraternity there can be no permanence in social progress.

In the city the social constitution is so rigidly formed and so unyielding that it becomes coercive, and retards the development which, from the natural advantages of the cities, ought to be attained. For "the forms of social organization, whether political or otherwise, in their relation to the individual, are necessarily coercive if, in their membership, there is great diversity of kind and great inequality."

This condition is more noticeable in the cities than in the country. There is a more fraternal feeling existing among country people than among the people of the city. No country man is ever so busy with his farm but that he is willing to meet a stranger and hear what he has to say. The country folk speak to the passing stranger who passes by unnoticed in the city. This readiness to communicate with any and all people tends to educate the lower class, and to elevate them to a higher social position. With this growing mental and moral equality of the people, the country's developement, socially, seems to be more enduring and stable. For "the institutions or other forms of social organization can be liberal, conceding the utmost freedom to the individual if, in the population, there is fraternity and back of fraternity, an approximate mental and moral equality."

The city people have more sympathetic and formal like-mindedness which seems to predominate over rational like-mindedness.

The failure in social organizations of any kind is due largely to the inability to appreciate the other man's position. Under such conditions like-mindedness can never exist. It seems that the man in *A Day with a Tramp* came as near learning to appreciate the other man's position as any one could; but there seems to have been all the while in his mind

a consciousness that he could better his condition by finding other work to do. The common laborer knows how to do only one or two kinds of work and has but little adaptibility to learn to do anything else. So it was impossible for the man to live in the universe of the tramp from a mental and spiritual point of view. He shared in a perfect way with the tramp in his physical troubles, but this was of minor importance when compared with the mental and spiritual part of the beggar's nature. This failure to understand and inability to sympathize is the one great barrier to all social progress.

Communities are prevented from developing their social institutions more by the lack of a mental and moral equality than by a lack of fraternity. These elements all go to make up like-mindedness, and if a community is without any one of these, it falls short of true like-mindedness, the primary factor in all social organization, and it can never exist as it should without an equally developed mental, moral and fraternal sense or feeling among its components. Upon the whole our nation is developing its social institutions; but some sections are in better condition to make permanent and lasting development than others. Though the cities have made more progress, the country population with its fraternal feeling and readiness to sympathize shows more signs of permanent social development. The west, with its dominant spirit of democracy and its newly developed institutions, is open to a much more satisfactory social evolution than any other section of our country. It has the same opportunity here that it has always had to profit by the mistakes of the east and northeast. So the west in developing its natural resources, has an opportunity to develop its social institutions in an ideal way. This advantage is due principally to the equal development of the three requisites, the fraternal, the moral and the mental—all of which make up like-mindedness.

E. C. McGilvray.

## DUMMY.

It was on the fourteenth day of September, nineteen hundred, that I first started off to college. I had no idea what college life was and what it meant. I had kissed the home-folks good-bye, and was on the train which would carry me a thousand miles from home to a college I knew nothing about.

When I entered the sleeper I noticed an old man sitting in the place which was saved for me. I sat down by him, and soon engaged in conversation with him. He told me his name was Andrew Howard, and that he was going to New York to see his son-in-law. He asked me if I were going to school, and to what place. After I told him that I was on my way to school and that I was going to Williamsburg, Va., he said that he wanted to tell me a story about his college life. The weather was very warm, so we went to the rear end of the sleeper. After rolling some "Cut plug" in the palm of his hand, he filled his old cob pipe and lighted it. He pulled his chair up close to mine and started his story:

"Just forty years ago tonight I was on my way to the same college that you are going to now. There were no railroads then; at least there were none through this section of the country. So my father, mother and sister were traveling in a cloth covered wagon. My father had bought a tract of land forty miles north of Williamsburg, and was moving his family there so as to be close to a school for his children. We traveled all day and part of the night for thirty-eight days before we reached Williamsburg. School had already opened; so my father stayed with me three days to get me started, and then went to his future home near a village called Cloth.

"Before I left home I slipped grandpa's old horse pistol in my box with some powder and caps. I didn't need it, but I thought it would be safer if one in the family carried a gun on such a journey. I had been at school about two weeks when several boys came around and said that they

had been appointed by the secret order of 'Hyenas' to 'buck' all 'rats' or new boys that came to college. Well I always have had a high temper, and when they told me to strip off and take twenty-five licks with a chestnut paddle, I grew wild with rage and said that I would not take it. They told me that I had better take it without any trouble, or it would be twice as hard. About that time I thought about the old horse pistol, and told them to get out or there would be trouble. They thought that I was joking until I threw that old cannon-mouth pistol in their faces. They fairly flew down the steps; didn't take time to close the door.

"Next morning I found a note tacked upon my door saying that the 'Hyenas' would attend to me the next night. That made me madder than ever, so I stayed in my room all day waiting for them. About 8 o'clock some one knocked on my door and I asked, 'Who's there?' They said, 'Hyenas.' I said that the first 'Hyena' that put his head in that door would get shot. I stood over in one corner with the pistol. They didn't come in at first, but after a little the door opened and a man came in. I fired and he dropped. I loaded my gun and waited for another, but no other came. I went over to examine my dead man, and found that it was a 'dummy.' I felt better after I found out that I had shot a 'dummy' instead of a man.

"The 'Hyenas' didn't try to 'buck' me any more after that night, but they always tried to get even with me for shooting the 'dummy'. They all called me 'dummy' as long as I was there, and that reminds me I got a postal the other day addressed to 'dummy' from an old school-mate of mine who lives in Italy.

"It is getting late, so we had better retire. I wanted to tell you this tale so you can tell Professor Martin that you saw the man who shot the 'dummy'; he will know all about it."

J. B. Catching.

## THE RUBY RING.

It was just twilight and that strange lull which always comes at that hour was over all; in a little old-fashioned sitting room an old lady sat before the fire lost in reverie; her sad grey eyes had a dreamy look as though she were living again the days of the long ago.

"Well, dearie, you are late tonight," she said as a slender young girl entered the room. "Did you almost forget to come?"

"Forget to come!" echoed Lois. "No indeed! I had to help father for awhile, and have just finished. You know I love this bour better than any other in the day."

"I am glad you do," said her aunt, "it is dearest to me also."

Lois took her accustomed seat on the low stool, and as her aunt looked into the fair young face, around which the auburn curls clustered almost childishly, she sighed.

"Lois," she said, "this is the night of your eighteenth birth-day, and I am going to tell you a story. Do you care to hear a sad one tonight?"

"Yes, please," said Lois. "I am always ready to hear your stories."

Her aunt arose and took a small velvet case from her desk, and returning to her place, she began:

"It is a long, long time since I was eighteen. We were living about fifteen miles from a settlement, and it was very lonely, but the autumn before I had met Robert Leigh at my cousin's, and since then he had been a frequent visitor at our home. He was there on my eighteenth birth-day, and as we sat together in the moonlight we were engaged, and he placed this ring on my finger; it was an heirloom in his family and highly pr ized."

She opened the case and showed Lois a large ruby in a richly wrought setting.

"We parted, each thinking of the bright, golden future before us, little dreaming what sudden blight would come

to chill our rapture. About midnight a loud ring at the door bell echoed through the silent house, excited voices were heard at the door, and in a moment the house was in confusion. My hands trembled so I could scarcely dress. At last, when I hurried into the hall, father told me that a band of hostile Indians were coming towards our home from the north.

"In a short time the carriage was at the door and we were ready to start; John drove and father and the boys rode horseback. I shall never forget that ride. We went through the thick woods; not a sound could be heard save the low murmuring of the night breeze through tbe tree tops, and the far-away call of the whip-poor-will. The moon hung low in the clear blue sky, and filled the woods with its wierd light. I watched so closely to see a tall Indian spring from the shadows that the whole woods seemed filled with dusky forms.

"At sunrise we reached the settlement in safety, and at noon a hunter who lived near us came in and said the Indians had burned our house and were camping on the grounds. The Governor of the settlement was an old friend of my father's, and he offered him a position in one of the settlements on the banks of the Mississippi. Father accepted this offer, and we set off immediately on our long journey.

"Our departure had been so hasty and unlooked for that I had not been able to send my lover a message, not knowing where he was. I have not seen him since."

The soft voice ceased, and as Lois looked into the gentle face above her a tear rolled down the furrowed cheek and fell on the ruby, making it gleam brighter than before.

"Lois," she said, "I am going to give you this ring, because I love you better than any one else, and I know you will keep it sacred."

She placed the ring on Lois' finger, and Lois rose, kissed her and left the room.

Almost two years had passed since that evening. It was a bright Sunday morning and Lois sat in the little country church so busy with her own thoughts that she did not notice

the dark haired young man who had entered the same pew. She moved to make room for her aunt who was just coming in, and dropped her glove. The stranger picked it up, and as he went to hand it to her his eyes fell on the old ring she wore; he started and said:

"I beg your pardon, but did that ring once befong to Miss Lois Gordon?"

"Yes," answered Lois, much surprised, "it was hers."

The young man took a card from his pocket and handed it to her; on it was the name, "Robert Leigh, Jr."

At the close of the service she introduced him to her aunt, who invited him to dinner. He went with them, and as they sat together on the cool porch he told them the story his father had told him just before his death; how he had searched for his lost swweetheart many years, and finally despairing of ever finding her, he bad married another. He told him of the ruby ring, and that was why he had recognized it so quickly.

Robert Leigh, Jr., was often at their home after that, and it was no great wonder that Cupid found a mark for his arrow ere many months had passed.

—I.

## IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, We have been brought to lament the death of a class-mate, Robert P. Jordan, which sad event occurred on February 22, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, 1st, That we, the Freshman Class, while bowing in submission to God's will in this matter, hereby express our admiration of the worthy traits of character of the one taken from us.

RESOLVED 2nd, We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family so deeply bereaved by his death.

RESOLVED, 3rd, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that a copy be published in the COLLEGIAN.

M. I. MOORE,
W. F. HOLMES,
W. A. WELCH,
J. B. HUDDLESTON,
Committee.

# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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J. A. Baker.....Editor-in-Chief
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## EDITORIALS.

**Athletics.** How foreign is the word, and how inadequate to express the true nature of outdoor sport! But when the term is restricted in its application, how limited must be the real opportunities! The name, athletics, recalls to our mind an interesting and bright past, but we can neither see nor conscientiously predict a future as bright and instructive in athletics. Some may censure us and rightly too, for not taking more interest in campus sports, but how can we work to the best advantage when we have no athletic grounds?

A few years ago the College authorities forbade our playing inter-collegiate games, and we submitted as best we could. They told us to play among ourselves, but not even to entertain the idea of playing with other colleges. It was a hard blow to our spirits to sacrifice such pleasure, but we took it philosophically and applied ourselves to our studies with

unabated zeal. Since inter-collegiate games have been taken from us, little interest has been taken in athletics. The reason is plain and logical; we have no grounds to play on. Since the College was founded we have played baseball on private property. The erection of houses on the old ball ground has forced us to hunt for another place. We have plenty of ground if it was only fixed. But college boys do not like to spend their money on improving property that they can have no interest in after a few years. If you will fix us a good ball ground, we could better afford to forego the pleasures of inter-collegiate games in the less attractive class games; yet they are none the less beneficial and attractive in so far as they go.

In order to be permitted to take part in any of the games, we must pay a fee. Though this fee is small in comparison to the advantages one derives when he is an active member, yet the thought of paying—no matter how little—shuts out a large per cent. of the students who would otherwise take an active part. We have a fairly well equipped gynmasium where good work can be done, but the membership is small, and very little interest is taken in it. The students are not free from censure; they could encourage athletics, should they take a proper interest in them, but as I have said, they are confined within too small limits, and those that are denied them are too unfavorable to attract the students as a whole. Should those in authority take an interest in the College's athletics, they could not help but see the need of better grounds and act accordingly.

The day has not yet arrived when athletics can be eliminated from college life without serious and permanent hurt to the institution. The mental and physical faculties must be trained together and in unison. When the one develops at the expense of the other the perfect man (in a limited sense) is lacking, but when the two are in perfect harmony the best results are attained. Too many of us are apt to forget this, and consequently are unable to appreciate our position. If athletics are to be argued as a good rather than an evil, why

confine them to the campus? I readily admit that they can be carried to an excess like any other good thing, but by proper and wise regulations this evil—if an evil—can be remedied.

One of the chief objections to inter-collegiate games, so far as I could learn, was the brutal features connected with them, especially in foot ball. The new game has eliminated these rough features and no serious objection can be raised against it now. As to the objection raised by some that it takes the student's mind off his studies, I can only say that it is more of a popular belief than a reality; instead of demoralizing the student it edifies him.

It may not be encouraging or even pleasant to the college man to insinuate that he was influenced to a great extent to attend college where athletics were encouraged, but it is nevertheless true. The boy, as a general rule, chooses from a number of colleges the one he would like best to attend, and he usually has his choice if his parents have no special objections. If he is inclined to athletics, like most boys, he will select the school which gives the greatest opportunities in this line. All of which goes to show that the **boy must have athletics** in some form. Then why not give them a fair showing, give them suitable grounds to play on and let them try their strength and skill with the boys of other institutions? You do not fear the outcome, do you? If you do, you certainly have no reason to fear, for have they not shown their ability and won the name of "clean players"?

You may think the games are rough, and that your delicate son, or your friend's son, will get his rosy face scratched or his lily fingers twisted—but if this is your idea of protecting such feminine specimens, you had better send them to some girls' seminary or place them in some private school where the **rough boys** will not **hurt** them. The college, where manly boys go is no place for them and their absence or presence will not affect in the least the college standing. There is nothing more refreshing and exhilarating than a game of ball or tennis. But when you take away from the players the right to play with boys of other colleges, half the pleasure and interest

in the game is gone. This is a natural and true feeling, for there is nothing more conducive to the interest or spirit with which a boy takes hold of a thing than competition.

Since we are denied the pleasure to play games with colleges, do not lose interest in the games and let your spirit droop, but let each do his part in developing athletics here, and a certain amount of interest will attach itself to these games. If you are not inclined to play baseball, you can join the tennis club and see what the boys have done in improving the court. Grieving over what might have been will not help matters any; on the contrary, it will make you more dissatisfied with what is. Let us improve the opportunities we have and may be before our energies are exhausted and our enthusiasm dies out, those in charge will come to our rescue and give us what we desire.

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**The College Annual.**

The Annual this year is going to be a great improvement on the one gotten out last year, both in quantity and quality. This is not meant as a reflection on last year's issue, for it will compare favorably with those of other institutions that have equal standing. We were new or unfamiliar with the work last year, but we have that experience to begin with, together with a competent and efficient staff. The plans have been all made and a large per cent. of the work done.

The Annual can only be made a success by the hearty co-operation of the entire student body. Do not think because you are a lower class man you cannot aid in the accomplishment of its end. Your aid is just as real and as essential as that of the higher class men, and it is the duty of us all to do what we can for each will be judged to a great extent by its success. Some of us may be able to contribute in several ways, and all of us can in one way.

The cost of publishing the Annual will be a great deal more this year than last, but the price will be only fifty cents more. None of you can afford to leave here without carrying one or more copies with you. It will make a handsome and

appropriate present and would be appreciated by anyone. In thus subscribing to the Annual you are making the publication possible. You cannot get out an annual without money, and plenty of it.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

R. B. CARR, Editor.

Exams! Exams!! Exams!!!

Dr. A. A. Kern, J. L. and C. L. Neill, J. A. McKee, H. F. Magee, O. Backstrom and J. C. Rousseaux attended the International Students Conference held at Nashville the first of the month.

The Freshmen will speak on March 21 for representative places on the Freshman contest, which will take place sometime during the commencement exercises.

Prof. and Mrs. Morrison, of Belhaven, entertained the Senior classes of Belhaven and Millsaps at a Valentine party on the night of February 14. It is useless to say the Millsaps boys enjoyed themselves, as they always enjoy such events at Belhaven.

Joe Baker is sick at present. It is not known whether his sickness was brought about by the late examination in Geology or by the approaching examinations.

On Saturday night, March 3, the members of the Kappa Sigma fraternity were entertained in a most delightful manner by Miss M. H. Robertson.

Mr. R. P. Jordan, a member of the Freshman class, died on February 20 from an attack of pneumonia. Mr. Jordan had been sick only a few days and his death was quite a shock to the student body. His remains were carried to Enterprise for interment.

Thirteen members of the Sophomore class spoke before the Faculty on March 7. Although an unlucky number, eight of the thirteen were selected to represent the class at Commencement. They are, Jeff Collins, C. H. Kirkland, W. F. Murrah, J. M. Hand, W. S. Ridgway, C. R. Nolan, B. F. Witt and J. C. Rousseaux.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

FRANCES PARK, EDITOR.

**The United States in the Twentieth Century.**

BY PIERRE LEROY-BEAULIEU.

(Translated by H. Addington Bruce.)

A brief outline of the contents will best show the vast range of this "masterly exposition of the forces which have co-operated to place the United States first among the world's nations."

The Country and the People—Characteristics of the People, Immigration, The Negro Problem, Increase in Population, etc.

Rural America—Natural Conditions, Ownership, Agriculture, Irrigation, Distribution of Products, etc.

Industrial America—How American Industry is Organized, Leading Industries, etc.

Commercial America—Railways, Foreign Trade, The Merchant Marine, Commercial Relations, etc.

Comparison naturally arises between this author, Byrce, and De Tocqueville.

Bryce was a statesman. Leroy-Beaulieu is an economist and he shows a remarkable understanding, not only of the economic, but of the social and political resources of our country. He differs from De Tocqueville in that the latter had a theory to prove—democracy—and looked at everything from that point of view. Leroy-Beaulieu, on the other

hand, is a scientific observer, and as such has given us a most valuable volume of facts and statistics.

More than one critic has pronounced his book the most noteworthy work on the United States since the publication of the well known Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

One of the most interesting chapters is the one dealing with trusts. As their hurtfulness to our industry is brought out, some might think the author pessimistic. Yet much hope is given us by the statement that "combinations" do not, nor will in future, play the role in American industry attributed to them. And although in the preface, it is acknowledged that new ones have been formed since the book was written (in 1904), we are told that the attempt to monopolize a great industry and control prices will fail unless it receives direct or indirect governmental aid.

As to the race question the writer says: "How shall the question raised by the presence of these 9,000,000 negroes, and especially bv their concentration in the extreme South, be answered?"

His answer is that, doubtless, education can assist in solving the problem, but it is vain to hope that the negro will be raised in a few years, or even generations, to the culture which our ancestors required centuries to acquire. If this could be done, it would prove the inferiority, not of the black race, but of ours—which we should not willingiy admit, and which would assuredly seem paradoxical. And that in truth, there is no definite solution of a problem which doubtless must cause much trouble. "Its existence," says Beaulieu, "is a barrier to immigration into one of the richest sections of the country, and shackles progress. It is the punishment of slavery."

He considers the railroad so important a factor in our development that if it did not exist, three-fourths of the United States would be little more than desert and scarcely more influential in the economic life of the world than was Siberia before the construction of the Trans-Siberian railway.

After many statistics on freight and passenger rates,

he says the prosperity of the American railway system and the excellence of the service is undeniable. That if one wished model railroading methods, "it would be wise to turn to those practiced under the free American system, not to those illustrated by a system operated under the debilitating control of the state."

After reading this history of twentieth century America, we see that its author is not only an economist and scientific observer, but also a pronounced anti-socialist.

The preface is modest and very complimentary to our country. He says that moral worth has contributed fully as much as our great resources to the brilliant success of America. That the most impressive of our qualities is untiring energy, the development of which is accomplished only through liberty. "Every restriction on liberty, with however good a purpose, diminishes the sentiment of individual responsibility and initiative. Yet we often hear mooted in America, as elsewhere, measures which, under the pretext of correcting abuses, would immeasurably extend the state's sphere of action and reduce the liberty of the citizens. It is the author's earnest hope that the American democracy will reject such enervating proposals and will remain true to the virile and liberal traditions that have ensured the United States so wonderful a growth."

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W A. Williams, Editor.

The "Randolph Macon Monthly" has just come to our desk. In it we find some excellent stories. The writers have their plots well in hand, and develop them finely. "Lindys Repentance" is a very good story, although its plot is not very deep; it is well written, and shows that the writer is well acquainted with that dialect. The aritcle "American Student Life in Germany," is very interesting and instructive. I think that more of our college magazines should edit more

of these articles. If this were done, we would reap more benefit in reading them. As a whole, this magazine is creditably written and deserves honor.

✦✦✦

"The Emory and Henry Era" is a well arranged magazine. It contains several poems, and one especially deserves credit, viz.: "To a Derelict Friend." But the others are short and breezy. The plots need to be developed more fully. The Exchange department, although it is the most difficult to supply, is well edited.

✦✦✦

In reading the "College Reflector," I find it to be the best that we have received this session from them. It contains some well written stories. The author of "Elder George, the College Eccentric," shows her power of description, which is the principle part in story writing. There is also an editorial on "Jacking" in the magazine which deserves credit. The writer has the right view upon this. It lies only in the power of the whole student body to abolish this low and degrading practice which has infested so many of our colleges. There are other articles in this magazine that deserves mention but we will not discuss them now.

✦✦✦

"The Blue and Bronze" is a very interesting mag an e this month. The contributions are well developed though very short. The Editorial department is among the best that has reached our desk this season. We congratulate "The Blue and Bronze" on having such an excellent editor.

We are glad to welcome to our desk the "Kendall Collegian." This is a very good magazine, but it is lacking in some of its departments.

✦✦✦

No game was ever worth a rap
  For rational man to play
Into which no accident, no mishap,
  Could possibly find its way. —Ex.

## CLIPPINGS.

### Little Minutes.

Little minutes, idly spent,
Why do you moan so sadly?
Crying, crying, all the time,
Preventing thought, or word, or rhyme,
You ever remind of my awful crime
In murdering you so gladly.
In the dark of the night,
In the dawn, or the glow
Of the sun's fading light,
You ever remind of my awful crime
In murdering you so gladly.

—Ex.

✦✦✦

If Eve had been as
'Fraid of snakes,
As women are
Of mice;
We'd not have had to
Pull up stakes
And move from
Paradise. —Ex.

✦✦✦

"Sambo, what's you doin' these days?"
"I'se an oculist in er hotel."
"You don't mean it?"
"Yes, I cuts the eyes out of the potatoes." —Ex.

✦✦✦

Perhaps these little jokes are old,
And should be on the shelf.
If you can do it better,
Send in a few yourself.—Ex.

✦✦✦

A daring theft Jack wrought last night
On darling little Rose;
He stole the thing he wanted
Beneath her very nose. —Ex.

Tommy—"Mamma, if a boy is a lad and has a stepfather, is the lad a step-ladder?"

✦✦✦

Tommy—"What is the guest of honor at a dinner?"

John—"He's the fellow what gets both drumsticks of the chicken." —Ex.

✦✦✦

'Tis better to dig and bust
Than never to dig at all.—Ex.

✦✦✦

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following February magazines: Emory Phoenix, Castle Heights Herald, The Olive and Blue, The Reveille, Blue Mountain College Magazine, The Academy Girl, Mississippi College Magazine, The Spectator, Monroe College Monthly, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Review and Bulletin, The College Reflector The Tattler, Ouachita Ripples, The Andrew College Journal, The High School Banner, The Columbia Collegian, The Hillman Lesbidelian, The Whitworth Clionian, University of Mississippi Magazine, The Oracle, The Academian, The Kendall Collegian.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

E. C. McGILVRAY, Editor.

Responsibility involves every rational being. Though often ignored, it is ever present, making its presence manifest to the individual conscience. By it men and nations are induced to act and do as they would never have done had they been left unrestrained to pursue their own personal desires and ambitions.

Responsibility is equally binding on the rich and the poor, on the high and the low, on the genius and the mediocre, on the learned and the unlearned. But it is far more reaching in its consequences when applied to college men and women.

Some one has said that of the college graduates, one-third never reached to any degree of prominence; one-third died from overwork and ill health, and that the other third ruled the world. This being the case, the responsibility of the college man is a great one. It might seem at times that there is too much expected of college boys. But, when viewed from the right standpoint, it is but natural and right. For they are at the right age to do something. They can work with greater ease while their ideals are high and their hopes are great. This is a time when boys will do their best. They are willing to take the risk of failure in order to shun the taking of their turn in the old routine way for position and honor.

Together with the various obligations of church, state and home, there is an obligation which all students owe to their college. This is overlooked to a great extent by some students. They overlook the fact that their Alma Mater expects to keep pace with the times. They even fail to keep in touch with their college after they go out into active life. College life and college questions do not seem to interest them at all. They loose themselves, especially when there is a new movement on foot which is liable to call on them. So the movement is for a ball ground. Now is the time for us and all our friends to make our appearance. The need of an athletic park can not be questioned. There has been some plans made to grade a part of the campus for a ball ground. But in order to prepare the ground as it should be, it would detract from the beauty of the campus. So it is almost necessary that the college should have some additional land for a park. This should be the next issue before us. So let every Millsaps man plan for a park while there is some available land. For it is but a question of time until it will be practically impossible to secure any ground outside of the campus. Every one expects the college to grow, and nothing will add more to the college at present than a good athletic park. To get it, it is necessary for the old men, new men, alumni, faculty and all concerned to get into the

movement. This is the only way to get the ball park, and a ball park will stimulate athletics at Millsaps more than anything else that can be done. **Then let me add, this is the work of the alumni and students. They are RESPONSIBLE for it.**

✦✦✦

The Alumni had better lay low if the places marked "spot" in their old books are not what we need on the examinations next week.

✦✦✦

O, just to be in school again,
And in a careless way,
Drop one or two short lines to pa,
And get a check next day.

✦✦✦

O. S. Lewis, '03, came through the other day on his way to Nashville. Osborn has charge of the Braxton High School in connection with his ministerial work at Mendenhall. Some wonder why he goes to Port Gibson. He answers all questions; will he answer this one?

T. V. Simmons was a pleasant caller last week. He is still resting on laurels won in his Sophomore year. He aimed to spend an hour or so with us, but stayed until eleven the next day. He says that he is rushing the girls, but he is just trying to fool us. Voltaire, you are indeed happy and free. So take life easy.

Happy am I; from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all content like me?"

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# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

Vol. 8. Jackson, Miss., April, 1906. No. 6.

## A RAILROAD "AFFAIR D'AMOUR."

In the spring of '98 there was, as perhaps every one remembers, a great overflow in the delta section, which resulted very disastrously to all. Farms were destroyed, houses washed away, and in many instances human lives were lost. Transportation and communication of every kind were practically impossible except by water. The government, however, kept up the mail service by means of boats, and the railroads made heroic efforts to resume operation, but were successful only in places. They kept "extra gangs" working day and night. At this time one of the "gangs" in charge of Foreman Thomas was located at "M. C.," a small station on the V. Y. R. R. They were at work on a trestle that spanned what was usually a small stream, but was now a torrent. The water threatened to wash the trestle away at any time, thus cutting off the weekly relief train that carried supplies out of "X. N." over that part of the road.

Foreman Thomas was a married man, and kept his family on the camp cars with him, and being a favorite of the Roadmaster's, he was allowed an extra car for their convenience. As Mrs. Thomas was a well educated woman, their daughter, Hilda, a beautiful young girl of perhaps seventeen, did not suffer materially for want of educational training.

Hilda was quite a favorite with the "gang," and the flower of her father's heart, and she, being of a romantic disposition, was thoroughly fascinated with this mode of living.

It chanced that the operator had to be relieved from duty for a few weeks at this time, and as the company was unable to secure another man, they took Walter Reynolds off of his run as flagman and sent him to "M. C." Walter had learned telegraphy when a youth, but had never followed it as a profession, preferring the transportation department instead. When he was asked to go to "M. C." he readily consented, for he was an ardent admirer of Hilda, and knew

that her father's camps were located there. Walter and Hilda had never had a formal introduction, but knew each other by sight. She would often tantalize him by throwing kisses at him when he waved at her from his train.

As there was no other convenient place in town Walter took his meals at the camp cars, and in this way he was thrown with Hilda a great deal. However, he was not with her as much as he would have liked, for Mr. Thomas not only regarded him unkindly, but also looked with suspicion upon any one that he thought was in love with Hilda. However, he made good use of his time, and in a very short while had won her heart and the conditional promise of her hand. Hilda told him that, although he was very dear to her, she could not marry against her father's wishes, and that he would have to win the good will of her father.

It was just at this time that the regular operator returned, which served only to complicate matters. Walter did not wish to leave just yet, nor did Hilda want him to go. So the two evolved the plan of Walter's disguising himself as a day laborer, and applying to her father for work, and to make it safe he decided to go on the night shift.

This worked effectually for awhile, but soon the night work and exposure began to cause Walter's health to fail, and they decided to disclose their secret. Hilda went to her mother and explained all, but Mrs. Thomas told her that she had, with womanly instinct, guessed the secret. She promised to try to win Mr. Thomas over, but in this she failed, for when the subject was mentioned to him he became very angry, and threatened to send Walter away. He finally relented on this point, however, but forbade him ever speaking to Hilda again. Though he disliked Walter perosnally, he could not help admiring him for his ability and willingness to work. The water was gradually washing away the embankment around the trestle, and Walter had on more than one occasion devised plans to keep it from immediate collapsing.

On a certain afternoon after the disclosure of their secret, Walter requested of Hilda a private tete-a-tete for that night, to which she readily consented, for despite the protests of her father their meetings were as frequent as ever. At the appointed time she met him in front of her car door. They sat down on the end of the "X-ties" and Walter, taking her hand in his, began to plead with her to elope with him, explaining to her that it seemed utterly impossible to win her father's approval of their marriage. His plan of elopement

was this: They could board the relief train that was due at 10 o'clock and go to "X. N." making connection with the main line in to "D. S." But Hilda would not agree to this, and reiterated her wish of not marrying against her father's will. Walter then told her of his intention of returning to his run as flagman, and after a formal leave-taking reached over and kissed her.

It so happened that Mr. Thomas appeared on the scene just at this time, and he was in a very angry mood, for he had just left the presence of his wife, who had been trying to persuade him to give his consent to Hilda's marriage. When the above spectacle met his eyes, he flew into a perfect rage and giving vent to his anger, was about to hurl himself on Walter when one of the men on the night shift ran up and told him that the trestle had washed away. For a time this filled him with consternation, and railroad man that he was, his thoughts immediately flew to the approaching train that was due in a few hours. The thought of a probable catastrophe almost maddened him, and jerking up his lantern, he hurried off to the washout.

Meanwhile, Walter, who had conceived the idea that perhaps if he could avert a catastrophe, Mr. Thomas might yet give his consent to Hilda's marriage, had gone by the depot, forced the door open, and tried for several minutes to "raise" the operator at "H. S.," but being unsuccessful, he went down to view the washout. After carefully noting the situation he very soon realized that whatever was done must be done quickly and alone, for the crowd was too excited to render any assistance. Numerous schemes suggested themselves to his mind as to how he could cross this raging torrent. He finally adopted the following plan:

After a close examination he observed that a few yards below the washout the main current ran diagonally across instead of following the middle of the stream. This, of course, was caused by the debris of the fallen trestle. He then threw several small sticks into the water at this point and discovered the fact that the current, in its diagonal course carried them within a few feet of the opposite bank before they turned back to the middle of the stream. He reasoned that if this were true with the sticks, two or three "X-ties" fastened together would, since their weight was much greater, be carried close enough to the opposite side to allow him to jump off on the bank.

No sooner was the plan conceived than he prepared to put it into execution. In a very short time he had the "X-ties" tied together and placed in the water. He first fastened them to the bank unitl he was prepared for the venture. Then, after securing a red lantern and placing himself on the ties, he cut them loose. It was a perilous undertaking for the current bore them across the stream with tremendous speed, and the least mishap would mean death. But soon the crowd, which had been breathlessly awaiting the outcome, gave a cry of triumph: "He is safely across."

The moment the "X-ties" touched the opposite side Walter jumped off on the bank, and hurried down the track to flag the approaching train, while the "X-ties" were borne down stream.

He had gone only a few hundred yards before the train rounded the curve, but he had ample time to flag it, thus averting a wreck. Walter at once was the hero of the hour, and when the officials of the road were apprised of his deed, they wired him their thanks and congratulations, and instructed him to report for duty as local conductor. Walter served efficiently in this capacity for a number of years. His highest hopes were realized when his charming little wife Hilda, meeting him at the front door one afternoon, handed him a letter instructing him to report at once for duty as passenger conductor.

BERT, '08.

## WHEN TIM "PERFESSED."

Last summer while refugeeing from the yellow fever, I came in contact with a phase of negro nature that amused me greatly.

The crops were all "laid by," and there was nothing to do except a few odd jobs around the place at morning and night. This left "Tim," a young negro with too much idle time on his hands, and the result was he got into mischief, What he did doesn't matter, but he knew he had laid himself liable to the law; therefore, one of their protracted meetings being at hand, he thought it behooved him to get religion. The sheriff was usually lenient towards new converts. Up to this time Tim's part in these meetings had consisted in banking some thicket crap game and playing the good Samaritan to his "thirsty" brethren by means of exilir carried in jugs.

Now Tim realized that he had reached the limit of this

sort of activity; the authorities had "caught on to" his double role. He felt the need of the cloak of religion. Early in the course of the meeting mourners were called and to the surprise of all Tim pressed forward among the first. This sight brought "Hallelujahs" from the "perfessors" and groans of wonder from the ungodly. In the frenzy of excitement Tim's mother, a great fat woman, threw herself shouting, into the arms of the "Sliding Elder," who, being a small man and not braced for such an encounter, was instantly eclipsed. This catastrophe only helped to inspire the congregation to further and louder expressions of their emotions.

Tim did not choose to "mourn" long, and soon responded with a yell to the interest in his case; louder than his mother's rang out his "Hosannas."

But merely to profess was not enough for Tim. He courted the notoriety of a trance. Falling forward he at once lapsed into rigidity. He might have been a wooden man so motionless he lay. Now to have experienced a religious trance distinguished a country negro for all time. By some he is regarded with veneration, and by others with jealousy. Tim's mother foresaw that even she would hereafter be a famous woman, and Tim, deep in his trance, was aware that he was pleasing her.

"Old Cabe," Tim's father, however, was built of other stuff. He did not shout much, but for several years he had been held in high esteem by his white neighbors by reason of his genuine conversion. It was Cabe's theory that a big sinner must be longer in "comin' through" than Tim had been, and he went forward to investigate.

"Son, "he said, leaning over Tim, "is you sho' got de blessin'?"

No answer from Tim.

"Don't 'sult de Sperrit, bruder," solemnly interposed the preacher.

"His eyes is seein' de glory ob de Lawd," put in the "Sliding Elder."

Cabe grunted, for no one knew better than he how wicked his son had been. But he said no more.

After the service Tim's devoted friends carried him out into the open air, and proceeded to sing, pray and rejoice over him, after which they expected to carry him back into the church. As a motive for excitement, Tim would thus last some time, and excitement is the life of a negro revival. After a time the religious element, being wearied with their

exertions, withdrew to refresh themselves. This gave certain of Tim's incredulous mates a chance to investigate the real bodily state of their erstwhile boon companion. They threw water on him, twisted his kinky hair, and belabored him generally, but Tim remained as inert as a log.

"I knows what'll fetch him," said one.

"Talk fas' den," some one answered. "Dem shouters'll be back terrectly, lessen dey got mo' grub dan what I tink."

After a hurried consultation they picked him up and carried him into a near-by thicket.

"Is yo' sho' dat hornet nes' is loaded? Ef tain't, I know whas deys a was' nes' bigger dan my hat," said one.

His mother arriving at this instant, viewed with astonishment the empty spot where she had left Tim.

"De Lawd hav' sho carried my boy off lak Elijah—I wisht I cud a seen dat fiery cha'iot." Then remembering herself, she gave a loud shout and fell over in a dead faint.

The afternoon service found a solemn and subdued congregetion. Never before had a person in a trance been transported. Emotion was running so high that there promised to be a fine crop of trances. The perspiring preacher called for mourners without the preliminary of a sermon.

Things were getting just warm when out of the woods issued a dreadful howl, and Tim burst into the church covered with an enormous bunch of hornets! The nature of his advent startled the mourners and it needed but that Tim should shake off a few of his assailants among them to create a real stampede. Louder than ever rang Hosannas in that church were the yells and execrations of the congregation, among whom the angry hornets liberally distributed themselves. That congregation dispersed without any benediction, and Tim's glory was gone forever.

J. B. H., '09.

## AN OLD VIOLIN.

A cold November night. The falling snow rapidly covers the street and like a magician, changes the black ground to a dazzling white. The strong northern wind blows fiercely and produces an unpleasant whistle among the naked trees, which stand stretched out in a straight line along the street. Not a living soul can be seen on this cold, dark and dreary night! Only the lighted windows of the beautiful stone buildings, which border the streets on both sides show that there

is life inside, and the human beings enjoy the warmth and comfort of their fire-sides, not caring at all for the single passer-by who has just appeared on the corner of the street.

He is an old man, and his large, white beard is full of snow. Slowly he walks on, trying to protect his poorly clad body from the violent wind by keeping close to the walls. Something which is carefully wrapped up in a black cloth, can be seen under his right arm. More close attention will tell you that it is a violin—yes, it is his old and truest friend—his violin. Together with him it has been wandering through all his life, experiencing the sudden and various caprices of his fate. Together with him it has been enjoying the days of his fame, and together with him it has been sharing the days of his poverty and misfortune. And yet it is more reliable and true than any human friend.

A fierce gust of wind which penetrates the ragged clothes of the old man, brings him to a halt. He stops for a moment to catch his breath, and then walks on further, but the fierceness of the wind increases and the weary, frozen limbs of the old man refuse to serve him. A few more staggering steps, and the sufferer sits down on the ground, turning his back to the wind. He unbuttons his coat and with much care and love, puts his violin against his heart. It seems to him that the nearness of the violin sends a pleasant warmth through all his veins. He closes his weary eyelids and an old by-gone scene vividly arises before him.

He stands upon a stage, and before him stretches a large over-crowded hall, which is covered by a haze. The signal bell rings, telling him that it is time to begin. Slowly he lifts up the bow and plays. The violin produces heavenly tunes, which hypnotizes the audience, and fill the air, soon floating away and giving place to new tunes and melodies. He closes his eyes, trusting all to his violin. He performs only the mechanical part of the playing, moving the bow up and down the strings. He himself listens attentively with all his soul to the wonderful melody of his violin. It is an old experienced violin, and it feels that tonight the musician must either win or lose the love and praise of the audience, and it plays wonderfully. And when the last sound had died away, and the crowd before him had loudly expressed his success by cheers and applause, he knew that it was not his success, but the success of his violin. Since then he became the most intimate friend with his violin. Now they were both old, worn out and tired of life, but their friendship is

still young. O, how he loves his old friend—his violin! Tighter and tighter he presses the violin to his heart; lower and lower bends his head upon his chest.

x x x x

On the next morning the old wandering musician was found dead under a pile of snow. His stiff, frozen arms were tightly embracing a violin and pressing it to his chest.

M. Strom.

## NICK COOPER'S MISTAKE.

Nick Cooper had gone from the gulf to enter the college at the Capital of his State. Now it seems that inter-collegiate games had been unknown in that college, save at one time in the long ago. He had found everything in the College active but athletics. The Conferences, he had learned, had long ago voted down the proposition of games with the other colleges. Debates and oratorical contests had always been favored. Athletics had long been in the tomb—as if men are not just as liable to become over-enthusiastic after an intellectual victory or over-despondent after an intellectual defeat, as they are after a physical victory or physical defeat.

But Nick's freshman year was destined to witness a great change in the management of the College—a change that was destined to make history for it, to increase its growth, and give it a wider fame. One Friday night the students had drawn up in the Literary Societies a petition to the two Conferences owning and operating the College, that they consider this proposition again, and that only college men among the preachers vote on it; "for," reasoned the students, "how can men know the advantages or the disadvantages or inter-collegiate games when a great many of them are not college men and have not experienced what college spirit is?" This appeal had been sent to the Conferences; the voters had decided it in favor of the petitioners. The glad tidings had been announced in the Chapel. Two hundred men had gone wild! No orator had ever been cheered as that decision had been.

As a result of this, great plans had been arranged. The gymnasium had been enlarged. The athletic field had been leveled off as if by the power of Aladdin's lamp. Enthusiasm was great. The foot-ball season was over when the petition had been sent to the Conferences. Therefore preparation was made to play baseball.

As soon as the College nearest by had learned that the College over the way had been given new privileges, they forthwith sent a deputation—a challenge by mail was not sufficient—and that deputation presented the challenge to the manager of the gymnasium while he was smoking his meerschaum. A meeting of the leaders accepted the challenge and the first Saturday in May was the day set.

Nick had gained the esteem and the friendship of Jackson, the manager. He had worked hard to get on the team and had denied himself many things. But it was soon revealed to him that he could not make the team—this year, at least. And as Jackson had often slapped him on the back with, "Never mind, old man, you'll get it next year!" he was content to be classed as a "Sub."

The Friday before the game Jackson was walking around for a little recreation and passed along the row of "shacks" back of the Science Hall. In the fifth one was Nick's room, and the manager turned into it. He came stamping up the steps, and long before he had reached the door, he said: "Open up, Prep! what you doin'?" The friends were soon talking about the game of the morrow, and when the manager arose to go, he said in a sort of careless way: "Say, I want you to be at the depot in the morning at eight. My little brown-eyed cousin is coming to see the game."

In every heart there are ambitions unspoken; what the soul feels most in times of critical moment it hugs to itself, and is satisfied with trying to see visions become real in the future, and with imagining itself exulting in its victory and success. Within the sacred precincts of man's mind at this time let no one enter. He is alone with himself, though he may be in the midst of confusion. He bears his own burdens. There may be, however, possible exceptions to this rule. One of these is when the man has some very dear friend in whom he can confide. To that one he may, if very sanguine, tell his hopes. But where men are strangers to him, he keeps his secrets to himself. This was the situation of Nick before the game on that Saturday afternoon. There was one in that great crowd to whom it would have been a joy for him to tell what he wanted to do, and to ask her sympathy. It was the manager's cousin who had long been a friend to him in his home town and whom he had seen for only a moment at the station.

In the first part of the game a man had been injured on Nick's side. A man was sent to size up the ability of

the substitutes and he finally called to Nick to get ready for work. He looked back over his shoulder upon the vast sea of faces in the grand stand in search of the manager and his cousin who had come to see the game. But his search was in vain. So he went forward in a run to take the place assigned to him.

It is not my purpose to describe minutely the great game that was played that day before so many enthusiasts. The die had been cast. Nick was in for the whole game. He set his teeth and began in earnest. What seemed to be done so easily was really the work of skilled and tireless workmen. Two great teams were contesting, whose skill and swiftness were practically equal. It was the first inter-collegiate game that one of the colleges had held in many a session. Their men were especially anxious to win, for they wanted to start out with a good beginning. The other college was animated by the victories of the past. They would not for the world permit their opponents to win. This first game was a very hard one for Nick's college. With the very highest enthusiasm the men yelled and waved their penants. But Nick's team lost! What a shock it was to the fellows who had won so many times in oratory. Why could they not win on the field as well as on the platform? With depressed feeling they saw the victors borne from the diamond.

But the men from Nick's College were not weighed completely down with their sacks "of meal" and they gave their old yells once again. However, there was one of the nine who lifted not his voice, raised not even his head from his bosom. It was Nick! He had played earnestly, but he had been the cause of the defeat of his team. Men had pointed the finger at him and told him so. He was conscious himself that he had made blunders. And he was glad now that he had not seen Jackson and his brown-eyed cousin when he had looked for them in that crowd in the grand stand.

Without a word to any one he made his way through the throng of people and went rapidly as he could to his room. He divested himself of his athletic suit and was soon in his college attire. He sat down upon his trunk and thought. And what sore thoughts they were! "To think the game might have been ours had I been able to play better! Now at the first we have lost! What will my friend, the manager say to me? Alas, how disappointed will be his brown-eyed cousin!" Nick arose and paced up and down the floor. What could he do to drown his disappointment and remove the

regret gnawing at his heart! Unconsciously he began fumbling through the leaves of a book which he had taken from the table. It was a volume of Poe's poems, and his eyes fell upon the repeated word of the *Raven*, "Never more." He thought that he should never more have the opportunity of proving his loyalty and raising the athletic standard of his College. He felt sure that the manager would advise him to leave the field. And now was the time, above all others that he desired some one to cheer him.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, he placed the book back on the table, and taking his hat he left the room. Let us follow him as he goes in the direction of the old head-stones across the gully to the Jewish cemetery. He recalls the night when he was forced by the Sophomores to sit upon that high slab and tell ghost stories. That, to be sure, was against the grain. But now in his disappointment, he would take a score of such midnight hours in exchange for the hour in which the great blow had fallen upon him. He throws himself into an old rustic seat and bends his head upon his bosom.

For hours he sat thus. No one saw him to disturb him. The other men had forgotten their dismay amid the soft music of feminine voices. The men of Nick's college discussed the game; they had become reconciled to their fate. Nick's persistent efforts to save his team from defeat had been the subject of conversation the whole afternoon. In fact there were two factions—one had believed that Nick was not to blame for the defeat; the other had believed that he was. Did Nick have any friends in the former of those factions? Jackson, the manager of the gymnasium, was one! And somehow, it cannot be said just exactly how it came about, he and his friends succeeded in convincing those opposing Nick that be was not to blame, and that they would have lost anyhow.

Jackson went to the boarding house whither his cousin had gone to make her toilet for the evening They were soon on the campus again and strolling over the hills. They passed along the "shacks" and looking over to the left across the gully they saw the white marble slabs of the Jewish cemetery not far away. They agreed to visit the graves of Israel. Home had been the subject of their conversation. She was telling him messages that his sweet-heart at home had sent to him. He was careless of his surroundings. And as those words came from the mouth of his cousin—words of his true

love at home, his feelings were aroused and there shone in his eyes a great deep light. Could she fail to notice this? For her own experience had caused her to give earnestness to her words. That experience had been encouraged when she had found some one else besides her cousin at the station to meet her. And how could the conversation keep from drifting to Nick?

The two cousins had been late to the game, but had gotten in just after Nick had been called to duty. They had watched him with earnestness, and had cheered him on. They had also noticed that towards the last of the game, when there was no chance for their victory, there had settled upon Nick's features a sort of grim despair. They knew of his regret and of the harsh things said about him after the game. They had watched him go in silence to his room. And now it was agreed that Jackson should seek Nick after supper and bear the glad tidings to him of how the fellows were praising his efforts where hitherto they had criticized his actions.

The two turned a corner of the graveled walk. Upon the seat where Nick was when we left him there they found him still. He had thrown his hat upon the ground; his hair was tangled and disordered. With his knife he was digging into the old seat. The sun was setting and its golden rays were glancing over his broad shoulders and through his dark, brown hair. They stood and watched him in silence. When they advanced a few steps a twig was broken, and Nick became conscious that some one was near him. He raised his head slightly, thinking that he had heard a voice. It seemed strange, and he hesitated to look in the direction.

Jackson walked up, and in a college fellow's way jerked Nick upon his feet. Roaring sounds passed through his disturbed mind, and in a dazed manner, he thought that the boys had come to settle with him for the loss of the game So he looked upon the ground and said without a quiver· "Boys, I know it was my fault! But why, oh why did they call me, if they knew I couldn't play?"

"Man, come to your senses," cried Jackson, slapping Nick upon the back. "Who said it was your fault? We should have lost anyhow. The boys are not displeased a bit. They were mistaken; they told me so." And then after a pause: "Listen! They are coming now from town, and they are yelling, too!"

They listened. Nick raised his head. The boys were giving nine "rahs" for each player. Nick waited in silence. Would they yell for him? The sounds came nearer, so much so that the names could be distinctly heard. Again the spirited shouts arose. Then heard Nick a Senior's great voice shouting: "Nine 'rahs' for Nick Cooper, the Freshman sub." Nick threw his arms around the manager' Strong as were both, there was moisture in the eyes of each, caused by the sympathy of one and the gladness of the other. They turned to go, but a vision confronted them. Nick's heart beat faster; he knew that the gladness of this moment would be complete with the presence of the manager's cousin. They looked into each other's eyes for only a moment. Then she held out her little white hand to congratulate him. He felt that somehow he would always remember this hour. That look into the depths of her eyes seemed to reveal to him that there would be a blissful future for them together. He hesitated what to say. It may be that the presence of the manager kept him from saying all that he desired to say. And as he took her hand, it was merely with, "I—thank you, Miss Jackson, for your cheer!" C. Ude.

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## JACK STUART, THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

It was in the early forties that my father, a wealthy Memphis merchant, failed, and soon afterwards died, leaving me, at the age of fifteen, with $1000 with which to commence life.

After winding up the little business I had, I left Memphis for Richmond to work in the office of a Mr. Edwards, a close friend of my father's. The welcome I received from this kind old gentleman was genuine and sympathetic. I entered upon my duties with a noble determination to please my employer. He was pleased with my efforts, and told me if I stuck to my work I might hope to be a great business man like my father.

Miss Annie Shaw, my employer's niece, came to Richmond to attend school. She stayed at Mr. Edward's, and consequently I was thrown with her a good deal. Soon we were devoted lovers; she fourteen and I sixteen years old. For two years our happiness was complete, and well do I remember the morning of her fifteenth birthday, when I slipped a beautiful little ring on her finger, a sure token of our mutual love and engagement.

But when her next birthday came, I received back the ring with this cruel message: "This will inform you that our engagement is broken." After this, I soon lost interest in my work, and my grief soon told on me. I attended to my work indifferently—taking no special interest in anything. I determined to see Annie that very day, and fortune favored me in this instance. I had not long to wait, for as I came out of the office we stood face to face. She colored and made as if to pass me, but I detained her.

"Annie, if you wish to prevent a scene, you must listen to what I have to say."

"Well, be brief; you know how I feel."

"I know how you should feel."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"It is not for me to answer, but what did you mean by sending back my ring?"

"Oh," she said, "I thought the message fully explained it," and with that she left me.

I asked Mr. Edwards for a settlement the next morning, and he didn't seem much surprised, but lead me back to his desk, giving me a check for my full salary. I thanked him for his kindness, and with a choking voice told him goodbye.

After six months wandering I fell in with a company of soldiers who were returning after a short but bloody skirmish with Indians to Fort Washington. I joined them, little thinking what experiences would, in the near future, present themselves to me. I soon won the love and admiration of the whole fort by my reckless passion for fighting Indians. During this time Bob Skinny and I had become sworn friends. For two years this friendship had grown; we were attached to one another by a mutual understanding. One morning I saw Bob coming toward me with a meaning look, his eyes dancing with merriment.

"Say, Jack, old boy, have you heard the latest news?"

"No. Are we to have a skirmish with the red men?"

"Not that, but I wish it was, for we haven't had a brush with them for a month, and I fear I will get out of practice."

"But what about the news?"

"Well," he says, "you know Col. Shaw has a daughter named Annie. They say she is a beautiful girl and has been at college for the past four years, leading her classes, and—"

"Say, here, Bob, cut this short and tell me the news, if you have any, without all this introduction."

"Well, if you will have it so, Miss Shaw arrives at Panesville today, to spend some time with the Colonel at the fort, and he wishes to speak with you. I presume he will send you to escort her here."

"Heaven forbid!" I muttered. But he only glared at me, disdaining to heed such an exclamation. How could he sympathize with me, not knowing my position?

I soon repaired to the Colonel's headquarters to receive his orders, and wasn't surprised to learn that I, with ten picked men, was to go immediately to Panesville, a distance of 80 miles or more, to escort his daughter to the fort. I felt keenly the honor conferred upon me, but would have given anything to be left out of this deal. Yet I could not ask to be relieved without offending the Colonel, and of course could not explain. I must face it out like a man. Three years of active service had browned my skin, and I had no fear that she would recognize me.

We made the trip without danger, arriving at Panesville on the second day. That evening I waited on Miss Shaw, telling her to be ready to start by early morn. She turned a little pale when I introduced myself as Stuart, but recovered herself instantly, not dreaming I was once her lover. Everything would have been well, at least until we reached the Fort, if it had not been for Bob's loose tongue. I had ridden ahead with the advance guard, when it occurred to him to relate to Miss Shaw my advent into the fort.

He is the most daring and reckless chap I ever saw," said Bob. "He thinks no more of danger and exposure than an Indian brave. I think he must have had a great sorrow in his life, but he won't talk much on that score.He told me he was left an orphan at 15, and went to work in Richmond with an old friend of his father's."

"What is his name?" asked Miss Shaw.

"Jack Stuart," said old Bob, and his face lighted up with enthusiasm.

Just as he finished his narrative, I rode up and the change in the lady's face was a study. Surprise and I think pleasure was written on it, but that may have been my fancy.

When we reached the Fort I reported to the Colonel, who thanked me for my services. I soon retired to my quarters to lie awake thinking of our embarrassing position, and finally to fall asleep dreaming of happier days.

A month had passed since Miss Shaw entered our busy little town, and once more the social functions of the town

were to be renewed by a grand ball given by her. I received a little invitation penned by her own hand. The ball was on the night of her nineteenth birthday, and a grand success it was, but I could not enjoy myself for thinking of her. I was dancing with a pretty little brunette, trying to make myself agreeable, when I caught Annie's eye, and I must have looked my dejection. I had sworn that I would not ask her for a dance, although it was a breach of etiquette. So what must have been my feelings, when she laid her hand on my arm saying, "Jack, will you dance with me?" I was thunderstruck at her asking me, but managed to mumble my thanks. I do not remember much of that dance. I was oblivious to all about me, dancing to the mad music of love. My awakening was rather rude and unpleasant. Annie and I were seated under the old oak tree, and holding her hands while we talked of those happy days spent together in Richmond. I put the old engagement ring on her finger; she kissed it with a loving tenderness that made me forget everything but that she was all to me. Such happiness was too real to last, for the Colonel was before us, white with rage before we could collect our thoughts.

My feelings then I cannot explain. I have fought with fierce delight, hand to hand with Indian braves, but this one man unnerved me completely. I was helpless while he lashed me with burning words.

Annie was the first to gain composure, and said: "Father, are you not pleased with our engagement?"

The old war veteran was a little disconcerted by her tactics.

"Engaged, indeed!" said he. "What will you do next?"

"Get married, father," was her prompt reply, "and with your blessing."

The old fellow roared and swore; said he would have me court-martialed if I ever spoke to her again. I became desperate, fearing I might lose my darling after so many years of separation.

"Oh, sir, do not blast our happiness by your refusal."

He walked off with Annie, disgusted with me. He would not give his consent, but I was not court-martialed when next he saw me talking to her.

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The next spring the Indians began to give us some trouble; several of our boys were shot by roving bands of warriors. Late in May we took up the trail of a band of warriors who had stolen horses and cattle on a stock farm only five miles

away. We were gone two days before we caught up with the marauders. Giving them a thorough thrashing and recapturing the stolen horses and cattle, we turned homewards.

I was despatched ahead with the news, a full twelve hours ride ahead of our little band. When I reached the fort I saw the bodies of slain Indians piled upon one another about the entrance. Then I looked toward the gate, but thank God it was closed and I saw old Bob keeping watch.

"What means this, Bob?" and I pointed to the dead Indians.

"Ride in, Jack," and old Bob opened the gate. "Twelve good men killed and Miss Annie gone."

"Gone where, man," and I leaped from my horse.

"She was riding to the farm yesterday to see about a horse her father was going to buy for her, when down swooped three Indians on their ponies. When she saw them she turned her horse toward the fort, and such a race I never saw before in all my life! Her hair was flying in the breeze, and she was riding for dear life! She was circling around them, and I believe she would have gained the fort, but just then she was surrounded by a whole band of saveges. They took her away yesterday evening after we had beaten them off."

I thought over this while my horse was eating, and made up my mind to rescue her or leave my bones to bleach on some barren waste. I know the trail they would follow, so had no fear of not coming up with them, but effecting her rescue was what puzzled me.

At last it was dark, and I rode through the gate in silence, while Bob with a "God help you, Jack," closed it behind me. I rode on till day break, but could neither see nor hear of any Indians, and I was beginning to fear I had lost the trail when I noticed a large pile of fresh ashes where they had camped the previous night. I knew it would be unsafe to go further yet awhile. I turned my horse loose to graze, and lay down for a few hours sleep.

It was late in the afternoon before I awoke, nearly famished; I built a little fire and broiled a piece of venison. Having satisfied my appetite, I saddled my horse and began the search. I soon came to a little creek where I noticed they had crossed that very day. My heart beat high with hope and expectation. As I neared the sleeping village everything seemed quiet. I hid my saddle and bridle where even the

keen eye of an Indian could not find it, and led my horse to a dense thicket so he would escape their notice.

I approached the tents with great caution, circling around them so as to have some idea as to Annie's tent. At last I noticed a large tent further separated from the others than usual, and I concluded that it must be the one that she occupied. I crawled along through the weeds to one side of the tent and listened. I heard a soft sob near me, and at first thought it must be on the outside. I pushed aside the deer skins and in a low whisper called to Annie; she heard me and answered in a glad cry, "Jack."

I placed my hand on my heart for fear the sleeping demons would hear its beatings and waken. I told her in as few words as possible that we must leave immediately. She said her horse was to the south of the tent and that she would meet me there in half an hour.

I found my horse, saddled him, and repaired to the place of meeting. My heart beat violently as I approached, fearing she had been detained or captured. My fears were groundless on that score, for I saw her as she straightened up to leap on her horse, and a crouching form, unmindful of my presence, sprang to catch her bridle rein. I knew the game was up or we must ride for it. I shot him as his hand caught the rein, and his shout with the report of the pistol aroused the village.

A mad ride for life or death of fifty miles lay before us, and our pursuers only two hundred yards behind. Annie bore up well under the excitement of that dark ride. As day began to break, our horses were tired out, but they did their best. When the sun rose we were only two miles from the fort, but our pursuers were upon us. There was nothing for me to do but fight for it, so I told Annie to ride on, and I would beat back the savages. I turned upon them with no hope of final victory, but with a determination to have as many lives as possible for my own. I knew she would reach the fort in safety, for there were only two in the lead, and I disposed of them in short order.

I had fired my last ball when I saw my enemies turn and flee. Glorying over my victory and watching their flight, I was surprised to see my old comrades in hot pursuit.

During those long days of delirium (for I was severely wounded) her face was ever before me. Sometimes she would lead me through beautiful avenues into some quiet, secluded spot, and there all cares and pains would leave me, and my

soul would feast upon her beauty. If only such deep love and happiness could last through life, what a paradise this old earth would be!

How can I ever forget that transition from the delirious to the conscious state. A fine morning it was and the sweet perfume of the flowers filled my room with a fragrance that only the sick can fully appreciate. With my eyes closed, dreaming of the delight and pleasure in store for me when I should open them and behold that vision of perfect loveliness that I had raved about in my madness, she touched my lips ever so lightly, and my heart swelled with love and joy.

When she saw such pleasure written on my face, and felt that she was caught she could not deny me an explanation of our broken engagement.

"When I sent back your ring my heart almost broke, for I loved you with all my heart and soul. I cannot now understand why I sent it back, except that my pride and jealousy were aroused when I saw you paying so much attention to little Kitty Lewis. I didn't expect you to keep it, but thought you would give it back, and—and beg my forgiveness. And when I met you on the street it was such a sudden surprise and you left so soon afterwards that I did not have a chance —"

"Make no apologies, for I have been to blame. I was too young and hot-headed to see my mistake then. After all, may be it has turned out for the best, for who can say that we would be together now if it hadn't been for that estrangement?"

NIX."

# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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J. A. Baker.....Editor-in-Chief
W. A. Williams.....Associate Editor
R. B. Carr.....Local Editor
Frances Park.....Literary Editor
E. C. McGilvray.....Alumni Editor
L. E. Price.....Business Manager
J. C. Neill, J. C. Rousseaux.....Assistant Business Managers

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

**Writing, an Educator**

It would indeed be a difficult undertaking to estimate the influence and power that is exerted by the man of letters. All subjects and questions are treated by him. No phase of life has not been touched on. In short, his field is not limited but is boundless. No other profession or vocation in life has such material to work on, nor can they attain such exalted greatness and power as are attained by the great writers. The name of a patriot or conqueror may live on the pages of history and in the hearts of the people for a few centuries, but the memory of a Shakespeare will never die.

Some may refer me to an Alexander or Caesar and say that their names have lived and will continue to be cited as examples of greatness. But these men failed in the accomplishment of their purposes. Alexander undertook to conquer the world and failed. With his death all his power

fled, and his magnificent structure crumbled and fell. The idea of uniting the world in one grand empire was not only the hope and ambition of Alexander, but Rome came nearer in realizing such an undertaking. With Shakespeare it was different. Whether it was his ambition to win such fame as is now given him, I cannot say. But it is true that his influence is widely felt, and that he has given to the world works that will stand.

But what has that to do with the college student? Can he hope to be another Shakespeare? The higher your ideals and the harder you strive to attain these ideals the greater will be your success. In college you have every advantage to improve your efficiency as a writer, and should you fail in this your education would be incomplete. There is none to deny the great advantage of a clear and forcible statement and this is acquired only by writing. The opportunities you have to improve your ability as a writer are many. The editor of the COLLEGIAN has so often appealed to you for your contributions that he feels a delicacy in even mentioning it now. But your patriotism and the pride and interest that you should feel in the publication of the college magazine if for no other reason, should induce you to write for it.

When you understand the nature of the COLLEGIAN; know that it is published solely by the students and for their interest, you might be induced to exert yourself a little and make it a greater success. The college's standing is in your keeping, and largely is it judged by the quality of our publication. Our professors feel the truth of this statement, and have made inducements to the students—offered a prize for the best contribution.

In thus writing for the COLLEGIAN you are not only raising its standard but you are improving your education and make ing possible a greater success in life.

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**The New Library**

A good library is a valuable possession, and when it is a part of the college, its valuableness increases. But in order to have a good library, good taste must be shown in the selection of books and periodicals together with an endowment sufficient to cover expenses. To meet the first demand, Professor Walmsley, who is intimately associated with the college and thoroughly acquainted with the demands of the library, has charge of this department. And by the

liberal donations of Mr. Carnegie and Major Millsaps, we are enabled to erect a library building and increase its endowment.

The plans for the building have been selected by Mr. Carnegie and will be completed at a cost of $15,000. This will be constructed out of gray stone, and suitably finished on the inside. While the location has not yet been decided on, we are confident that it will be selected where it will show to the best advantage.

By the liberality of Major Millsaps the endowment has been increased $15,000, which with the books and funds we have, places us in possession of a very valuable library. We already have a very good collection of books and magazines, but feel that their number can be increased with great benefit to the students.

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**ATTENTION, TEACHERS!**

Only a few more weeks now till the great meeting of teachers in Jackson. The city promises to take care of all who will come, but in order to save inconvenience it will be well to drop a postal to E. L. Bailey, Chairman Local Committee, to have room reserved for you. Rates $1.00 to $3.00 per day. All railroads have promised rate of ONE FARE plus 25 cents. See that your local agent has tickets on hand. Tickets on sale May 2, 3 and 4.

Respectfully,
T. P. Scott, Secretary,
Brookhaven, Miss.

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## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

The following young men were appointed by the faculty to represent the Freshman class in the contest for the Freshman medal, Commencement: Messrs. Flint, Griffin, Williams, Mullens, Huddleston, Cooper, Keith, Zung, Beraud, Brooks, Ruff and Bowman.

Wanted.—Big words.—Griffin and Mohler.

Being the occasion of the anniversary of the installation of their chapter at Millsaps, the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity entertained their friends on the night of April 7.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—A translation of Horace. Return to Dr. Swartz and receive reward.—A. L. ROGERS, and E. C. MCGILVRAY.

The latest development in the social circles of Millsaps originated with the co-eds. The other clubs, organizations, feats, etc., have taken down their sign, and left the stage of action clear for the Gigglers club. When in session it reminds one of a flock of blackbirds in a beech tree in October. At the first meeting, as is always a girl's failing, they decided to let the secrets be known to a few boys, and elected C. C. Applewhite as Chief High Giggler, with Minor Frogs as follows: John Carlton, tenor; C. L. Neill, alto; and Prof. G. W. Huddleston, Old Frog, bass.

On Friday night, April 6, the members of the Kappa Sigma fraternity gave their annual spring reception.

Our annual revival closed Friday night, March 30. It was conducted by Rev. Paul Kern, of Nashville, brother of our Dr. Kern, of the chair of English. Mr. Kern, as an orator has few superiors, and as a preacher he is earnest and forceful; as a result his appeals did not fail to reach those who heard him. There were fifteen conversions. Taken as a whole the meeting was by far the best ever witnessed by the student body.

Dr. Murrah appointed two members of the faculty, Professors Walmsley and Kern, and three members of the student body, Messrs. Mohler, Neill and Williams, to draft a set of resolutions showing our appreciation for the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie in giving the college $15,000 with which to build a magnificent library on the campus Major R. W. Millsaps for $15,000 endowment for the library, and our life long friend and president of the Board of Trustees, Bishop Charles B. Galloway for his activity in securing the donation.

The resolutions were drafted and unanimously adopted by the faculty and students and were ordered published in both of the Jackson papers, and the New Orleans Advocate and the Millsaps Collegian, and also copies to be sent to Mr. Carnegie, Major Millsaps and Bishop Galloway. Work on the building will be begun at once, and will be completed by the beginning of the next session. It will be used exclusively for libarry purposes. The only extra rooms will be for the offices of the librarian.

Mr. J. L. Neill, the business manager, states that the interest continues to grow in the Bobashela. The material has all gone to the engraver, and he states that the proofs for zinc etchings and half tones are arriving in every mail, and that he will have it out by May 15. The general make-up of the annual is far better than last year's, and when we recall the fact that the one published last year was among the best if not the best published in the South, we can look for something this year which not only will be a credit to Millsaps College, but also a great advertisement to the city of Jackson. The Art department is to be the leading feature with sixty pen drawings, cartoons, etc., made by the students of the college. All phases of college life from "first prep" to "Senior" will be illustrated. The faculty has not escaped the eye of the artist, and some of their characteristics which they have never seen will be portrayed vividly. The price of the Bobashela will be $2.00 the copy. The business manager has already secured 215 subscriptions from the student body, and expects to make it 250 when he has received the subscriptions from our Alumni. Give him your name and the number of annuals you want at once.

At the recent International Students Convention, held in Nashville, Tenn., the delegates from the nine colleges of Mississippi, seeing the need of missionary spirit among the students throughout the state, met and elected one student from each college and they are to compose a committee for the promotion of this work among the students. The committee is as follows: J. W. Willis, A. & M. College; Walton, University; Canna, Mississippi College; Miss Byrd, Meridian Female College; Faulk, Meridian Male College; J. A. McKee, Millsaps College; Miss Smallwood, I. I. & C.; Miss May, Grenada College; Miss Cooper, Whitworth College; and Miss Sumrall, Blue Mountain College. Mr. J. W. Willis was elected chairman; Miss Smallwood, Secretary; J. A. McKee, Treasurer. As a basis for work, and a plan which has met a hearty response from many to whom it has been presented, the committee has undertaken to raise six hundred dollars, the cost of supporting an active missionary in the field, by June 1. This links almost the entire student body of the state in one common cause and should certainly meet a hearty response from every one. So far as we know, Mississippi has taken the lead in spreading the work of the Convention. Every one should rally to the cause and help this committee to make success of its undertaking.

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT

.Frances Park

## "SIDNEY LANIER"

By Edwin Mims.

There is now for the first time an adequate life of Sidney Lanier, by Edwin Mims, Professor of English Literature in Trinity College, N. C.

As student, teacher, Confederate soldier, lawyer, musician, lectures at John Hopkins University, poet and essayist—in each of these callings we follow with intense interest the account of the struggles and achievements of one of the first "princes of American song."

The biographer does not fix Lanier's rank as a poet. The time has not yet come for a final valuation. His defects are frankly pointed out in these words:

"He never attained, except in a few poems, that union of sound and sense which is characteristic of the best poetry. The touch of finality is not in his words; the subtle charm of verse outside of the melody and the meaning is not his —he failed to get the last 'touches of vitalizing force.' He did not, as Lowell said of Keats, 'rediscover the delight and wonder that lay enchanted in the dictionary.' He did not attain to the perfection and the precision of the instantaneous line."

Yet if Lanier lacked in power of expression and in time for revision of his work, we are left in no doubt that he is entitled to a place among the genuine poets of America. That no American authology would be complete that did not contain a dozen or ccore of his poems, and no study of American poetry that did not take into consideration twice this number.

Professor Mims questions the right of Lanier to be placed among the dozen best American critics. He says that he did not have the learning requisite for a great critic, and consequently has a tendency to indulge in hasty generalizations. He vigorously expressed his dislikes in literature in the same degree that he excessively praised some men. Yet he had remarkable insight into literature, in spite of his strong prejudices and lack of great learning. He was a great

admirer of Chaucer (in fact all Anglo-Saxon writers) and spoke of his works as full "of cunning hints and twinkle-eyed suggestions which peep between the lines like the comely faces of country children between the fence bars as one rides by."

As with Keats', so with Lanier's name there will always be associated the "glory of the unfulfilled life"—a glory that far exceeds the actual work of such men. The biographer quotes the poet's own words: "I KNOW, through the fiercest tests of life, that I am in soul, and shall be in life and utterance, a great poet." It goes without saying that the foundation for this confident ambition was laid in his musical genius, his reverence for science and scholarship, his appreciation of nature, and his great love of man. Professor Mims says that perhaps there are no two single lines in American poetry which expresses better the deeper meaning of love than these:

> "I marvel that God made you mine;
> For when he frowns, 'tis then ye shine."

They were addressed to his loyal and heroic wife, and the place given her in this biography links her fame with his as is Clara Schumann's with that of the great German musician. She has shown herself worthy of his praise in educating her young family, despite poverty and sickness.

She must have sustained him greatly in the bouyant spirit with which he held off that consuming disease, as an intimate friend said: "Like a true knight errant, never disheartened by difficulty, never despondent in the face of dangers, always brave, full of resources, confident of ultimate triumph."

The poet's letters to members of his family and intimate friends are appropriately used in the story of his life. He was an excellent letter-writer, and in no other way could we be made to feel so strongly the qualities of one of the rarest and finest personalities we have yet had in America.

The biographer says that if one relied on a single poem to keep alive the fame of Lanier, he should select "The Marshes of Glynn," "with the assurance that there is something so individual and original about it, and that, at the same time, there is such a roll and range of verse in it, that it will surely live not only in American poetry, but in English. Here the imagination has taken the place of fancy; the effort to do great things ends in victory, and the melody of the poem corresponds to the exalted thought."

"And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous Marshes of Glynn."

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W A. Williams, Editor.

The "Randolph-Macon Monthly" is one of the foremost college publications in the entire country. The editors express themselves in the experienced style of veterans and the contributions are all meritorious. The March number contains sixty seven pages of reading matter, of which there is not a contribution but is a credit to its writer. Poetry, stories and essays abound in the right proportion to form a well balanced magazine. "College Training" is one of the articles of a heavier nature, and though an old subject, is admirably treated. The best thought that the writer brings out is, that of the two chief purposes of college education, the training of the mind and the strengthening and developing of character, the latter is by far the more important. In the tribute to "General Nathan Bedford Forrest," the writer devotes nearly half his time to generalizations before arriving at the subject of his paper; these generalizations however contain thoughts so well expressed that the reader does not regret that so much of the paper is given to them. The portion given to the treatment of General Forrest is largely narrative history, well written and containing information that will interest the student of history who has not heard Bishop Gailor's lecture on the same subject. "Alas, too Late," is a story that evidently was not written to draw a moral, but it contains humor of a fine kind, is true to life and is to be complimented both for style and diction. "The Ways of Man" is a short story, excellent for its humor; how Moses and his father got the "old 'oman's" order confused is extremely ludicrous, and the plan the old darky devises

to escape the reproaches of his "discomverted" partner by telling her he "cod'n' fin' none of dem things she specified on dat meranda," is remarkably true to negro character.

✦✦✦

"The Review and Bulletin" is one of the best edited magizines that comes to our desk. In the last issue is a strong editorial on honesty in college papers. The editorial is written with reference to commencement exercises and other contests rather than with refenerce to examinations. The editorial is timely, coming as it does when students all over the South are making preparation for such contests. All the departments are creditable, and there is some good original verse. The magazine is deficient in stories, however; this issue has but one short story and it does not rise above the mediocre.

✦✦✦

We are glad to welcome "The Polytechnian." It contains a number of readable articles, the most instructive of which is "Harvard University." In this article the writer discusses Harvard's elective system, the opportunity to obtain a degree in three years, and the University's splendid equipments. "A Heroic Deed" is a typical college story; the point at which Mary takes her little sister and risks both their lives to save her sister's is intensely exciting and the reader is held in suspense until they are rescued.

✦✦✦

"Castle Heights Herald" is one of our most appreciated exchanges. It always contains some well written stories and essays, and has the best joke department that comes to us. The exchange editor also deserves praise. He has the power of summing up a in very few lines the strong and weak points of his exchanges and his brief criticisms enable him to review a large number. In his editorial the editor makes a very strong appeal for a moral reformation. We hope that the editor does not mean for us to infer that jealousy exists among the members of the editorial staff, or that the students at Castle Heights really "cuss." And yet the editorial implies as much. The four orations of the Washington's Birthday Contests published in this issue are all on old subjects, but are very good. In the oration, however, on Benjamin Franklin if the omission of quotation marks from the closing parargaph be not the fault of the printer, the writer is guilty of a grave offense; for with the exception of a single sentence the entire paragraph is taken from Graves' Eulogy on Grady.

The last issue of the "Blue Mountain College Magazine" shows a marked improvement both in the covering and contents. "When Greeks and Romans Meet" is a well written story and holds the attention of the reader throughout. "The Reconciliation" and "How this Turned" are love stories, both of which are well worthy of mention. The series of poems on Christmas are all good. Both the local and the joke departments are commendable; the editorial and exchange departments need more attention. On the whole this is a creditable issue and comes up to the magazine's old standard.

✦✦✦

I had von leedle pony
  E'es name was Handy-lit;
I lent him to a Senior
  To get e'es Latin mit.
He trotted him, he galloped him,
  He rode him all the night;
I would not lend mein pony now,
  To save a Senior's life.—Ex.

✦✦✦

## NOT ELECTIVE.

We may live without cities, gyms and frats,
We may live without racquets, baseballs and bats.
We may live without chums, and live without cronies,
But "Varsity" men cannot live without PONIES.

We may live without debates; what are speeches but grieving?
We may live without co-eds; what are girls but deceiving?
We may live without shows, and live without hacks,
But "VARSITY" men CANNOT live without jacks.
—Tom Riley, in Review and Bulletin.

✦✦✦

## TRULY LOYAL.

A book agent in St. Louis,
Who had traveled long and far,
  Said: "Can't I sell you Shakespeare?"
To the man behind the bar.
And the "bar-keep" answered, "Neffer,"
  For I know already yet,
Dot our Busch's beer and our Lemp's beer,
Beats your Shakes-beer! Can't you bet."—Ex.

Here lie the bodies of
OBEDIAH WILKINSON
and
RUTH WILKINSON,
his wife.
Their warfare is accomplished.—Ex.

✦✦✦

Mr. Jones—If I should die, pet, would you follow me to the grave?

Mrs. Jones—I might, my dear, but I wouldn't care to follow you further—Ex.

✦✦✦

The Sophs saw something green, 'tis true;
They thought it was the Freshman class;
But when they closer to it drew,
They found it was a looking glass. —Ex.

✦✦✦

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating concentrated lye,
When his mother came in
He had emptied the tin—
And they will meet in the sweet bye and bye. —Ex.

✦✦✦

"This is a grave mistake," exclaimed the man when he found he was weeping over the wrong tombstone.—Ex.

✦✦✦

## LET ME DREAM.

BY JAMES R. LAUGHTON.

When the surging billows swell,
I am dreaming, Clarabel,
Dreams of thee;
And the visions come and go
Like dim shadows to and fro,
Ever free.

For my heart is ever thine,
And I worship at thy shrine,
Clarabel.
Though the seas between us roll
With their never-ending dole,
Yet I feel upon my soul
Love's strong spell.

Stay, oh stay thee, happy hour,
With thy soul-enchanting power,
Heavenly gleam!
Bid Time falter on his pinion
At the prayer of sweet love's minion,
Let me dream.

—Randolph-Macon Monthly.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

E. C. McGILVRAY, Editor.

We sincerely hope to see a very great number present at the Annual Alumni Reunion. It seems that every alumnus is due it to himself to return to his Alma Mater once a year at least, to mark its progress and to greet the new members of the Association. Commencement is rapidly approaching.

We feel somewhat slighted in not having an occasional visit from our Alumni who live in town. There are only four of their kind, and we think they ought to show their appreciation of this fact. The lady member of the class of 1906 is loyal and true to every feature of college life. No one questions her loyalty next year.

No one would have thought that W. C. Bowman, a former Alumni editor, would visit the college without giving us a lot of Alumni notes. Mr. Bowman knows how hard it is to write up the notes when he knows nothing relating to the Alumni.

Every member of the Alumni is glad to note the success of Wynn Holloman, who graduated in 1900. He is now a partner in one of the strongest law firms in Louisiana. He is also Superintendent of the Sunday School in the First Methodist Church in Alexandria.

Rev. J. W. McGee was a welcome visitor to the campus recently. He was all "laughs" and smiles, as usual, and was very proud to see the boys. It seems natural to hear Brother McGee laugh. He is doing more this year for the Library than any other member of the Alumni.

Charlton Alexander visited fraternity friends on the campus last week. Charlton has a bright future before him in his chosen profession of law.

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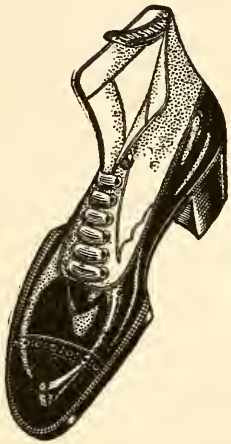

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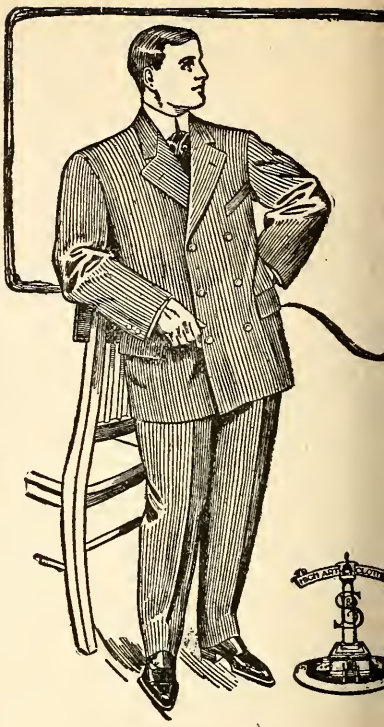

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THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

Vol. 8. Jackson, Miss., May, 1906. No. 7.

## "THE CHILD SPY."

By Alphose Daudet.

(translated by a millsaps student.)

He was called Stenne, the little Stenne. He was a child of Paris, sickly and pale, who might have been ten, perhaps fifteen, years old—one never knows about these urchins. His mother was dead; his father, a former Marine, guarded a square in the Temple quarter. The babies, the nurses, the old ladies with their camp-chairs, the poor mothers, all the slow walking people of Paris who come to take shelter from the carriages in these gardens bordered with foot-paths, knew Stenne's father and worshipped him. They knew that under this fierce looking mustache, terrible to dogs and loafers, was hidden a good tender smile, almost maternal, and that, to see this smile, one had only to say to the good-natured man: "How is your little boy?" . . . .

He loved his son so much, this father Stenne! He was so happy, in the evening, after school, when the little fellow came to get him, and then they took together a turn in the walks, stopping at each bench to bow to the frequenters, to acknowledge their kindness.

With the siege unfortunately everything changed!

Father Stenne's square was closed, they put petroleum in it and the poor man, compelled by an incessant watch, passed his life alone in the abandoned and overthrown blocks of masonry without fretting, no longer having his son until

very late in the evening in doors. Then too, one should have seen his mustache, when he spoke of the Prussians! Little Stenne himself did not complain too much of this new life.

A siege! It is so amusing for the urchines! No more school—holidays all the time and the street as crowded as a fair ground.

The child remained outside until evening, running about. He accompanied the district battalions that went to the rampart, selecting in preference those which had good music; and on that, little Stenne was very well informed. He told you very easily that the band of the 96th was not worth much but in the 55th they had an excellent one. At other times, he watched the soldiers drill. After that, there was the distribution of food to the people, who formed themselves in rows at the public stations. With his basket under his arm, he joined these long rows which were formed in the darkness of the winter mornings with no gas to light them at the gate of the butchers and bakers. There, with his feet in the water, he made some acquaintances, he talked politics, and as he was Monsieur Stenne's son, each one asked him his opinion. But the most amusing thing of all was this famous game of "galoche," that the Briton soldiers had made fashionable during the siege. When little Stenne was not at the rampart nor the bakeries, you were sure of finding him at the game of "galoche" in the square of the Chateau-d'Eau. He did not play, to be sure; it required too much money. He was contented to watch the players!

One especially, a tall man wearing a blue linen coat, whose stakes were always silver dollars, excited his admiration. When that one ran one heard the coins ringing in the bottom of his coat pocket. One day, while picking up a piece that had rolled under little Stenne's feet, the tall man said to him in a low voice: "You look with amazement at my money, do you not? Ah, well, if you wish I will tell you where one finds it."

The game finished, he led the boy to a corner of the square and proposed to him to come with him to sell papers to the Prussians. He had thirty francs for the journey. At first Stenne refused, very much infuriated; and in consequence he remained three days without returning to the game—three terrible days! He no longer ate, he could sleep no more. At night he saw piles of money arranged on the foot of his bed, and very bright dollars that were spun flat sided. The temptation was too strong. The fourth day, he returned to the Chateau-d'Eau, allowed himself to be persuaded.

They set out on a snowy morning, a bag of coarse cloth on the shoulder, the papers hidden under their blouses. When they reached the gate of Flanders, it was scarcely daylight. The tall fellow took Stenne by the hand, and, approaching the sentinel—a good looking private who had a red nose and who looked kind—he said to him in a pitiful voice: "Let us pass, my good sir. Our mother is sick, father is dead. We are going to see if they will let us pick up potatoes in the fields."

He wept. Stenne, quite ashamed, hung his head. The sentinel looked at them a moment, cast a glance over the road deserted and white with snow.

"Pass quickly," he said to them, turning aside; and there they are on the way to Aubervilliers! It was the tall one who laughed! Confused, as in a dream, little Stenne saw some factories transformed into barracks, deserted barricades hung with wet rags, mounted with long chimneys which penetrated into the sky, far away and broken off. From distance to distance, a sentinel, some officers with their heads in hoods who looked over there with field-glasses, and little tents soaked in snow, melted before fires which were dying out. The big fellow, acquainted with the roads, went through fields to avoid the stations. However they did not reach their destination without escaping an outpost of sharp-shooters. These, with their water-proofs on, were crouched at the bottom of a ditch full of water, all along the railroad of Soisons. It

was in vain that the big fellow commenced his story this time, they did not want to let them pass. Then, while they were lamenting, from the gate-keeper's house there came out across the way an old sergeant, very pale, very wrinkled, who resembled Stenne's father: "Come, urchins, do not weep any more," said he to the children, "they will let you go there for your potatoes; but first come in and warm up a bit—that child seems to be frozen."

Alas! it was not from cold that little Stenne trembled, it was from fear, he was ashamed. Inside the camp, they found some soldiers grouped around a poor fire, a real widow's fire, in whose flames they were thawing some biscuit on the end of their bayonets. They drew nearer to make room for the children to whom they gave a few drops of coffee.

While they were drinking, an officer came to the door, called the sergeant, spoke to him quite low and went away very quickly.

"Boys," said the sergeant, returning, radiant, "we shall have some fun tonight, we have overheard the watch-word of the Prussians—I believe that this time we will take back from them this cursed Bourget (suburb of Paris)!"

There was an outburst of "Bravos" and laughter. They danced, sang and cleaned their sabres, and taking advantage of this tumult, the children disappeared. The trench passed, there was no longer anything but level country, and in the background a long, white wall perforated with loop-holes. It is towards this wall that they directed themselves, stopping at each step to pretend they were picking up potatoes.

"Let us go back—let us not go there," said little Stenne the whole time. The other one raised his shoulders and kept ahead. Suddenly they heard the clicking of a gun.

"Lie down!" said the big fellow, throwing himself on the ground.

Once down, he whistled. Another whistle answered over the snow. They advanced, crawling. Before the wall, nearly

level with the ground, appeared two yellow mustaches under a greasy, woolen cap. The big fellow jumped into the trench near the Prussian:

"That is my brother," said he, pointing to his companion. Stenne was so small, that seeing him, the Prussian began to laugh and was compelled to take him in his arms to lift him over the breach.

On the other side of the wall there were high piles of earth, trees lying down, some black holes in the snow, and in each hole the same greasy cap, the same yellow mustaches that laughed, seeing the children go by. In a corner was a gardener's house casemated with logs. The lower part was full of soldiers who played cards and made soup over a big, bright fire. That smelled good, the cabbages, the bacon. What a difference between that and the camp of the sharp-shooters! Upstairs were the officers. One could hear them playing on the piano and uncorking champagne.

When the Parisiens entered a shout of joy welcomed them. They gave way their papers; then there was poured out for them something to drink and it made them talk. All of the officers looked haughty and wicked; but the big Parisien amused them with his suburban liveliness and his caddish vocabulary. They laughed, repeated his words after him, revelling with delight in this meanness that he brought them from Paris.

Little Stenne would have liked indeed to talk, to prove that he was not a block-head, but something embarrassed him. Opposite him and separated from the others was seated a Prussian, older, more serious than the others, who was reading, or rather pretended to because his eyes did not leave them. There was in his glance tenderness and reproach, as if this man had in the country a child the same age as Stenne, and that he might be saying to himself: "I would rather die than see my son have such a calling."

From this moment, Stenne felt as if a hand were placed on his heart and prevented its beating. To escape this suf-

fering he began to drink. Soon everything turned around him. He heard vaguely, in the midst of coarse laughter, his comrade who was making fun of the national guards, of their way of drilling, imitating a capture of troops at Marias, a night alarm on the rampart. Then the big fellow lowered his voice, the officers drew nearer and their faces became serious. The miserable wretch was about to inform them of the sharp-shooters' attack—

Just then, little Stenne, somewhat sobered, raised up, furious: "Not that, comrade—I am not willing."

But the other one only laughed and continued. Before he had finished, all the officers were on their feet. One of them, pointing to the door, said to the children: "Begone!"

And they began talking among themselves, very animated, in German. The big one, went out, proud as a king, jingling his money; Stenne followed him, his head down. And when he passed close to the Prussian whose gaze had so disturbed him, he heard a sad voice which said: "That is not nice work." Tears came to his eyes.

Once on the plain, the children commenced to run and returned rapidly. Their sack was full of potatoes that the Prussians had given them; with that they passed without difficulty the trenches of the sharp-shooters. They were getting ready for the night attack. Some troops arrived noiselessly, massing themselves behind the walls. The old sergeant was there occupied with placing his men, looking so happy. When the children passed, he recognized them and sent them a kind smile.

Oh, but that smile caused little Stenne pain! For a moment he wanted to cry: "Do not go over there, we have betrayed you!" But the other one had told him, "If you speak, we shall be shot," and fear kept him from it.

At the Courneuve they went into a deserted house to divide the money. The truth compels me to say that the division was made honestly, and that to hear those beautiful

coins ringing under his blouse, to think of the games of "galoche" that he had in view, little Stenne no longer found his crime so horrible.

But, when he was alone, the unhappy child! When, beyond the gates, the big fellow had left him, then his pockets commenced to feel heavy, and the hand that was pressing his heart clenched it tighter than ever. Paris no longer seemed the same to him. People who passed looked at him severely, as if they knew from where he was coming. The word "spy," he heard in the noise of the wheels, in the beatings of the drummers, who practiced along the Canal. At last he came to his home and quite happy to see that his father had not yet returned, he went up quickly to their room to hide under his pillow those coins which weighed so heavily on him.

Father Stenne had never been so kind, so joyous as on returning that evening. He had just received news from the province. The affairs of the country were going better. The whole time that he ate, the old soldier looked at his gun hanging on the wall, and he said to the child with his kind smile: "Hey, boy, how you would go for the Prussians if you were big enough!"

Towards eight o'clock, the cannon was heard. "It is firing from the fort of Aubervilliers; they are fighting at Bourget," said the good-natured man, who knew all his forts. Little Stenne became pale, and pretending great fatigue, went to bed, but he did not sleep. The cannon continued to thunder, and he pictured to himself the sharp-shooters arriving in the night to surprise the Prussians and falling themselves into an ambuscade. He recalled the sergeant who had smiled on him, saw him lying dead over there in the snow, and how many others with him! The price of all this blood was hidden there under his pillow, and it was he—the son of Monsieur Stenne, of a soldier. The tears suffocated him. In the room near by, he heard his father walking to open the window. Downstairs, in the square, drums were beating to arms; the soldiers were

numbering themselves before setting out. Decidedly, it was a real battle. The miserable child could not keep back a sob.

"What in the world is the matter with you?" said father Stenne, coming in.

The child, no longer able to stand it, jumped down from his bed and came to throw himself at his father's feet. By the movement he made, the coins rolled on the floor.

"What is that? You have stolen?" said the old man trembling.

Then, all in one breath, little Stenne told how he had gone among the Prussians and what he had done there. As soon as he spoke, he felt lighter hearted, that relieved him from accusing himself. With a terrible face, father Stenne listened! When it was finished, he hid his head in his hands and wept.

"Father—father," the child tried to say; the old man thrust him away without answering and picked up the money.

"Is that all?" he asked.

Little Stenne made a sign that it was all. The old man took down his gun, his cartridge-box, putting the money in his pocket.

"It is all right," said he, "I am going to return it to them."

And then, without adding another word, without even turning round again, he went down to mingle with soldiers left in the night. He was never seen again after that.

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## THE GOLD WAS NOT ALL!

Last summer I had the pleasure of a two weeks' stay in the thriving little village of Carona, Ala., situated on the Southern Railroad, in the midst of one of the most important mining centers in the state. I had not been there long when I found that one of the most important and conspicuous figures in the little town was that of Capt. Trimble. I naturally began to inquire who and what about this Capt. Trimble. My first Sunday revealed to me that he was, what villagers sometimes call, and rightly too, the "post and pillar of the

church." It was a Methodist church and the pastor could give only one Sunday a month, but this grand old man seemed to be more than a pastor, because he had spent the greater part of his life there, one of purity and righteousness before them, whereas the preacher could, by the law of his church, only stay four years.

There was a peculiarity or a personality about him, if I may choose those terms to express it, that caused me to want to know more of him, for indeed this seems to be a part of the social organization of the human race—to penetrate and find what there is within the very life of those whom we meet!

To make a long story short, Capt. Trimble had a large share in the coal mines, not only there, but three other places; he had retired from active life, and his extensive business was run by his only son, who seemed to have inherited a great deal of the ability of his father. The patriarch had served his day and generation well, and having passed his allotted days was only waiting to be called up higher.

I had finished my work for the day and returned to my room to find a note from this Capt. Trimble, saying that it was his pleasure for me to take tea with him that evening in his private room. I had met the old gentleman at Sunday School, for he never let a stranger go without knowing something of him, and when he found that I was a college boy he was greatly drawn to me and let my hand go with a "God bless you, my boy."

Eight o'clock found me seated at a little table in the large double-room given over entirely to him, for this was his custom at times and all others gave way to him. Supper ended, the table was cleared, and some rather lengthy conversation about our college and its work having come to a close, the old man drew his chair a little closer, his mind became very active, and there in the quiet stillness of the summer night, as the gentle breezes floated across the little range of mountains on the north, and whispered notes of peace and comfort through the lattice, it became very evident that there was a volume of history opening up before me.

"At seventeen," he continued, "my father sent me to Southern University, Greensboro, Ala. I entered the freshman class. Through the freshman and sophomore years no extraordinary events took place in my life, but passing from the Junior into the senior year, it became very apparent to me in some way, somehow, there was a real change in my manner of life. Life to me seemed to be a sphere, 360 degrees —180 degrees backward was my field of thought; the 180 degrees forward was vague. I could sit and for hours meditate on the Archaean time—the period when geological investigation begins; the earth a solid globe—yes, farther back than that, when the earth was a part of the nebula. Mountains, rocks, and coal formations were subjects of constant study. Even at this age, having been connected with coal mines more than twenty years, it is a fascinating as well as instructive study. In short, the earth was my realm of thought.

"But returning to my college life: I became, in part, a recluse. I sought the company of no one and in turn no one sought mine. I attended to my college duties as best I could and the time I should have spent in a social way was given up to walking alone, meditating upon the past and the why and wherefore of the things the Creator had placed around us. One who has not drunk deep of the fountains of loneliness and estrangement, knows nothing of the mysterious effect it has on the conscouis soul.

Commencement was near and soon I would have my A. B. degree. There was to be a reception for the Senior class; it was to be given by a member of the faculty and several young ladies were to be present. Robert Wilson, my best friend, if I could speak of having one, came around, slapped me on the shoulder and suggested that we go over together. On our way to Prof. Smith's that night, Bob told me some of his life plans, how he expected to take unto himself a 'better half,' a phrase common among school boys of that day, about a year hence. 'By the way,' Rob interrupted rather bluntly, 'Miss Watts of Florence, Prof. Smith's niece, will be there tonight, and now is the time for you, old boy, to make your mark! She's great, I declare to you she is, and a boy of your talent should have his eyes open. You know my town is only four miles north of Florence, and I have seen her a number of times.'

"The reception was over and we were on our way back to the campus, but the world seemed stranger to me than ever

before. It was indeed a pleasure to have Rob talk to me. We sat on the stile and talked for an hour or more, and then to our rooms! Sleep had gone from me; I was not living in a world of reality—the one that had been real to me for more than a year."

* * *

"Commencement was over! I was in my twenty-first year, 1848. This was the year, you remember, that Marshall with a band of Mormon workers, discovered gold while digging a mill race on the American River, near New Helvetia, Cal. On June the fourteenth, ten days after commencement, the 'California Star' published something to this effect: 'The whole country from San Francisco to Los Angeles, from the coast to the Sierra Nevadas, resounds to the sordid cry of gold! GOLD!! GOLD!!!' Everybody rushed to this land of glittering gold. Indeed King Midas had waved his magic wand over the Pacific slope! By July the population of the territory had risen to 40,000. The first of January, 1850, saw 120,000 Americans and Europeans in the territory, and nearly $12,000,000 worth of gold placed in the U. S. mint, and $30,000,000 in private hands.

"I could resist the temptation of going no longer. The first of February I was westward bound. By the way, I stopped two days at Florence. On the twentieth day I arrived at the little mining town, then called Benton, in the picturesque valley of the American River. I soon took in the situation, and like all others who enter the gold field, was eager to find my first piece of gold. But what was it that disturbed my mental equilibrium and caused the world to seem so strange to me? At last, I had solved it. It was not altogether my change of location, not the few lumps of gold I had discovered! I had taken my first real glass from the hands of the Goddess of Love! Cupid, as some young people now call it, had done his work well! My dreams were none other but bright and golden. Little thought I of what was soon to befall me. I wrote five letters —and no reply; two months had passed and not a word. I received my first lesson in doubts and fears. I kept busily at work and my mind as busily engaged as possible to keep my imagination from running wild. I had good success as a miner and day-laborer. Four months had ended; I had written four other letters in the meantime, and no reply. Could she have proven untrue? Almost persuaded to

believe it, like Doctor Mannette whom Dickens describes so truly, returning to his old trade as shoe-maker, I took on some of my old habits of life again.

"Few things are ever lost in this world! The time I had given to geological research and to close observation of the rock and earth formation now served me well. Many soon left the field, impatient and disheartened, only to become ramblers. This work had now become a pleasure to me and I saw my way out clearly. I formed few associates and hardly anyone knew me, and so much the better, for I was now in the old ruts carved at Greensboro in my senior year. At times, however, I could see mirrored in the thin sheets of gold faint gleams of hope for the one I loved and then they would die out forever.

"Three years had rolled by and not a word from my native state except from my father and mother. There is a registered package at the postoffice for me! What could it be? It was from Colorado Springs—who could have thought it? Could it be real?"

Here the venerable old man turned to his desk and brought forth a package of old letters. "I have the original—a keepsake—I will read it to you:

'Colorado Springs, Jan. 3, 1853.

'David Trimble, Esq.—Please hear and give heed to these words from the lips of a dying man! I have been untrue, yes, a hundred times false to a sacred trust! I would fain take leave of this life, go in the shame and disgrace of a traitor, but for the fact that two other lives would be blighted and my own conscience forbids it. I got in league with the postmaster at Florence, got each of your letters, kept them, and now return them in this package. Could any one believe that an old classmate could treat another as I have you? I saw that love had sprung into your very being that night at the reception. I saw also a like response from her—I loved her myself, and now my whole soul turned to a pang of jealousy. I kept up with your several visits after commencement and well do I remember the summer afternoon you spent with her boat-riding at Lake View, the day you left for the West. What a terror the next day to see your ring placed on her finger! Mother Evil gathered all her forces and put them to work in me. Who knows the evil influence of an ill-fated love? She is rightfully yours, she loves you as no other to this very day and

has been true as steel. In the near future let her tell you all. I am too weak to write much longer. For heaven's sake, forgive me! I have been here three months and am dying of the dreaded disease—consumption; will, in all probability, be dead before I can get an answer from you. This revival of past mental experiences has served as a stimulus that I might record these final words. A strange feeling is coming upon me—eyesight grows dim—shadows are creeping around me—shades are floating—is it death? Have mercy, have mercy, on your old classmate!—Robert Wilson.' "

The old man folded the letter and package. A great calm came over his soul. He brushed his hand through his silvery locks, took a long breath, arose, walked across the room, rolled back the great white curtains from the window, took a long gaze down the valley, and then beckoned to me. I was at his side in a moment. The moon had risen over the little mountain range at an angle of about 40 degrees, her light had flooded Carona Valley, and was creeping far up the mountain-side. I looked and far down the roadside, along the base of the mountain I could see a little city of the dead. He pointed to a tall pyramidal structure in one corner of the cemetery, and then in a low melancholy tone of voice, as if to himself, I heard him say, "For the touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still!"

Nothing disturbed the stillness. What could be so cruel? A gentle breeze brushed back his flowing locks, I glanced upward and saw moistened eyes. I slipped my watch from my pocket, it was twelve. I put my hand through his, bowed and was gone to my room. What a strange drama had been played before me! Had I had a picture from real life or a mysterious dream in the night time? The next day at eventide I walked down by the cemetery and there was the pyramidal structure I had seen the night before and on it was this inscription: "Mary Elizabeth, daughter M. E. and F. N. Watts, born Dec. 20, 1830; married to David Trimble March 4, 1853; died Nov. 14, 1897.'

J. A. McKee.

## A LEAGUE OF PEACE.

(A Review of Mr. Carnegie's Address to the Students of the University of St. Andrew's.)

Mr. Carnegie begins his rectorial address to the students of the University of St. Andrew's by congratulating them that they live in a better ege than their forefathers did. He says that polygamy, duelling, slavery, and such like barbarous practices have been discontinued; war alone remaining. He denounces war as the foulest blot that ever disgraced the earth, but adds that it is a known evil, and that it, too, will soon be abolished.

By quoting extracts from prominent men of all ages since Homer Mr. Carnegie shows that war has always been recognized as an evil by the better class of people, and that it has been decried against.

Mr. Carnegie next traces briefly the history of some of the reforms in warfare. At first war was entirely without rules: poison, treachery, and the basest deception were freely used, and no mercy whatever was shown. Some three hundred years before Christ the Amphictyonic Council adopted certain rules in regard to warfare, however, and Hellenes were exhorted "to quarrel as those who intend some day to be reconciled."

Gratius wrote two books condemning war, and it is to him that the modern movement is chiefly due. He was the first to lay down the principles of modern International Law.

The Treaty of Paris in 1856 abolished privateering, ruled that a blockade to be recognized must be effective, and established the doctrine that an enemy's goods in a neutral ship are free, except contraband.

The Treaty of Washington in 1871 settled the Alabama Claims, and in so doing defined clearly the duties of neutrals respecting the fitting out of ships of war in their ports, or the use of their ports as a naval base.

The Brussels Convention, which met in 1874, declared that "a town taken by storm shall not be given up to the victorious troops to plunder."

In summing up what has been gained in mitigating the atrocities of war Mr. Carnegie says: "Non-combatants are now spared, women and children are no longer massacred, quarter is given, and prisoners are well cared for. Towns are not given over to pillage, private property on land is ex-

empt, or if taken is receipted to be paid for. Poisoned wells, assassination of rulers and commanders by private bargain, and deceptive agreements, are infamies of the past. On the sea, privateering has been abolished, neutral rights greatly extended and property protected, and the right of search narrowly restricted." He maintains, however, that a backward step was taken when the long established practice of formally declaring war by the challenge was abolished.

Mr. Carnegie next rapidly reviews the history of Peaceful Arbitration, and takes up The Hague Conference called by the Emperor of Russia to meet May 18, 1899. The proposals of this Conference were promptly ratified by all the powers represented, and Mr. Carnegie says, "at last there is no excuse for war."

The Hague Tribunal first settled a difference between the United States and Mexico, and other powers followed the example of these countries. This tribunal has nothing compulsory about it, and it depends on its merits to win its way. Some of the weaker states, however, have agreed to submit all questions to it for settlement, while most have agreed to submit all questions that do not involve their independence, honor, integrity, or vital interests. Mr. Carnegie regrets very much that any exceptions should be made, and especially questions of "honor."

Mr. Carnegie speaks of the refusal of the United States to adjust their quarrel with the Filipinos by arbitration, and of England's refusal of the offer of the Transvaal Republic to arbitrate. He also mentions the fact that neither Japan nor Russia suggested arbitration, and while he regrets these refusals to arbitrate, he says we need not be discouraged on that account, as arbitration is still in its infancy.

The speaker fixes the Jay Treaty of 1794 as the birth of modern arbitration, and he says that since that date no less than five hundred and seventy-one international disputes have been settled by arbitration. He estimates that one in ten of these disputes would have resulted in war, so that fifty-seven wars have been averted. He remarks further that twenty-three International Treaties of Arbitration have been made in the last two years.

Mr. Carnegie mentions the enormous costs of wars, and he says that as a means of producing peace between nations it is futile, for it embitters the contestants and sows the seed

of future struggles. He says further that it is the crime of destroying human life by war which must be most strongly emphasized.

A plan for a Peace League is outlined somewhat as follows: Let any three of the five nations that co-operated in quelling the recent Chinese disorders form a League of Peace, agreeing to submit all differences to arbitration and to declare non-intercourse with all nations not complying. Mr. Carnegie thinks that the weaker nations would jump at such an opportunity and that the larger ones would be forced to enter the league. He admits, however, that "notwithstanding all the cheering signs of the growth of arbitration, we should delude ourselves if we assumed that war is immediately to cease."

Mr. Carnegie believes that the shortage of officers and recruits for the army is a hopeful sign for peace. He believes that as men become more educated and civilized they cease to regard war as an honorable profession, and quotes from eminent men who hold to this opinion, among them being several great military commanders. He thinks that if the government should carry out its idea of enlisting men from the Universities it will find them to be poor recruiting ground.

In conclusion, Mr. Carnegie urges the formation of Leagues of Peace all over the country, and in the event of an internanional quarrel these leagues are to demand that their government refer the matter to arbitration, even though it should cause a break with a political party. He says: "Refusal to arbitrate makes war, even for a good cause, unholy; an offer to arbitrate lends dignity and importance to a poor one."

Mr. Carnegie urges further that the women should demand arbitration, and not wait till war has actually begun and then organize societies for making and sending necessaries to the front, or join Red Cross societies and go themselves to the field. He believes that if this plan were followed arbitration would soon supersede war and a Universal Peace would follow.

Mr. Carnegie closes his address with the story of Lincoln's resolve to hit slavery hard if he ever got a chance, and urges us to "resolve like Lincoln, and select man-slaying as our foe, as he did man-selling."

Mr. Carnegie's address to the students of the University of St. Andrew's is undoubtedly a strong speech for Arbitration. But I think he is rather too optimistic, and some of his remedies seem a little unpractical. For instance, he says: "At last there is no excuse for war. A tribunal is now at hand to

judge wisely and deliver righteous judgment between nations." There may be no excuse for war, and this tribunal may be at hand, but war will not cease entirely, nor the decisions of this tribunal be accepted on all occasions, until all the world is civilized. So long as there is an undeveloped and uncivilized district on the earth there will be a contest among the great powers for it. This contest might be decided by arbitration, but even then the successful power would find itself engaged in war, for it is certain that the people of that district would not surrender their liberty without a struggle. If this second question were submitted to arbitration the interests of civilization would demand that the uncivilized district be brought under the control of the civilized state. Such a decision would mean war. Arbitration may be all right where only civilized nations are concerned, but it is not entirely practicable when uncivilized nations are involved. When war cannot be abolished among all nations it may not be abolished among any.

I believe the time is coming when all the world will be civilized, though it will be several centuries before all nations reach such a stage of civilization, and arrive at such a perfect understanding, that war will be entirely abolished.

I believe Mr. Carnegie is right in his denunciations of war and in his plans for arbitration. War is certainly a terrible curse to the world, and a Universal Peace would certainly be a great blessing. But I do not believe the time has yet arrived when three of the great powers can form a League of Peace and invite all the others to join them, and then by declaring non-intercourse with all who do not co-operate with them, force arbitration on the world. Mr. Carnegie thinks the smaller states would jump at such an apportunity and the larger ones would be forced to fall into line. This might be so if the League were once organized, but not all the great powers are yet ready to lay down their national jealousies and animosities and join hands in proclaiming a Universal Peace. And even if the leaders could be found, many of the weak states are so under the influence of the larger ones that they would not join the League without the permission of the larger.

Mr. Carnegie speaks as if war were already almost a thing of the past. He mentions the fact that since the Jay Treaty five hundred and seventy-one international disputes have been settled by arbitration, and estimates that fifty-seven

wars have been averted. I do not question these figures, but since the introduction of rapid transportation and communication many more disputes naturally arise, and on the whole we have about as many wars as formerly. We would undoubtedly have more, however, were it not for arbitration, so that relatively, war may be said to be decreasing, and this is a hopeful sign.

Mr. Carnegie's idea of Peace Leagues over the country is good. The best interests of civilization demand peace, and any movement towards a Universal Peace is certainly an advance in the right direction. The influence of these Peace Leagues would certainly spread, and they would go a long way toward bringing about arbitration.

L. E. Price.

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## THE EXODIST.

It had been Cecil Fawnpore's custom to take his little friend, Irene Lamb, into the Park in the afternoons. At first, while they were very small, their nurses would take them. Then, as Cecil grew large enough to take care of himself, he did not forget his little companion, but always took her out to play under the trees. After more than six years of such association, it was natural that there should be quite a companionship between the two. No matter how much the others might tease them, they would always call each other "sweetheart."

One bright, sunny afternoon they were together under the big trees. Something on this afternoon restrained them from playing the usual games with the others. They talked to each other alone. To any close observer, the appearance that these two presented was charming indeed. Those who had been spending their afternoons in the Park had long been noticing this little brown-eyed boy and his playmate, the little violet-eyed, golden-haired girl. It was but natural that every one should look upon them as little lovers. Especially did they seem so today. As they sat side by side under an old oak tree, there was a yearning expression far beyond their years on their countenances. It seemed as if a sense of sadness had come upon them. With their young minds they were trying to look into the great future—Cecil had been telling Irene his ambitions. With his boyish imagination he had pictured his success as a doctor in a distant city. Irene

could bear up no longer; she threw her head into Cecil's lap and cried, passionately, "O, Cecil, don't say that we must be separated! Tell me, now; you won't go away, will you?"

"Well, now, don't cry so hard, dearie," and he petted her gently. "How would you like me to be a doctor here at home?"

"O, that would be fine!" she exclaimed, drying her tears with her little white apron.

Alas, there comes into human lives unlooked for disasters! We know not what an hour may bring forth; today the physical man may be all aglow with the joy of life—tomorrow may find him smitten, stricken with some dread disease. Many a beautiful flower, ere it has had time to "shed its fragrance on the desert air," is crushed down by the trampling herd. Little did Irene know that, when the morrow's sun should arise, there would come into her young life a grief ineffable.

The sun was sinking behind the buildings of the city. Thinking it time to return, Irene and Cecil, hand in hand, started homeward under the trees. A puff of wind carried off Irene's sailor hat, and Cecil ran to get it. Soon the wind increased with such force that they could proceed only with difficulty. The dust was being taken up and hurled down the streets with tremendous velocity. It was almost a mile to Irene's home, and Cecil, seeing the storm clouds in the dark heavens, and being terrified by the lightning, which had by this time reached the height of its fury, hurried Irene along as rapidly as he could, hoping to get her home before the rain should descend. But it was well that a mile did separate him from home; for there was where the main storm was raging. He was not conscious that he was barely on the outside of the storm-path. The wind that was whirling about him was only a current, tired of its work of destruction, that had broken away from the main storm. Be it said with sorrow, the main destruction was being wrought in the very vicinity of Cecil's and Irene's home! These two, however, were as ignorant of it all as their souls were innocent. All they knew was that they were in a terrible wind, and they could hear the crashing of buildings and the shouts of the men all mingled with the roar of the storm.

As is always the case, God gave His protection to the innocent. A lady while closing her window, noticed our little boy and girl, and kindly took them in. When ten o'clock came, the storm had passed. Many of the city's lights had

been destroyed; but the pale moon shone over the terrible ruins. News that both the home of Mr. Fawnpore and of Mr. Lamb had been completely destroyed reached the kind lady who had sheltered the playmates. It was learned that Mr. Fawnpore and his wife had been out riding at the time of the storm; hence they were safe. But the lady knew that the parents must be wild with excitement trying to find their little boy. So she sent her son to the scene of the devastation in search of them. When he reached the Fawnpore home, he saw a man gazing in sorrow upon the ruins. "Are you Mr. Fawnpore, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," he replied and asked with a wild look in his eye, "My boy—have you seen him?"

"He is safe with his little playmate in our home!"

"Thank God!" cried the troubled man. The two started in the direction of the kind lady's home.

It would be too horrible to tell how poor, dear, little Irene's parents were found the next morning, so mangled, so ghastly, that their nearest friends could scarcely recognize them. They were laid side by side in the family tomb. Irene was too young to realize the significance of what had befallen her. But her young soul knew how much the love of a mother meant; and now she would sob herself to sleep and dream that all was well again. Then would come the dreadful waking, when her little hand would reach out for her mother, only to find that she was gone to be seen no more in this world. Indeed, she would have grieved her life away, had it not been for the constant comfort of Cecil. When not at school he was ever with her and cheering her.

But the saddest day of all had not yet come to Cecil. One morning not long after the terrible storm Mr. Fawnpore sent Cecil to bring Irene to spend the day with them. Once again her little heart was light. All day long these little companions had played together. But as the sun was nearing the end of his day's journey, again a sense of sadness came over them.

When Mr. Fawnpore came home from his work, a dark-faced, stern-looking man came with him. He was Irene's uncle, with whom she had been living after the storm. It was an awful moment. Cecil heard the man tell Irene that she must go with him, and that they must leave the city tonight. Despite her own tears and sobs; in the face of Cecil's hot invectives; and regardless of the entreaties of both Mr.

and Mrs. Fawnpore, Irene's cruel uncle took her away. It was afterwards learned that the man had fallen into serious trouble; this had unbalanced his mind, and was what had caused his strange, cruel action.

* * *

The years rolled by. In counting twenty-five eventful years Father Time had made no mistake.

From the Convent of the Sacred Heart in the City of Paris, came forth a nun so heavily veiled that no one, unless the wind were kind enough to blow her veil aside for a moment, could see her countenance. The fast-falling snow, which had at first melted because of the trample of so many feet, was now beginning to freeze with the result that the walks were becoming very slippery. Just as Sister Agnes reached a certain corner, a newsboy came running with his papers. When he got directly in front of the nun, he tried to make a quick turn out of her way, but his foot slipped and a collision followed. In an instant they were both lying upon the pavement and trying to get upon their feet.

No one had noticed the dark-eyed gentleman, in his high top-boots and long, brown overcoat, who had been walking at a close distance behind the nun ever since she had left the Convent; but now many saw him as he ran quickly forward, and with tender care gently raised her to her feet. It was natural for her to thank the one who had been so kind to her. And as she did so, she caught the light of his dark eye, and noticed that his lips were tightly pressed together as if to crush down some emotion. She noticed his straight dark hair as he took off his hat, and she fancied that here and there it was gray. Nor did he fail to see her face; for a puff of wind blew her veil aside.

Sister Agnes sped upon her mission of love. For some time she had been visiting a young woman who had been for a year confined to her bed. It seemed as if the maiden had once had a lover who had been called to fight for his country. Report had said that he had been killed. When the maiden had heard this, she had fainted, and although time had passed away, nothing could be done to reconcile her to her fate. She was fast wasting away her young life in grief. The flowers which Sister Agnes had brought for her today fell carelessly upon her pillow; for what she craved was her long-lost lover. Sister Agnes thought of the great grief in her own soul which

many years ago she had tried to suppress, her own spirit groaned within her; the memory of a dreadful storm with her play-mate lover trying to hurry her home, the remembrance of her parents' destruction in that storm, and the recollection of her separation from her playmate not long after that storm—these things crowded her mind. Then she started; for the incident of her walk arose abruptly in her mind, and she saw again the sorrowful face of the kind gentleman. There seemed to be placed upon her an overwhelming weight; she was conscious of a great, deep yearning in the depths of her soul. She, too, sighed—there were two sufferers in that room!

A knock at the door aroused Sister Agnes, who opened to the stranger. A tall form entered. In a moment the suffering girl was in his arms. She gave a cry of joy—for he was her returned lover. Sister Agnes saw their gladness and left the room for the Convent.

She hurried along the familiar street, deciding not to tell the Mother Superior any thing of what had occurred. Like Mary of old she "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

In the south end of the Convent on the fourth floor was Sister Agnes' room and she could look from it far south over the city's buildings. When she had performed her sacred duties, she sought the solitude of what to her was her only home. The sun had long sunk behind the houses of the city. Sister Agnes took her seat nearer the window than usual and was soon lost in thought. A great question, the vital importance of which she had not known before, demanded thorough attention. She had been placed in the Convent when only a child, and had grown to the woman that she was without knowing tangibly the actual things of the great world in which she was living. This day things had happened which had created new feelings, or else aroused old ones, within her bosom.

The remembrance of her play-mate lover; her longing for the relations of her home; the wondrous happiness of the suffering maiden when she threw herself into the arms of her long lost lover—was it possible for Sister Agnes to banish these from her mind? According to her sacred duty it was wrong for her to think even in a casual way of such things. Enough resistance cannot be placed against the water far beneath the earth's surface to keep it there: the vast pressure in the mountains above will eventually cause it to burst

forth as springs. In like manner, no force can successfully resist the greatest passion, and yet the grandest element of human existence. Love cannot resist love. These things dismissed would have come back to Sister Agnes in her slumber.

I said she sat there and thought. She had defined divine love and she knew that she had experienced it; she had attempted an explanation of human love. She knew that she had an intense yearning for those relations born of love. The pipes had heated her room too much; she opened the window to let the icy breeze bathe her throbbing forehead. She was startled by a fluttering of something outside in the air. Then a long paper came whirling through the window upon the floor. She looked from her window just in time to see a tall form in high top-boots and long overcoat disappear around the street corner. Then she took the missive from the floor and eagerly devoted herself to its contents. How strange that the salutation should be the name by which she was called when a little girl! The first part of the letter was taken up with reasons abundant that God and humanity can best be served not behind the walls of a convent, but in the midst of men. Marriage had never been prohibited by the Christ. Indeed, at a certain wedding He had wrought a miracle for the happiness of those present, and He had even likened His Church unto a pure, spotless bride. Then came the closing paragraphs with a most passionate plea that Sister Agnes remember the days of the past and the playmate of her girlhood. "Even if there were no other reason, why you should come to me," the letter ran, "you should come because we were lovers once in the long ago!" With many touching scenes of the past reiterated, and with the plea that when Sister Agnes should again see the man who had helped her in the newsboy accident, she might recognize him as none other than her playmate lover, the letter closed. But long continued were the thoughts of Sister Agnes.

It was nearing midnight. For some reason the city's lights had gone out, but the silvery moon was high in the heavens, and its soft, white light sought to thrust itself into every corner where darkness was crouching. Sister Agnes came to herself and sighed, satisfied that God's creatures can serve Him as well, yea better, in the home than behind the convent wall; for the Christ had not come to be isolated from humanity, but to be one in their midst.

The next morning as the sun arose, the city was all alive with the roar of activity. When Sister Agnes made her toilet, it was with a broader and grander conception of her duty, and a conscious presence of the Spirit of Trtuh.

Nor did the memory of the preceding day depart from her. So when she again passed the place where the dark-eyed gentleman had chanced upon her way, she permitted herself to think of him. Somehow, it seemed as if she remembered him from some far-distant day. As she had seen him standing there in his great, high top-boots and his long, brown overcoat, her momentary glance revealed nothing to her. But now, as she saw him again with her mind's eye, he seemed to be nearer to her, and she knew that he was her playmate grown to manhood.

The reader will not be mistaken in supposing that he of the high top-boots was Cecil Fawnpore. For twenty-four years he had not heard of Irene—save only that she was in some convent in far-away France. He had grown to manhood with a determination to seek until he should find the sweetheart of his boyhood, and now the only love of his soul. Her violet eyes had ever been before him inspiring him to duty. For years he had prayed that he might find her and fold her to his bosom.

Thus led by these hopes he had wandered to well-nigh every convent in France, and had lingered near its walls. At last, fate had favored him; he had found the convent whose walls were imprisoning the one being dearer to him than all life. With his observant eyes he had seen much since his arrival nearly a year ago. He had upon many occasions seen her long-loved face, but he had known how sacred she considered the ties which bound her to the isolated life which she led. He could not, he would not intrude upon her solitude. "If she will only recognize me," he would think, "all will be well."

A month passed away! Cecil Fawnpore still took his usual walks along the streets surrounding the convent. One day Sister Agnes was walking hurriedly from the neat little home of the once-suffering, now happy girl to whom God had sent back the lover. As she reached the place where the dark-eyed gentleman with his high top-boots had shown her a kindness, she slackened her pace and looked back. As if in answer to an unuttered prayer, Cecil Fawnpore was close behind. He quickened his pace and was soon walking by her

side. Many a curious eye looked in amazement at the nun walking with the man, but Sister Agnes cared not for it. She took off her veil; Cecil saw once again the violet eyes of his long lost Irene! His great chest fairly swelled with emotion. He could not wait until they should reach a secluded spot. He walked closer to her and told her about their childhood days together, of his undying love for her, and how he had planned all through the past to find her. Memory had put her skillful fingers into the entangled meshes of the confused bygone. Sister Agnes remembered her girlish love for him, and her great grief at their separation. And what was this new, strange feeling but that same old love which she had had for him when but a child?

"All so vivid!" she murmured so low that he could scarcely catch it.

"And true," he said.

She turned her eyes upon him to compare him with the playmate of her girlhood. He saw them fill with tears like violets in the early morning.

"Are you a preacher, Cecil?" she asked.

He said that he was. Then she smiled as she remembered how theology not many days since had come fluttering through her window to help her in her decision.

: : : :

The next morning Sister Agnes bade farewell to the Convent walls to serve in a lovlier and better way the humanity of earth.

C. Ude

# THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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J. A. Baker.....Editor-in-Chief
W. A. Williams.....Associate Editor
R. B. Carr.....Local Editor
Frances Park.....Literary Editor
E. C. McGilvray.....Alumni Editor
L. E. Price.....Business Manager
J. C. Neill, J. C. Rousseaux.....Assistant Business Managers

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## EDITORIALS.

**The Last Chance!**

This college year has almost ended and what have we achieved? Some of us have squanded our time and money foolishly, have grossly neglected our duties; the greater per cent. of us, however, have done only fairly well, while some have done remarkably well and their work was conscientiously and honorably done. A few of us will go home with a falsehood upon our lips and tell our loving mother and father how ill we were treated by both teachers and students. Such boys have no place in such an institution, and should be forced to leave. But, I am glad to say, I think that there are but a few who would be lost to all sense of truth and honor, as to be guilty of such a dishonorable deed.

Two terms have been finished and the end of the third is almost here. We have been laboring under most favorable auspices, good health and willing instructors have attended us in our labors, and our achievements should be above the average. Some, I know, have slept on their rights, and now that the final examinations are staring them full in the face, and with their past record before them, they have almost despaired of making a higher class. Yet there is hope for some of these if they would only do their work well. You have one more chance to redeem yourself and should you fail in this, you must pass over the same road next year. You have nothing to gain by being indifferent to your work, but everything to lose. In this age of progress, time is too precious to be lightly taken, you must be up and doing to keep in touch with the times.

In every walk of life, there are two ways in achieving an end; one, by honest, the other, by dishonest means. In college, both ways are common. If you do your work honestly and conscientiously, final success is assured. But should you try to attain success by dishonorable means, you will fail. A temporary success may be won, but the gilt and varnish will soon wear off and only the stain is left. Do not wear false honors, they are not lasting; but rather lead a humble and unpretentious life and be happy, than be false to yourself and to the world. I had rather see a man make an honest failure on an examination than pass by "jacking." To a great extent, a man's after life will be influenced by his work while in college.

It has been customary among a certain class of boys to leave just before the examinations commence. They forget that before they can again enter school they must be examined, and this test will be harder when they have had several months' vacation. An entire year may be lost in this way should they be unable to stand a satisfactory test.

After the wear and tear of the examinations one of the most enjoyable parts of college life begins. The pleasures of commencement are many. We are no longer worried by the prospects of a zero on recitation, but our heart and mind are at ease. Why so many boys leave before commencement, I am unable to understand. Five days more away from home will not be felt, but would be enjoyed. We should be more patriotic and make the different features of

commencement a greater success. Stay here until it is over and you will see how much our combined efforts have succeeded. Don't let it be said that there were none left to enjoy the commencement, and that the town people were more loyal than the college students.

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**ADIEU!**

How hard it is to say good-bye! Many faces that were unknown to us when school opened will be remembered by us for many years. Some, we will never forget; while there are others that are soon to be forgotten. We part with our dearest friends this commencement, and some of them we may never see again. We have enjoyed and profited by the friendly words of encouragement or maybe, by that closer bond, that of friendship.

When we part it is not farewell that we speak, but good-bye. Necessity forces us to part thus, but our hearts will continue to hold such friendly feelings uppermost. We are conscious, not only of the friendship that exists among the students, but also of that of the student to the teacher, and that of the teacher to the student. This feeling of mutual likes has influenced the boy to aspire to nobler achievements.

But before we part I must express a part of what I owe to this institution, and to the professors and students. I have enjoyed the little I have done while here, and my only regret is that I didn't do more. This year has been one of the most pleasant, and at the same time, the most instructive; besides reaping the benefits of the recitation, I have received a most valuable training from my connection with the publication of this magazine. I have endeavored—though to what extent I have succeeded, you yourself can judge—to make this year's publication a success. In doing this, I have learned much that was valuable, and unlearned a good deal that was erroneous and of little use. And not least of all, I have found much pleasure in thus helping the little that I did in publishing the COLLEGIAN for your pleasure and benefit.

But I must resign my position, now, in favor of one, let us hope, that will attain the end we have striven so earnestly to secure. May he profit by my mistakes and partial success!

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, Miss Frances V. Park was elected to respond to the welcome address from the Alumni Association to the Class of 1906.

Prof. John C. French, M. A. (Harvard), Ph. D. (Johns Hopkins), Professor of Rhetoric and Narration in Johns Hopkins University, has consented to act as judge in the COLLEGIAN contest this year. The magazine is to be congratulated upon securing so competent a judge.

On May 1, the Senior Class in Geology, with Dr. Sullivan, enjoyed a trip to Flora. Through the kindness of Mr. A. H. Bradley, they were furnished with horses and buggies with which they could go out to the petrified forests. All seemed to have a good time and felt fully repaid for their trip.

The two Literary Societies celebrated their Anniversaries during the past month. The Galloways on the night of April 13, and the Lamars on the night of the 27th. E. D. Lewis was orator for the Galloways; L. E. Price, anniversarian, and Rev. Mr. Carpenter, of Meridian, delivered the annual address. For the Lamars: L. K. Carlton, orator; W. A. Williams, anniversarian, and Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, of Monroe, La., as outside speaker.

On Friday night, April 20, from 9 to 12 P. M., the Kappa Alpha fraternity entertained their friends at their chapter house. The hall, library, and reception rooms were decorated in the fraternity colors, crimson and old gold. Dainty refreshments were served during the evening. They had as their guests the Senior classes from Millsaps and Belhaven, the Kappa Alpha Alumni in the city, two members of each of the other fraternities, and their young lady friends in town. Prof. Pitard's band furnished delightful music throughout the evening.

Millsaps is to be congratulated in having another medal offered this year. The D. A. R. Chapter of this city, through their regent, Mrs. C. M. Williamson, has offered a medal to the member of the Junior class who will write the best paper on

some subject connected with the American revolution. The subject of the paper this year is: "The Boston Tea Party and Its Effect on the American Revolution." The judges of the contest will be selected, one by the D. A. R. Chapter; one by Dr. Murrah and one by Prof. J. E. Walmsley. Several have shown their interest by entering the contest as soon as the announcement was made and it is very likely that others will enter during the next few days.

After a long illness, Mrs. G. W. Huddleston, the wife of Prof. Huddleston, died on May 5th. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. LaPrade and Dr. J. A. Moore, and interment was made in Greenwood cemetery, the faculty acting as pall bearers. Her loss will be widely felt in the entire college community in which Mrs. Huddleston was known and loved for her brightness and unceasing kindness. Her father, Dr. J. H. Bruner, was for many years the President of Hiawassee College and Mrs. Huddleston inherited much of his ability and originality of thought, as was evident in her conversation and her contributions to the current magazines. But it was her sympathy and loving kindness to those in sorrow or sickness that endeared her most to those who knew her; it was never failing and almost with out end, as many a student and neighbor can testify. Though ill herself, she was constantly in attendance upon Mr. Bowles last fall, doing all that could be done to lessen the patient's suffering. The sympathy of the entire student body goes out to Prof. Huddleston, to our classmates, Miss Bessie and Bruner, and to the entire family.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### "Lay Down Your Arms."

(By Baroness Bertha von Suttner.)

Although written ten years ago, Americans reader are just now discussing Baroness von Suttner's famous novel, "Lay Down Your Arms," which won for her the Nobel Peace Prize of $40,000.

The author herself in an article in the "Independent" tells how she wrote the book: About 1880 there came to her the conviction that war was a barborous institution, and that it should be destroyed by the advance of civilization. She wrote to a peace and arbitration organization and obtained

much information. Determined to write something on this peace question, her first plan was to tell the story of a young woman who had lost her husband on the battlefield, and because of the tragedy suddenly awoke to a realization of the horrors of war. In research for the novellette, her material increased so that a two-volume novel was the result.

The book went the rounds of the leading German publishers, who thought it was too radical and would offend the public. Finally a Dresden publisher accepted it, and success followed. There are two American editions, one called, "Ground Arms," the other, the authorized one, by Messrs. Longmans, called, "Lay Down Your Arms."

The foundation of the plot, as the title indicates, is the ardent condemnation of war. Beginning with her girlhood days as the young Countess Martha Althans, this Austrian woman tells the story of her life. Often quoting from her diary, she carries the story up to fifteen years after the death of her second husband. We are told in a thrilling style and in vivid detail of the days of the Austro-Italian, the Schleswig-Holstein, the Austro-Prussian, the Franco-Prussian, and the Franco-German wars. Although her father is a soldier, and she both times marries a soldier, Martha believes and never hesitates to acknowledge that war is repulsive in every way and belongs to the barbaric past. She believes that with the progress of society, not only war itself, but the love of war, will be found to diminish.

The two most thrilling and horrible scenes in the book are during the Austro-Prussian war when the heroine journeys over the Bohemian battlefields in search of her husband, and afterward the description of her experiences during an epidemic of cholera and the sad death of almost the entire family. One passage when she is on the battlefield, although harrowing is realistic and well illustrates the style of the author:

"And again the patrol goes on, nearer to the battle. In ever thicker swarms wounded men are tottering on, painfully creeping forward, singly or together. These are such as can walk. The contests of the field-flasks is distributed amongst these, a bandage is applied to such wounds as are bleeding, and the way to the ambulance pointed out to them. Then forward again. Over the dead—over hillocks of corpses! Many of these dead show traces of horrible agonies. Eyes staring

unnaturally, hands grasping the ground, the hair of the beard staring out, teeth pressed together, lips closed spasmodically, legs stiffly outstretched—so they lie.

"There is not halting on the way, although on the right hand and on the left resound shrieks of woe and cries for help; and although also maey bullets fall among those who are thus hurrying on, and stretch one and another on the grounds—only onwards and over everything. Over men writhing with the pain of their wounds, men trodden down by horses, tearing over them, or crushed by guns passing over their limbs, and who, seeing the rescue corps, mutilated as they are, rear themselves up for the last time. Over them, over them!"

Through similar scenes and experiences, the last of which is her husband's unjust execution, the sword of Damocles seems always suspended over the head of the heroine, and it is almost incredible that insanity did not follow so much sorrow and suffering.

As to the value of the novel as a work of fiction, all readers must be impressed by its strength and general merit. True, there is the objection that all through the book we are reminded of its purpose—we are not left to see or find the moral for ourselves. Without doubt, better than a formal treatise could do, "Madame Suttner's vivid pages will enable those of us who have not seen anything of the ravages of war, or felt the griefs and anxieties of non-combatants, to realize the state in which people live on the Continent of Europe, under the grim "shadow of the sword."

As the awarding of the Peace Prize testifies, it influenced, more than anything else, the Hague Conference.

The book is gradually gaining in America that fame which it already has in Europe. Critics will perhaps agree with a Vienna paper, which in speaking of the peace question, said, "On this question, no authority is higher than that of the author of 'Lay Down Your Arms.'" Yet it is only the optimist who, I think, will agree with Baroness von Suttner's partisan view that: "Then novels and the forming of peace societies were important factors toward the advancement of the movement. But today it is has reached such a point and is associated with such high and decisive political problems, that the acts of the individual, in letters or societies, have been pushed into the background. It has become the question of the hour, and neither the energy of its originators nor the pleadings of its followers are now essential to its final triumph."

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The class tree number of the "Emory Phoenix" surpasses all preceding issues. The departments are not so creditable as usual but the contributions more than make amends for the shortcomings of the editors. The Senior Class History, though very lengthy, deserves unstinted praise. The description of the individual members, the narration of the incidents, real and invented, connected with their college careers are written so well that the history has a charm even for those not interested in the class. The class poem is verse of a high quality for a college publication.

"The Kendall Collegian" if judged by the same standard as the Emory Phoenix, would deserve unfavorable criticism, but the college of which it is the organ is a school of different standard from the Emory College and hence the magazines should not be judged by the same standard. The article on Poe, though the style is far from smooth and flowing, contains some good thought and shows study and knowledge of the man. "A Conquest" is a story devoid of plot but fairly well written. The class prophecy is also well written and characteristics attributed to the members of the class are doubtless of interest to them and their friends. In "Greatness" the writer brings out a very old but also a very excellent thought as to what constitutes true greatness.

"The Spectator" for April, maintains its usual standard. The local and exchange departments mark an improvement and reflect credit upon their editors. The editorials are somewhat neglected. The papers on Hamilton and Nuncomar, especially the latter, are worthy of mention. A thorough understanding of the disposition and character of the Bengalers is shown in this latter paper and the discussion is clear and simple. "A Didatic Poem" is verse of a humorous nature worthy of commendation. "A Mistaken Identity" is an interesting story written in smooth and easy style.

The April number of the "Guilanian" is an excellent issue. Don Alessandro O'Reilly, for a historical paper, surpasses anything published in our exchanges for the year. It is a masterly and exhaustive discussion of the deeds and incidents connected with the life of that soldier of fortune. The style is clear, mature and strong, and the paper is proof of extensive research on the part of its author in its preparation. The paper

on the "Fugitive Slave Law" throws light on the condition of affairs just prior to the civil war. Incidents are cited showing the non-enforcement of the law at the North, and the writer points out that the law was doomed to fail since it exasperated the Northerners because its enforcement was attempted, and enraged the Southerners because it was not successfully enforced. "The Tragedy of a Bow of Blue Ribbon" is a short story cleverly told and very amusing. The Newcomb girl's being mistaken a second time for some one else springs a surprise on the reader and thus gives strength to the plot. "The Princess and the Page" is a carol that has a quaintness and a charm about it that are indescribable.

"The Ouchita Ripples" for appropriate covers, good paper, and clear print is one of our best exchanges. The article on the "American Navy" deserves to be complimented for thought, style and diction. "Fifteen years after" is a story fairly well written but the conversión of the lover should have been accomplished in a more subtle manner and not have monopolized so much space of a love-story whose denouement was to be the marriage of the lovers. "The Outlook of the South" is an instructive discussion of the resources and development of the South, and impresses one with the belief that our future is bright. Of the various departments the literary department reflects most credit upon its editor.

## CLIPPINGS.

There was a professor in college,
Who covered a corner in knowledge;
  He oozed Latin roots
  From the head to the boots,
And used a Roman doxoledge.—Ex.

A lady, from out Iow-a,
Was taking a stroll one day;
  Her mugget was lost,
  At a very great cost,
And it made the poor girl trist-e.—Ex.

She said: "Give us our daily bread,"
Then heaved a little sigh
And said: "Tomorrow night, mama,
  I'm going to pray for pie."—Ex.

A BOARDING HOUSE BLESSING.

O, power of love, come down from above,
And bless this skippery ham;
And bring us some meat that's fit to eat,
For this ain't worth a d——.—Ex.

---

Why is it that the tomcat
Makes discord when he sings?
Because the horrid tomcat
Is filled with fiddle strings.—Ex.

---

Owen Moore came to town one day,
Owen Moore than he could pay;
Owen Moore left town that day,
Owen Moore. —Ex.

---

RECANTATION.

I shall arise and go down to the East;
There shall I offer in the light of morn
A sacrifice that I may be re-born
To a new life, and from the old released.
Too long have I held place at Circe's feast,
No more will I with crowns her hair adorn,
The while she hold an honest heart in scorn,
And values it among her booty least,
For me the morrow calls, I shall obey;
And from me cast the glamour of her spell—
The false enchantment of her drowsy eyes.
In morning's light I see the fairer way,
Whose paths turn from the open Gates of Hell,
And I will follow it;—I shall arise!—Ex.

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